May 29, 1965

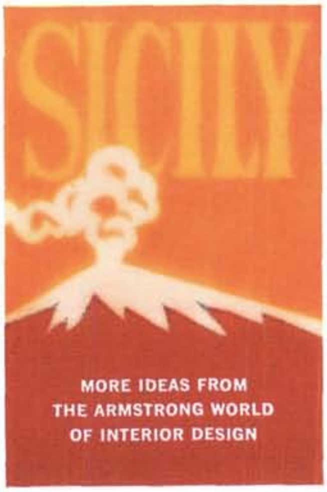
THE NEW YORKER

Price 25 cents

BLUE MOUNTAIN COLLEGE
GUYTON LIBRARY

AUG 1 0 [illegible]

Property of
Ambassador College Library
Big Sandy, TX 75755



Inspiration: a Mediterranean villa Floor: Montina Vinyl Corlon

Deep, rich color and intricate design are the essence of Sicilian decorating, and of this new vinyl floor—Montina Corlon, by Armstrong.

Montina is made of stone-like chips of vinyl veined with color. They are set in deep, translucent vinyl to create intriguing, pebbly texture.

This textured surface helps hide scuffs and heel marks.

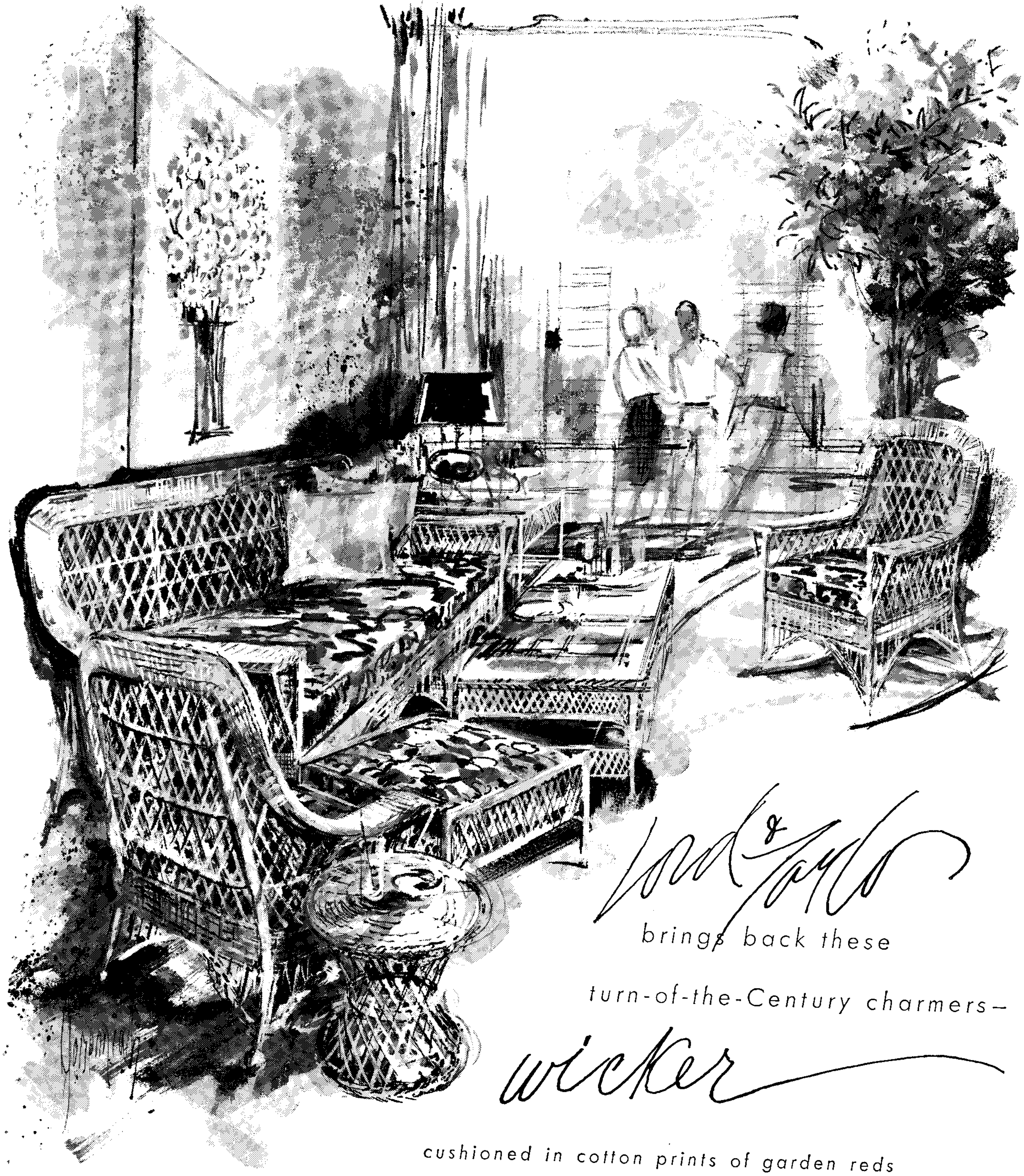
Because Montina comes in wide rolls, there's scarcely a seam, wall to wall.

And Montina can be used anywhere in the home—even in most downstairs playrooms, directly over the concrete.

IDEA BOOKLET! "The Armstrong World of Interior Design"—24 color pages of internationally inspired rooms full of decorating ideas you can use to make your home more attractive and inviting. Send 25¢ to Armstrong, 6505A Payne Rd., Lancaster, Pa.

In Canada, send 25¢ to Armstrong, Dept. 55A-R, Box 919, Montreal, P.Q. Floor shown: style 86705. Montina® and Corlon® are trademarks of Armstrong Cork Co. Floor design copyrighted by Armstrong.

VINYL FLOORS BY Armstrong



Lord & Taylor

brings back these

turn-of-the-Century charmers—

wicker

cushioned in cotton prints of garden reds
and blues, or greens with blues.
Painted white wicker, hand-made and finely
detailed just for us. The collection, from an
hour-glass table, 50.00 to the settee, 200.00
Furniture Galleries—at all
Lord & Taylor stores except Manhasset

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

The Amen Corner—James Baldwin's first play, which describes some melodramatic doings in a Harlem store-front tabernacle. A long-winded affair but one in which Bea Richards does a fine job as the tabernacle's pastor. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Catch Me If You Can—Something described as a murder-mystery comedy, which is short on the two last ingredients. Dan Dailey, Tom Bosley, and Bethel Leslie give their all in it, but their all, unfortunately, is not enough to save the show. (Morosco, 45th St., W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Glass Menagerie—A limited engagement of Tennessee Williams' play, starring George Grizzard, Pat Hingle, Piper Laurie, and Maureen Stapleton. Directed by George Keathley. (Brooks Atkinson, 47th St., W. CI 5-3430. Nightly, except Sundays and Monday, May 31, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Monday, May 31, at 2:30.)

Luv—Under Mike Nichols' lively direction, Alan Arkin, Eli Wallach, and Anne Jackson make merry as three very confused neurotics in a feathery item by Murray Schisgal. (Booth, 45th St., W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

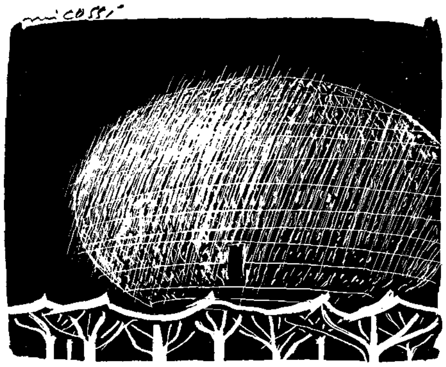
The Odd Couple—Neil Simon's utterly beguiling comedy about a pair of marital rejects trying to make a go of it in the lonely reaches of a Riverside Drive apartment. Walter Matthau, Art Carney, and all the others in the cast are splendid, and Mike Nichols has directed the business with his customary ability. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Owl and the Pussycat—A two-character comedy by Bill Manhoff that has its amusing moments as it describes the emotional vagaries of a stiff-necked would-be author (Alan Alda) and a carefree prostitute (Diana Sands) he has fallen in with. (ANTA Theatre, 52nd St., W. CI 6-6270. Nightly, except Sundays and Monday, May 31, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40; special matinée Monday, May 31, at 2:40.)

Long Runs—**ANY WEDNESDAY:** Barbara Cook, Rosemary Murphy, and George Gaynes in a farce by Muriel Resnik about a girl who is a rich man's plaything. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.) . . . **BAREFOOT IN THE PARK:** A young couple's troubles in a Manhattan walkup. The cast includes Penny Fuller, Anthony Roberts, Mildred Natwick, and Kurt Kasznar. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. JU 2-5340. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **THE SUBJECT WAS ROSES:** An account of the vicissitudes of an Irish-American family in the Bronx. With Jack Albertson, Irene Dailey, and Martin Sheen. (Helen Hayes, 46th St. W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40; special matinée Monday, May 31, at 2:30.)

MUSICALS

Bajour—Jolly gypsies whooping it up around Manhattan. Such ebullient types as Nancy Dussault, Chita Rivera, Herschel Bernardi, and Robert Burr bounce about to good advantage. (Lunt-Fontanne, 46th St., W. JU 6-5555. Nightly, except Sundays and Monday, May 31, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Monday, May 31, at 2:30.)



A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				27	28	29
30	31	1	2	3	4	5

Baker Street—Moriarty's celebrated rival on the loose in a musical that, alas, is somewhat laggardly. Fritz Weaver is the famous private eye, and Inga Swenson and Martin Gabel portray, respectively, a lady in love with Sherlock and the dread Moriarty himself. There is also a fine interlude in which Victoria's Diamond Jubilee parade is done in trompe-l'oeil by Bil Baird's marionettes. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. CI 7-7992. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Do I Hear a Waltz?—Arthur Laurents's comedy (originally "The Time of the Cuckoo") about an American spinster trying to hold her virtuous own in wicked old Venice. Although set to music by the redoubtable Richard Rodgers, this version of the play, however gently mellifluous, seems a trifle thin. Elizabeth Allen is the spinster, and Sergio Franchi is the Venetian who scrambles her notions of right and wrong. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. CI 6-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Fiddler on the Roof—Zero Mostel at his best in a saga based on some Sholom Aleichem tales. The choreography and direction are by Jerome Robbins, and there are nice tunes by Jerry Bock, whose music has lyrics by Sheldon Harnick. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Flora, the Red Menace—The days of the great depression recalled ineptly in a musical that was directed by the usually reliable George Abbott, who also collaborated on the book with Robert Russell. Liza Minnelli and Bob Dishy are prominent in the hard-working cast. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. CI 5-5226. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Golden Boy—A musical rehash of Clifford Odets's play about a highly sensitive boxer. It comes in very nicely and goes out very nicely, but there are many arid areas in between. The boxer on display is Sammy Davis. (Majestic, 44th St., W. 581-4792. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Half a Sixpence—A most pleasant adaptation of H. G. Wells' "Kipps," in which Tommy Steele figures to splendid advantage. The songs—quite compelling—were written by David Heneker, and the choreography, which cannot be faulted, was arranged by Onna White. The over-all direction is the work of Gene Saks, and very good it is. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

I Had a Ball—Fun and games on Coney Island in a lethargic musical that has music and lyrics by Jack Lawrence and Stan Freeman. Buddy Hackett, Richard Kiley, Karen Morrow, Steve Roland, and Luba Lisa are conspicuous in it. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Roar of the Greasepaint–The Smell of the Crowd—A completely foolish attempt, with incidental music, to capture some of the spirit of the theatre of the absurd. Anthony Newley and Cyril Ritchard wander uselessly about in it, but there is one interlude in which a young fellow named Gilbert Price lines out a song called "Feeling Good" that has the bounce that everything else in the show lacks. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—***FUNNY GIRL:*** Barbra Streisand portraying Fanny Brice. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. CI 5-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **HELLO, DOLLY!:** Carol Channing romping through an adaptation of Thornton Wilder's "The Matchmaker." (St. James, 44th St., W. OX 5-5858. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **WHAT MAKES SAMMY RUN?** A musical about a no-good who makes it big in Hollywood. With Steve Lawrence, Robert Alda, and Bernice Massi. (54th Street Theatre, 54th St., E. JU 6-3787. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OFF BROADWAY

(Confirmation of dates, curtain times, and casts is distinctly advisable.)

City Center—**NEW YORK CITY CENTER LIGHT OPERA COMPANY:** Patricia Morison, Bob Wright, and Nancy Ames in **KISS ME, KATE,** which will play through Sunday, May 30. . . . **SOUTH PACIFIC,** with Betsy Palmer and Ray Middleton, will be the third in a series of four musicals by the company. Preview Tuesday, June 1. Opens officially on Wednesday, June 2, and will run through Sunday, June 13. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

Lincoln Center Repertory—Arthur Miller's **AFTER THE FALL** isn't up to the author's usual standard, but it does provide a moment or

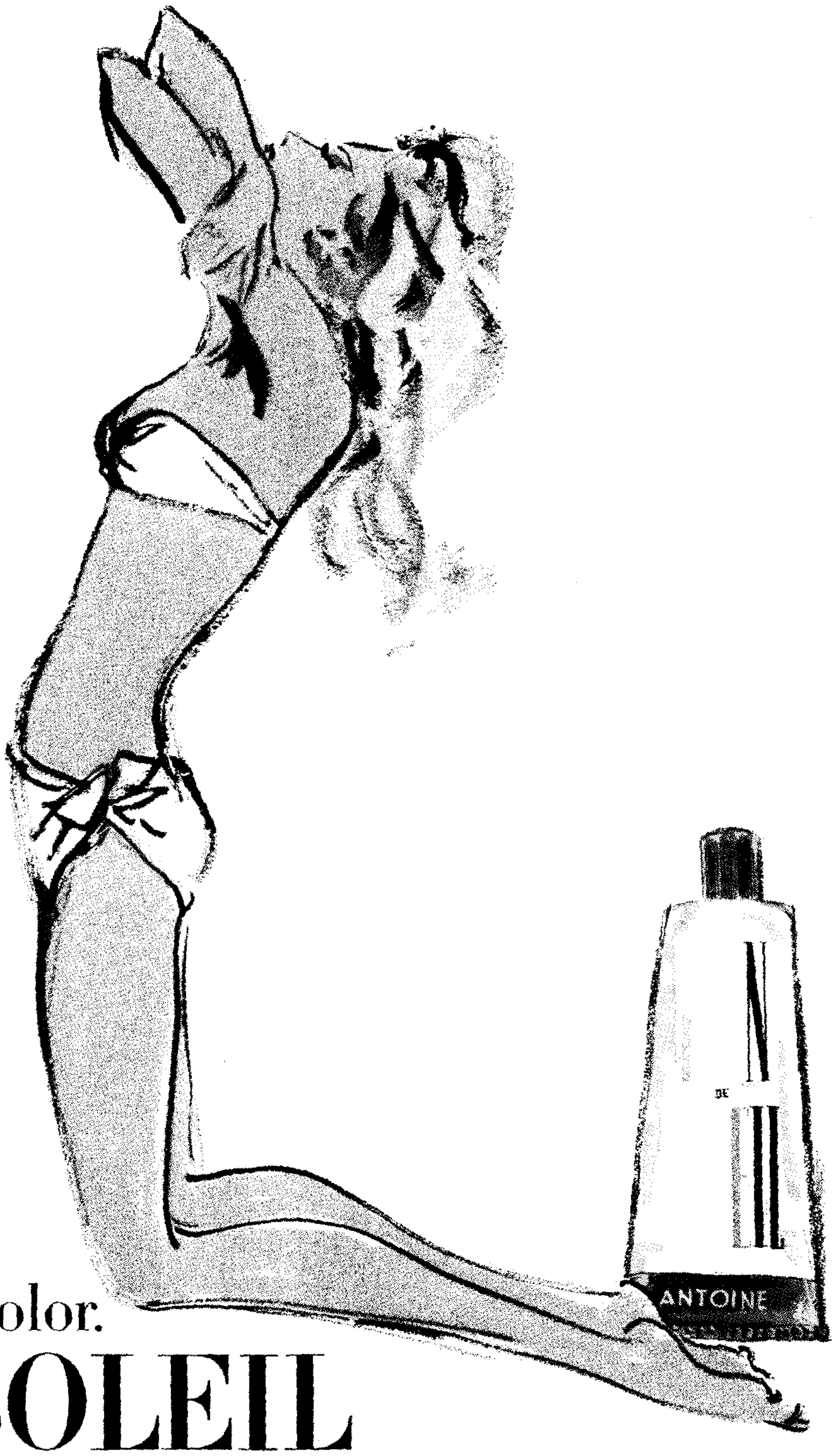
	Page
BOOKS	126
THE CURRENT CINEMA	68
MUSICAL EVENTS	121
THE RACE TRACK	64
A REPORTER AT LARGE	72
THE THEATRE	56

THE NEW YORKER
25 WEST 43RD STREET
TELEPHONE
ADVERTISING & SUBSCRIPTIONS, OXFORD 5-1515
EDITORIAL OFFICES, OXFORD 5-1414

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

It is essential that subscribers ordering a change of address give four weeks' notice and provide their old as well as their new address. Please give postal zone numbers for both addresses.

THE NEW YORKER, published weekly by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., 25 West 43rd St., New York, N. Y. 10036; R. H. Fleischmann, publisher; R. Hawley Truax, chairman of the board; A. J. Russell, Jr., president; P. F. Fleischmann, executive vice-president & treasurer; Milton Greenstein, F. S. Norman, Robert S. Ogden, and E. R. Spaulding, vice-presidents; Mrs. M. L. Fries, secretary and comptroller; David D. Michaels, advertising manager. Branch advertising offices: 6 North Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60602; 155 Montgomery St., San Francisco, Calif. 94104; 2975 Wilshire Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif. 90005; 1365 Peachtree St., N. E., Atlanta, Ga. 30309; 21 Grosvenor St., London, W. 1. Vol. XLI, No. 15, May 29, 1965. Second-class postage paid at New York, N. Y., and at additional mailing offices. Authorized as second-class mail by the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, and for payment of postage in cash. © 1965 by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., in the United States and Canada. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of The New Yorker. Printed in U.S.A. Subscription rates: U.S. and possessions, 1 year $8.00; Canada, Latin America, and Spain, $9.00. Other foreign, $11.00.



It kisses you with color.

BAIN de SOLEIL

Famous Dark, new White, new Fluid. 2.00 each. Fair and Tan, 2.50, plus tax.

©Lucor Cosmetic Corp. 1965

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

two of dramatic excitement as it goes its autobiographical way. (ANTA Washington Square Theatre, 40 W. 4th St., between Washington Square and Broadway. OR 4-5600. Nightly at 8. Matinée Saturday at 2. Closes Saturday, May 29.)

APA at the Phoenix—A three-play repertory by an exhilarating company. Giraudoux's **judith:** Thursday and Friday, May 27-28, at 8:30; Saturday, May 29, at 2:30 and 8:30; and Tuesday through Thursday, June 1-3, at 8:30. . . . **war and peace:** Sunday, May 30, at 2:30 and 7:30; Friday, June 4, at 8:30; and Saturday, June 5, at 2:30 and 8:30. (Phoenix Theatre, 334 E. 74th St. UN 1-2288.)

Amato Opera Company—Friday, May 28, at 8:15, and Saturday, May 29, at 2:30 and 8:15: "Il Trovatore." . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, June 4-5, at 8:15: "The Mikado." (Amato Opera Showcase Theatre, 319 Bowery, at 2nd St. CA 8-8200.)

American Savoyards—A season of Gilbert and Sullivan. Thursday and Friday, May 27-28, at 8:40: "Iolanthe." . . . ¶ Saturday, May 29, at 3 and 8:40: "H.M.S. Pinafore." . . . ¶ Sunday, May 30, at 3 and 7:30, and Tuesday and Wednesday, June 1-2, at 8:40: "The Mikado." . . . ¶ Thursday and Friday, June 3-4, at 8:40: "The Gondoliers." . . . ¶ Saturday, June 5, at 3 and 8:40: "Iolanthe." (Jan Hus House, 351 E. 74th St. LE 5-6310.)

The Exception and the Rule and **The Prodigal Son**—"The Prodigal Son" is Langston Hughes' musical dramatization of the Bible story, in a jubilant and beautiful production. Vinnette Carroll has directed the remarkable all-Negro cast of dancers and gospel singers. "The Exception and the Rule," which precedes it, is a fable of dreary condescension by the late but inevitable Bertolt Brecht. (Greenwich Mews Theatre, 141 W. 13th St. CH 3-6800. Mondays through Thursdays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Fantasticks—This musical comedy about a lovesick boy and the lovesick girl next door will be chiefly of interest to those with a large tolerance for whimsey. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. OR 4-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

In White America—A revival. Six actors, three of them colored and three white, perform and recite excerpts from official and unofficial documents that, taken together, trace the story of the Negro in America. The result, play or not, is certainly theatrical and certainly rewarding. (Players Theatre, 115 Macdougal St. AL 4-5076. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, June 13.)

The Knack—This English farce about seduction, directed with considerable ingenuity by Mike Nichols, is sometimes funny, sometimes just strenuous. As one of three young men who become involved with a girl bound for the Y.W.C.A., Brian Bedford gives one of the best comedy performances around. (New Theatre, 154 E. 54th St. PL 2-0440. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Othello and **Baal**—Shakespeare's tragedy in repertory with an adaptation by Eric Bentley and Martin Esslin of the Brecht play. "Othello": Sundays at 3 and 8:40. . . . ¶ "Baal": Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. (Martinique Theatre, Broadway at 32nd St. PE 6-3056.)

The Room and **A Slight Ache**—Two early (pre-"Caretaker") one-acters by the remarkable English playwright Harold Pinter. Again Mr. Pinter has combined the elements of menace, suspense, and wild high comedy to produce any number of surprises. The cast, which is fine, is headed by Frances Sternhagen and Henderson Forsythe. (Provincetown Playhouse, 133 Macdougal St. GR 7-9894. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Square in the Eye—Jack Gelber's sharp-edged comedy about a beset painter in Greenwich Village is as original and just as good (to say the least) as his "The Connection" of a few years back. It is helped enormously by the performances of Philip Bruns, Carol Rossen, and Conrad Bain. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				27	28	29
30	31	1	2	3	4	5

The Trojan Women—A production of Euripides' tragedy of the bereft women of the Trojan War that is good to look at, always clear, and often moving. It does, however, lack stature. Michael Cacoyannis is both director and choreographer. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. 473-6778. Thursday, Friday, and Sunday at 8:40, and Saturday at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinée Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, May 30.)

The Umbrella—J. D. Cannon, Jan Farrand, and Reni Santoni are the entire cast of this play written by Bertrand Castelli in collaboration with Jack Raphael Guss. (Bouwerie Lane Theatre, 330 Bowery, at 2nd St. OR 4-6060. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

A View from the Bridge—A revival of Arthur Miller's melodrama about the Brooklyn waterfront. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-3432. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Wives—Anne Meacham in a silly play by Lionel Abel. (Stage 73, 321 E. 73rd St. BU 8-2500. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 5.)

BALLET AND DANCE PROGRAMS

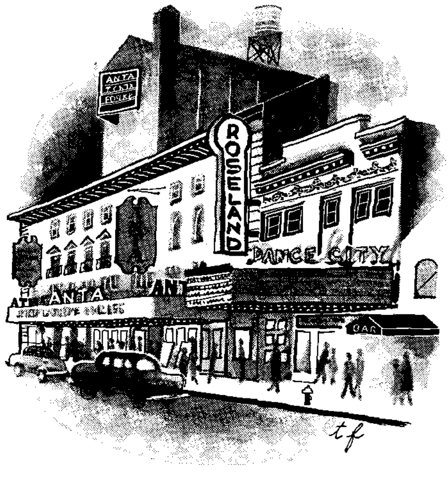
New York City Ballet—"Don Quixote." (New York State Theater, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Thursday, May 27, at 9, benefit preview; Friday, May 28, at 8:15, première; Saturday, May 29, at 2:15 and 8:15; Sunday, May 30, at 12:45 and 5:15; Monday, May 31, at 2:15 and 8:15; Tuesday, June 1, at 8:15; Wednesday, June 2, at 2:15 and 8:15; Thursday and Friday, June 3-4, at 8:15; and Saturday, June 5, at 2:15. Through Sunday, June 13. Latecomers are officially, and severely, frowned on.)

Moiseyev Dance Company—A hundred and ten dancers from Moscow, plus a symphony orchestra, in a two-week engagement. (Metropolitan Opera House. PE 6-1554. Nightly at 8:30. Matinée Saturday at 2:30. Closes Saturday, May 29.)

Percival Borde—With his company, in "Dark Rhythm," choreographed by Pearl Primus. (Gramercy Arts Theatre, 138 E. 27th St. OR 9-7665. Wednesdays and Thursdays at 8:40; Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

MISCELLANY

This Was Burlesque—Ann Corio as M.C., star turn, and director of an old-time burlesque show, along with a number of old-time comedians and a line of strip-teasers. (Hudson Theatre, 141 W. 44th St. 757-9570. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at midnight. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Closes Sunday, June 6.)



NIGHT LIFE

(Some places where you will find music and/or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

Americana, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (LT 1-1000)—An important member of our floating population, Carol Lawrence, has settled in at the Royal Box. Air is what this graceful ballerina floats on when she is not floating in the arms of Bob Lone and Joe McWherter, who support her in a manner to which anyone would like to be accustomed. The orchestra of Lee Evans, now just about the best in town, is around most of the evening; Miss Lawrence is a dinner and supper event. Closed Sundays.

Delmonico's, Park Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2500)—Polite society is the household god of the restaurant, where George Anaya's assortment of Cuban crooners and bandsmen makes sitting-down music from eight to ten, and then getting-up music from ten to one. The musicians are at liberty on Mondays.

El Morocco, 307 E. 54th St. (PL 2-5079)—It doesn't matter when the sun sets on this sector of the British Empire, for none of its colonials would be caught dead in daylight anyway. Incidental music to talk or dance to by Freddy Alonso's rumba band and Freddie Jagels' orchestra. In the Champagne Room, which has no dance floor, a trio (Ernest Schoen's) provides the sound effects. Closed Sundays.

Mark Twain Riverboat, Fifth Ave. at 34th St. (PL 9-2444)—Life on our inland waterways was never more handsomely memorialized. On one deck of this many-tiered restaurant, Stan Rubin and his Tiger Town Five memorialize Early Americana. They operate all through the week, from dinnertime until twelve-thirty, or one (on Fridays), or two (on Saturdays). Sundays, from one to ten, a can opener is used to provide prepacked music for those who wish to dance.

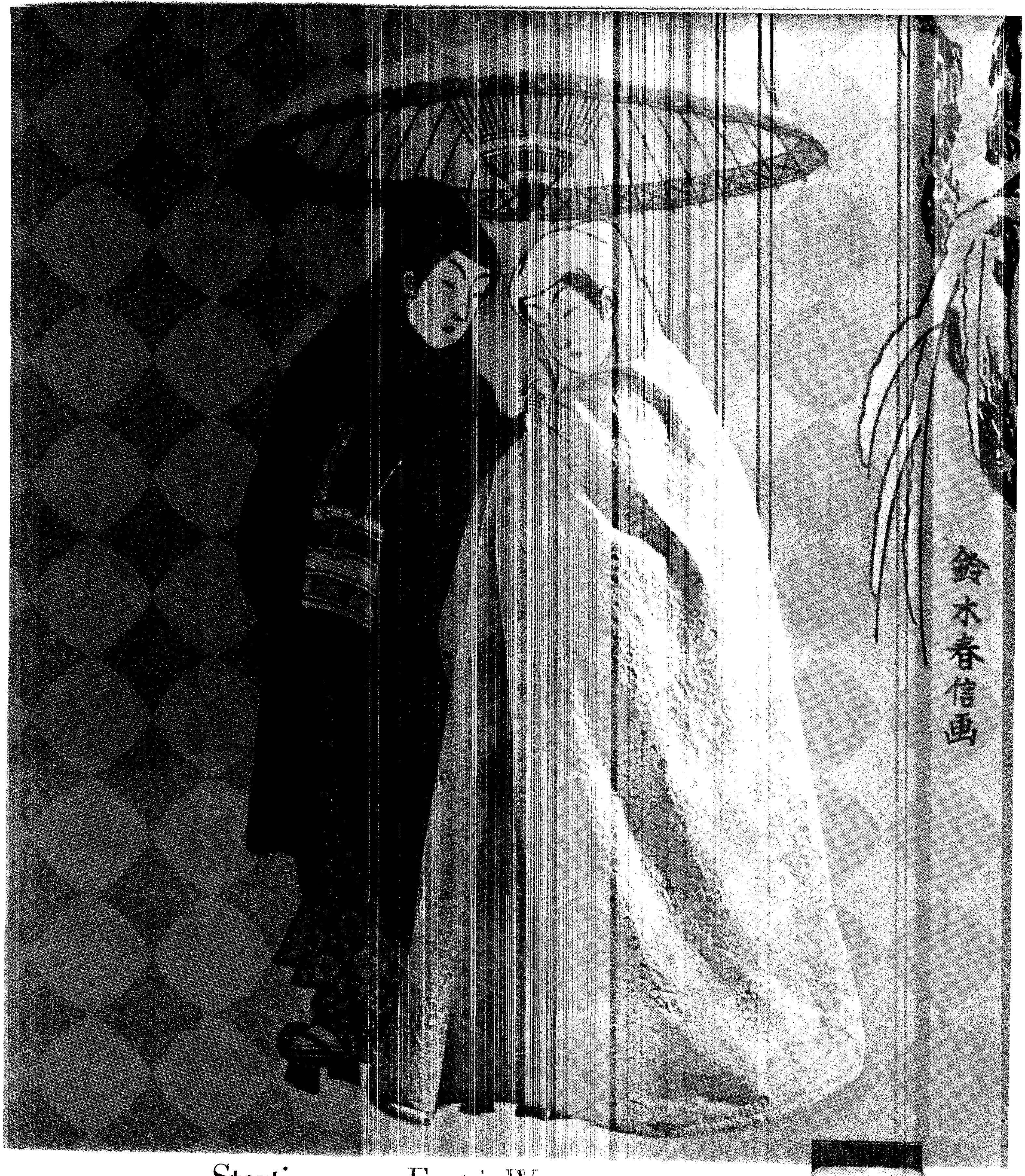
New York Hilton, Sixth Ave. at 53rd St. (JU 6-7000)—The Seven Hills, a Roman plaza, has no traffic problems more serious than customers navigating the dance floor to the chortlings of the Quintetto di Roma, a set of noble Romans, among them Dino Palermo, whose tenor is rapturous. They are on hand from eight to one and until two on Fridays and Saturdays. Closed Sundays.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—One of Ben Cutler's Yale teams is having spring practice on the bandstand of the happy little island called the Café Pierre. Yvette Souviron, who does solo flights at a piano, calls it a day every Monday; the Cutlers never say die.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—Eartha Kitt is completely believable in her dual role of cat and canary as she sings at dinner and supper in the Persian Room. The cat prevails, but it never quite swallows the canary. The dance tunes for the customers are offered up by the frisky band of Mark Monte and Burt Farber's Plaza orchestra. On Wednesday, June 2, Miss Kitt will give way to John Gary, a young man who has an ear for balladry and is not altogether unfamiliar with folk music. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ Leo LeFleur's duo (piano and violin) discourses peacefully in the Palm Court from four-fifteen to six-thirty except on Mondays; then, at eight, the Court becomes a sidewalk café (pastry, ices, and a cold bottle) in the balmiest part of Europe. Gunnar Hansen's violin (every night but Sunday) furthers the pleasant stratagem. Curfew arrives at one. . . . ¶ The LeFleur group does another turn, from seven to nine, in the Edwardian Room, for the dinner guests. Mondays, a pianist goes it alone.

Rainbow Grill, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-9090)—See the pretty smog from the topless towers of Ilium. Michael Longo's folksy orchestra can be heard but not viewed on the cocktail deck; it can be danced to on the dining deck. The sound department operates from eight to one. Closed Sundays.

St. Regis, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—



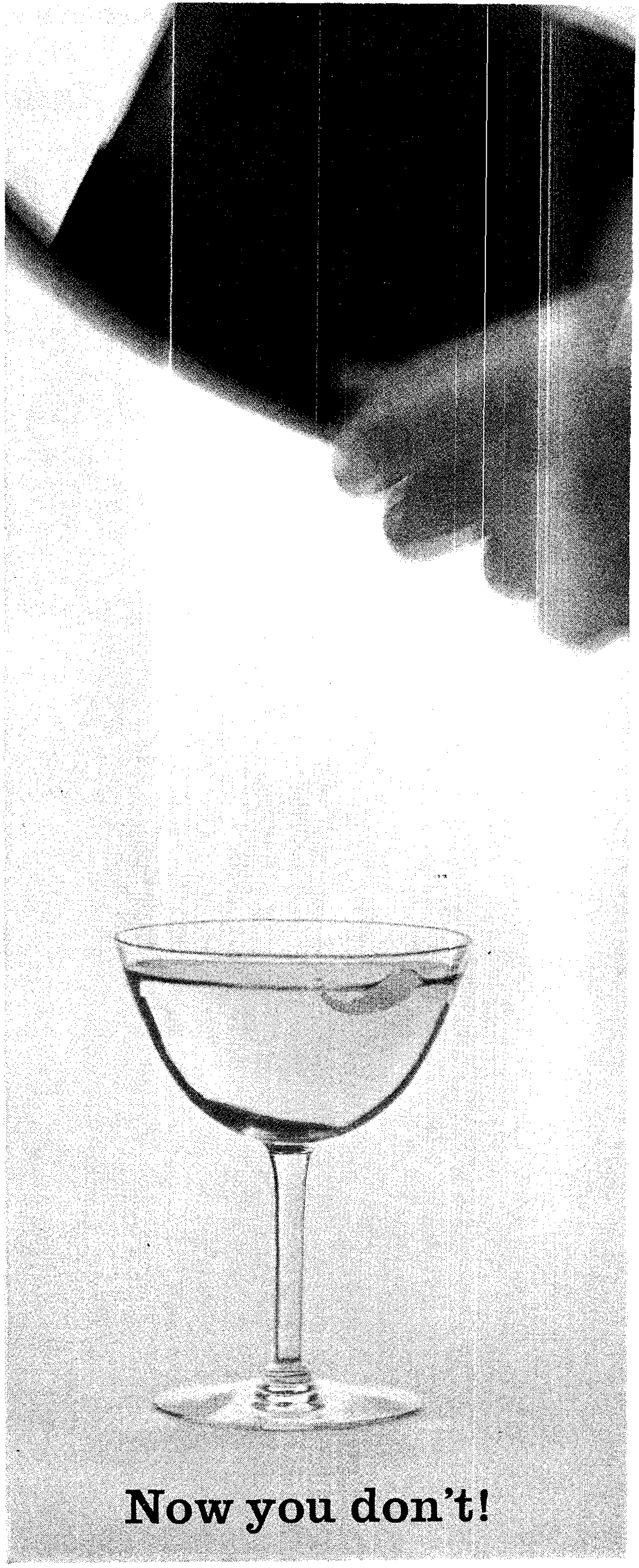
Starting now, East is West

Bates brings you the splendor of the East in this fabulous new "Lotus Blossom" bedspread. It *is* the Orient—lovely lotus pattern with puffy, hand-embroidered look...heavy welted border ...sunlit colors. Plus new improvements: Bates makes "Lotus Blossom" in extra length and generous width for today's modern beds. And you can machine-wash-and-dry the whole thing!

Bates®

DELUXE 116" LONG FITS REGULAR MATTRESS OR 80" AND 84" LENGTHS. IN GOLD, OLIVE, LACQUER, TURQUOISE, PEBBLE, SAND, OYSTER, SAFFRON, BLUE, RUBY, ONYX. TWIN, $27.50. DOUBLE, $29.98. KING AND DUAL KING, $42.50. A BIT MORE IN THE WEST. AT THESE AND OTHER FINE STORES: **MACY'S,** NEW YORK—**SIBLEY, LINDSAY AND CURR,** ROCHESTER—**THE WM. HENGERER COMPANY,** BUFFALO—**JORDAN MARSH COMPANY AND BRANCHES,** BOSTON & MIAMI—**CARSON PIRIE SCOTT & CO.,** CHICAGO—**GIMBELS,** PHILA. & MILWAUKEE—**THE HALLE BROS. CO.,** CLEVELAND—**M. O'NEILL CO.,** AKRON—**FAMOUS-BARR,** ST. LOUIS—**MAY-COHENS,** JACKSONVILLE—**MAY D & F,** DENVER—**J. GOLDSMITH & SONS,** MEMPHIS—**JOSKE'S,** HOUSTON—**BULLOCKS,** LOS ANGELES—**CAPWELLS,** OAKLAND. ©1965 BATES FABRICS, INC., 112 WEST 34TH STREET, NEW YORK, NEW YORK 10001.

IMPORTED FRANCE
NOILLY PRAT
EXTRA DRY
NOILLY PRAT
FRENCH EXTRA DRY VERMOUTH
VERMOUTH
NOILLY PRAT & C
MARSEILLE
BROWNE-VINTNERS C° NEW-YORK
Now you see it—


Now you don't!

This is the bottle to look for...but you'll have to look hard to see the vermouth in your glass. This new Noilly Prat French Vermouth is very, very pale—virtually invisible in gin or vodka. But you will notice the difference it makes in the smoothness of your cocktail. Try it, next martini.

DON'T STIR WITHOUT NOILLY PRAT

BROWNE-VINTNERS COMPANY, NEW YORK, N.Y. SOLE DISTRIBUTORS FOR THE U.S.A.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				27	28	29
30	31	1	2	3	4	5

The ducal Maisonette is the home of Charles Turecamo's cheerful band, in which the rustle of spring in Southampton is audible. Whenever his crew ceases and desists, Quintero's musicians resume their recitations of classical Latin. Closed Sundays and Monday, May 31. . . . ¶ Across the hall, La Boite, small and cozy and ornate as can be, provides dinner and supper to the strains of Jani Sarkozi's violin and Walter Kay's piano. Closed Sundays and Monday, May 31.

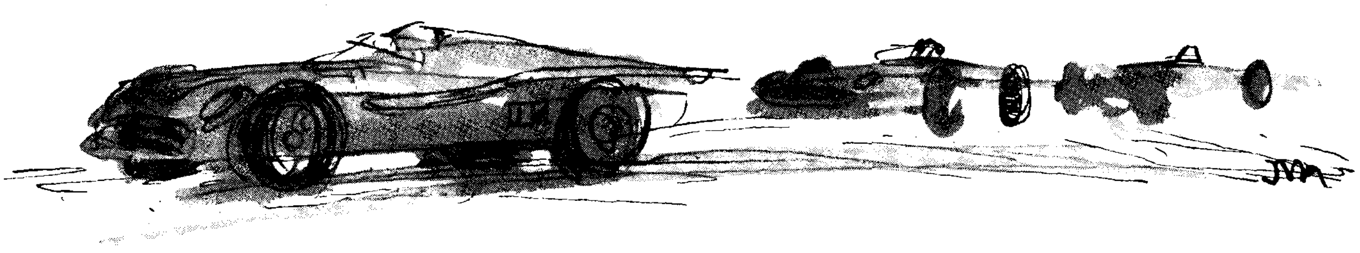
SHEPHEARD'S, in the Drake Hotel, Park Ave. at 56th St. (HA 1-0181)—The setting is Egypt in its Ptolomaic heyday, or heynight, but the decathlon that happens on the dance floor is peculiar (and very) to the United States. A trio, operating from seven to ten, is the prelude to a deluge of wax-and-wire music that goes on until one Sunday nights, until around dawn the rest of the time.

NOTE—ROSELAND DANCE CITY, 239 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-0200)—Space cadets will feel at home on the giant floor (a hundred and fifty feet long), though only the social graces and none of the Twist variants are allowable. The music usually begins around seven-thirty and ends around one. Additionally, there are Thursday and Saturday matinées, one-thirty to six, and Sundays are non-stop, beginning at three-thirty in the afternoon. A potpourri of professional dancers puts on a showing, too, on Tuesdays at eleven. Closed Mondays.

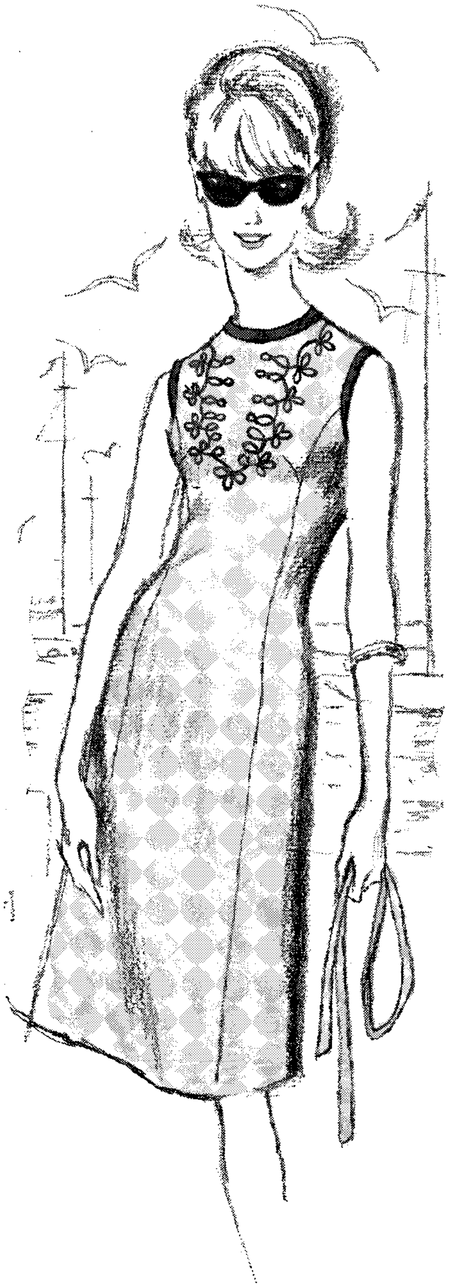
SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(Dining but no dancing, except as noted.)

GOLDIE'S NEW YORK, 244 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): A community small enough for everyone to know everyone, which leads to an enormous number of words per cubic foot. The background is piano that begins at cocktail time and ends at one of the smaller hours. Sam Hamilton, Sam Anderson, and Goldie Hawkins himself all man the keyboard at one time or another, and the Messrs. Anderson and Hawkins do double-keyboard turns after the theatre. Closed Friday through Monday, May 28-31. . . . **IN BOBOLI**, 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (TR 9-3777): It's a reasonable guess that the *mise en scène* is Florence, a supposition fortified by the bill of fare and the wine card. The voices that are now and again raised in song take considerable delight in American operetta, but sooner or later they drift back to Italian opera. Thursdays, Fridays, and Saturdays, a tiny dance band is also present. Closed Mondays. . . . **LE CAPRICE**, 10 E. 52nd St. (PL 1-0845): The night sky as it looks from a terrace of Fontainebleau or Versailles. The lodestar, visible on the dot of ten-thirty, is Bobby Short, the facile fancier of flip songs, hip songs, quip songs. He, his piano, and his merry aides—Dick Sheridan and Beverly Peer—make Short work of the aforesaid night. There's solo piano, too, from five-thirty until nine, by Jules Kuti in the bar. Closed Sunday and Monday, May 30-31. . . . **ARTHUR**, 154 E. 54th St. (688-4420): Stranger than fiction is the moment of truth that arrives when boys and girls face up to one another on the dance floor and tiny limbs begin to fly in all directions. The throbbing music is partly automated and partly human, the *carte du jour* will at least support life, and the significance is tremendously social. Ten-thirty to four, except Mondays, is the extent of the curriculum. Be sure to have a reservation before you reach Checkpoint Arthur. . . . **SHERATON-EAST**, Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000): In the Café Ambassador, a richly embossed slice of cityscape, every *geste* is *beau*. Ray Hartley plays seemly piano for anyone who's dining between seven and one. No music Sundays. . . . ¶ Le Palais, which is Viennese (cuisine and all) on its best behavior, serves up dinner, seven to ten, along with the unhurried zither of Hans Hansberg. Closed Sundays. . . . **DOWNSTAIRS AT THE UPSTAIRS**, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): To all mortals in a give-me-love-or-give-me-death state of mind, the lyrics of Mabel Mercer, the calm counsellor emeritus, have the answer. Her first-aid courses, which are on a daily-except-Sunday schedule, begin at ten-thirty, and Sam Hamilton's piano is the perfect background. . . . **DRAKE ROOM**, 71 E. 56th St. (HA 1-0900): Though Cy Walter, a staff of night life, has fifty-eight fingers, none of them get in the way of any others when he sits down to his pianoforte, which he does from six to nine-thirty, ten-thirty to one, in this dream of Empire. Closed Saturday through Monday, May 29-31. . . . **CHÂTEAU HENRI IV**, 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): The artfulness of this medieval banqueting hall is not Pop or Op but Camp. Through its prankish pomp and circumstance Norbert Faconi and his age-of-chivalry violin are audible with reasonable frequency every evening but Sunday. . . . **KING HENRI IV**, 142 E. 53rd St. (PL 2-5566): A further exposition of King Henri's ideas about domestic architecture, which were, basically, that all play makes an evening gay. George Cardini, whose violin is incurably in love, is the patrolman on this beat. He is absent Sundays. . . . **WAVERLY LOUNGE**, 103 Waverly Pl. (AL 4-0776): Laurie Brewis, who has sat at one piano longer than anyone else in town, makes no bones about his addiction to the show tunes, British and American, that are deservedly imperishable. He gets rolling in the plain-spoken bar of the Hotel Earle at nine-thirty. No music on Mondays. . . . **ROMA DI NOTTE**, 1528 Second Ave., at 79th St. (RE 4-3443): One part pomp, one part circumstance, one part ambulatory Riviera song and music, which (like the chef) usually carry on from six until two. Closed Sundays. . . . **CAFÉ RENAISSANCE 48**, 15 E. 48th St. (HA 1-3448): Seekers of that castle in Spain should find this close-to-home one near to their hearts. In the midst of its restrained majesty, there is handsome guitar music direct from the Spanish Main. The recitals run intermittently from dinner until after the theatre. Closed Sunday and Monday, May 30-31. . . . **CAFÉ RENAISSANCE 49**, 338 E. 49th St. (PL 1-3160): A similar reëstablishment of architecture for architecture's sake, providing room for Andalusian guitar on the same schedule. No music Sundays; closed Monday, May 31. . . . **JAMAICA ARMS**, 1315 Second Ave., at 69th St. (YU 8-5850): One look at this West Indie tells you that out of the woodwork, which would be perfectly at home in Kingston, there is sure to appear a native guitarist who will be singing those cruise-ship Caribbean ditties and who will be named Lord Superior. He, or a faultless facsimile, is on deck from nine to one at the start of the week, from seven-thirty until two Thursdays through Saturdays, and from seven to eleven Sundays. . . . **CHUCKS' COMPOSITE**, 303 E. 53rd St. (EL 5-8825): Undergraduate practitioners of one or another of the lively arts have turned the room into a week-long retreat. Three of the hired hands play jazz, new school, through the week; Sundays, a pianist works out. . . . **REGENCY**, Park Ave. at 61st St. (PL 9-4100): Imperial majesty is an important ingredient of the Regency Room cocktail lounge but not of the piano of Rack Godwin, which is sometimes wholly *pour le sport*. Five-thirty until twelve-thirty every night but Sunday is his curriculum. Supper, but no dinner. . . . **SIGN OF THE DOVE**, 1110 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-8080): Mansion life in Little Old New York, right down to the glass-topped conservatory and a bit of open-air breathing space, is preserved in this restaurant, in whose bar there is piano from five to eight and from nine-thirty to two, except Saturdays and Sundays. . . . **CHARDAS**, 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): The Hungarian rhapsody here involves a mingling of zimbalon, violin, tenor, and soprano, all of them prepared to demonstrate, gently but firmly, that silence is not golden. Béla Babai's band plays for dancing. Closed Mondays. . . . **PETROUSHKA**, 23 E. 74th St., just behind the lobby of the Hotel Volney. (BU 8-2300): The utterly unassuming Marina Fedorovskaya sings those great big heartbreaking Russian ballads in her contained fashion. Likely as not, the customers join in as a mighty Cossack chorus. Betweentimes, a piano and violin collaborate on kindred tunes. Seven-thirty until two is the extent of the operation. Closed Mondays. . . . **IL MIO**, 65 E. 59th St., in Delmonico's Hotel. (EL 5-2500): Discothèque has become a dubious word around town, but here it is raised to the *n*th power by the fine-fettle feet of Tanya Everett, of "Fiddler on the Roof," the instigator of an extremely jolly mass-participation and extemporaneous ballet by the house guests. Eight to three is the music; snack is the menu. Closed Mondays. . . . **L'INTRIGUE**, 35 W. 56th St. (CI 7-1990): Those who wonder what ever became of such fixtures of night life as Nancy Steele, Jimmie Daniels, and Murray Grand will find them together in a new plush-and-panelled playroom. The Steele chansons are done in romping, who-cares fashion; the Daniels ditties occur in *bon-vivant* fashion; the Grand piano is fluent and romantic. Ronnie Ball and Sonny Dallas are the jazz background. The music begins at five-thirty, the singing at around ten. On Tuesday, June 1, Paula Wayne, a caroller in "Golden Boy," will be added to the personnel. Closed Sundays. . . . **SHERATON MOTOR INN**, Twelfth Ave. at 42nd St. (OX 5-6500): Camelot redivivus, and on the fifth floor, which makes the Hudson a very visible front yard. The instrument of choice is the harp, which is gallantly plucked by Gerald Goodman every night but Tuesday. . . . **LA FONDA DEL SOL**, 123 W. 50th St. (PL 7-8800): A Sunday in this museum piece, with flamboyant examples of the lively arts chockablock on every wall, in every nook, is a continuous parade, from one to nine, of flamenco chanters and careeners. . . . **CAFÉ CARLYLE**, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): There is treacle-and-molasses piano by George Feyer in this counting-house parlor from eight-thirty until one or two every evening but Sunday. . . . **LA CHANSONNETTE**, 890 Second Ave., at 47th St. (PL 2-7320): Rita Dimitri, who was brought up to be a really dizzy soubrette, is showing how it's done, in song and sidelong glance, at dinner through the week and at dinner and supper Fridays and Saturdays. There is casual dance music now and again. Closed Sundays and Monday, May 31. . . . **MONSIGNORE**, 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): Warm, busy evenings on the Via Veneto, where the American visitors dine among a set of musicians who amble back and forth until late at night. Closed Sundays. . . . **ASTI**, 13 E. 12th St. (AL 5-9773): Opera is fired, point-blank, as soon as the waiters see the whites of their customers' eyes. Closed Mondays. . . . **ESSEX HOUSE**, 160 Central Park S. (CI 7-0300): In the Casino-on-the-Park, a living (and dining) room for which "sumptuous" is a fair appraisal, Steven Weltner gives his knowledgeable piano an air that is as much Chopin as it is Gershwin. Five-thirty to mid-



BEST & CO.
Fifth Ave. at 51 St., N.Y. 22, N.Y.



This route to summer
ease and elegance for
Miss Cosmopolitan®.
A sleek skimmer of nubby
textured rayon and flax
marvelously scrolled and
piped in contrast color.
Cranberry with royal,
black with brown or gold
with green trim, sizes 8 to 16.
(N-7) **18.00** 7th Floor

Mail and phone orders filled—PLaza 9-2000
Also at our 20 convenient Branches

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

night is the run of his play. No music Sundays. . . . **NANDO'S MIRAMAR,** 38 E. 53rd St. (PL 3-4186): Bunty Pendleton, whose romping piano and happy-go-lucky songs (like not a few of us civilians) went through the Volstead Act and lived to tell the tale, is quite apparent in this restaurant. Lynn Richards is her alternate at the pianoforte. They take turns from six to three. Closed Sundays. . . . **BARBERRY,** 17 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-5800): Muriel Roberts, who is in possession of the piano in the colonnaded dining room here, has a liberal lacing of jazz in her background, and it flavors whatever she plays. Dinner until eleven is her scheme, and she is away Sundays. . . . **SHERRY-NETHERLAND,** Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800): Dining and supping in the bar and restaurant, decorative and dignified, go along with offhand piano by Johnny Ryan, new man in town, and songs-with-guitar by Enzio Lembo. Mr. R. runs from six-thirty to one, except Mondays; Mr. L. runs from nine-thirty until one, except Sundays. . . . **ENTRE NOUS,** 14 E. 60th St. (EL 5-4774): It is, to an extent, Ramon Zabala's good old La Zambra all over again—cuisine and the rest. The music, though, has turned from Andalusian flamenco to American furioso, which comes not from guitars but from wall plugs. It is danced to by the customers from ten until quite late. Closed Sundays.

BIG AND BRASSY

LATIN QUARTER, Broadway at 48th St. (CI 6-1735): Pretty and deserving girls who have nothing to wear are nevertheless enjoying themselves night after night in an extravaganza that at times passes all understanding. In the middle of this Garden of Eden stands Mamie Van Doren, a famous specimen of the female sex, who has memorized a few things to say and sing to her constituency. Dancing. . . . **BASIN STREET EAST,** 137 E. 48th St. (PL 2-4444): Ella Fitzgerald, a stunning example of floating power with easy push-button control, is singing in front of a big band. Wild Bill Davis's catamounts make the music, and Ram Ramirez is the artful intermission piano player. The shop shuts down on Saturday, May 29, but only to reopen on Tuesday, June 1, in honor of Trini Lopez, a mobile singer who does seem to be all things to all emotional members of the younger set. Jackie Vernon, another of those high-decibel rapid-fire speakers, arrives the same evening. . . . **COPACABANA,** 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-0900): Johnny Mathis, that wily sandman, is putting all hands into a dreamy trance with his mesmeric troubadouring—a trance in which you might as well sink much deeper while the standard comedian has his way. Awake, though, for the corps de ballet, and especially for its prize package—the wayward and winning Jane Zachary. On Thursday, June 3, a new set of principals checks in—Bobby Vinton (children cry for him) and Totie Fields, a trenchant humorist. Dancing. . . . ¶ In the lounge, which makes one feel that it is perpetually three o'clock in the morning, there is plenty of jive, jingle, and jangle from ten o'clock until very, very late every night of the week. . . . **INTERNATIONAL,** Broadway at 52nd St. (CI 7-3070): Neil Sedaka, who is much more worthy of the adoration of the little girls' fan clubs than are most of his companion whirlybirds, is singing and cavorting in a spectacular (sort of) that may puzzle his young supporters—a razzle-dazzle of fine big strapping females who care not a fig for the few leaves they bother to wear. Twice every night is the plan. Dancing.

CABARETS

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

PLAZA 9-, Central Park S., just east of the Plaza Hotel door. (PL 9-3933): No patent has been applied for to protect the special art form that is visible in "Bits & Pieces, XIV," this season's Julius Monk revue, inasmuch as no one but Mr. Monk seems able to do the thing right. His formal but funny view-with-alarm of the world's foibles and frailties is often couched, and even chaise-longued, in Delphic language, which only enhances the spoof. The language is managed by Gerry Matthews and Barbara Cason, the very best of revuers, as well as by Jamie Ross, Nagle Jackson, Barbara Minkus, and Nancy Myers, an excellent set of junior executives. The pit band is the pianos of Robert Colston and Carl Norman. Closed Sundays. The enterprise, by the way, takes a brief breather after Saturday, June 5. . . . **CHÂTEAU MADRID,** 42 W. 58th St. (PL 3-3773): The army that sings together swings together, which means that Los Chavales de España are in bold, brassy form. A fine bit of fluff called Luisita Sevilla is their principal dancer. The performers take the floor at dinner and supper through the week, and again at two Saturday nights; Sundays begin with an all-out tea dance and end with a show at ten-thirty. The customers, often equally expert, can dance at any time, too. . . . ¶ In the minute Flamenco Room, Juan de la Mata, whose flamenco guitar is top-of-the-evening, and Domingo Alvarado, full of Spanish love song, perform duets that lose nothing in translation. Closed Sundays. . . . **UPSTAIRS AT THE DOWNSTAIRS,** 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): R. G. Brown, gaily mouthing speeches of the gravest inconsequences, is the life of the new version of "The Game Is Up," a vest-pocket revue which holds that flippancy is the best policy. Carol Morley and Marian Mercer, who go along with him, likewise have moments of madness. The zero hours are nine-thirty and midnight. Closed Sundays. . . . **LIBORIO,** 150 W. 47th St. (JU 2-6188): A Cuban hacienda housing a bunch of ballet devotees—the Lydia Torea troupe—that has both Las Vegas and Andalusian antecedents. Since they live in, they are on hand every evening. A mite named Maribel de Cirez is especially apt to catch one's fancy. Dinner and supper are when they go into action. Dancing. . . . **SQUARE EAST,** 15 W. 4th St., which is *east* of Washington Square. (AL 4-0480): "The Decline and Fall of the Entire World as Seen Through the Eyes of Cole Porter Revisited" restores to us Porter games with words and music that have been too long in the warehouse. It also restores an absolutely untrammelled Kaye Ballard, who is having herself a terribly good time, and the footwork of Harold Lang. Some of the stage business contains an archness Mr. P. would not have liked, but no matter. This all happens every night but Monday at eight-thirty, as well as at eleven Fridays and Saturdays. . . . **BON SOIR,** 40 W. 8th St. (OR 4-0531): Heat lightning, burning desire, and a sprinkling of humor are the basic materials of the ballads sung so well by Felicia Sanders; the humor in the caricatures executed by George Matson, who threads the mazes of the female mind without ever making a wrong turn, is plentiful and sardonic. Irving Joseph, Norene Tate, and Warren Vaughn, their aides, have a lot of romantic piano at the tips of their fingers. Closed Mondays.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

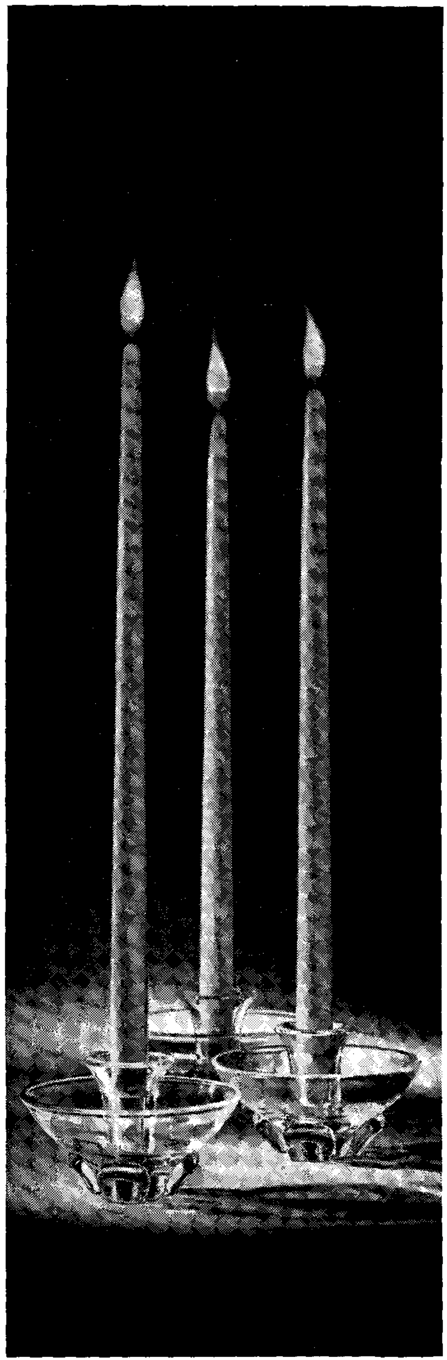
(No dancing, unless noted.)

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): Mose Allison, playing piano that is flavored with catnip, heads a threesome; a brand-new quartet led by Herbie Hancock is also on tap. All hands go to work every evening but Monday, and every Sunday afternoon as well, at four-thirty. . . . **VILLAGE GATE,** 160 Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120): An enormous ground swell is set up by the piano of Erroll Garner, whose complex dynamics are impressive rather than inventive; Leon Bibb, who owns as fine a voice as has ever explored folklore, uses not only antiquity but composers like Loesser and Bernstein as source material. The dance floor is in operation every Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, and Sunday. Mondays, the play area is occupied by one Latin band or another, to say nothing of Symphony Sid, a commentator on the jazz scene for whom time has stood still. The dining pavilion and open-air café, one flight above all this, are open from five to eleven, but are closed Mondays. . . . **BITTER END,** 147 Bleecker St., at West Broadway. (GR 5-7804): *Café noir, café au lait, caffè cappuccino,* in the best of the Greenwich Village coffeehouses, and the one most likely to amuse. Folk music, the principal stock in trade, is now represented by the Womenfolk; humor of sorts is represented by a new group known as the Uncalled For Three. Tuesdays are assigned to visiting scholars. . . . **METROPOLE,** Seventh Ave. at 48th St. (CI 5-0088): The Great God Pandemonium reigns here. His levees begin as early as three in the afternoon (sock-and-boil music) and go on into the night with such batterers as the Village Stompers. On Friday, May

PHOTOGRAPH BY BOB NITTA
Tiffany sterling is a work of art

TIFFANY STERLING AT THESE STORES:

ARKANSAS FOSTER COCHRAN CO., Little Rock **CALIFORNIA** TIFFANY & CO., Beverly Hills, San Francisco **CONNECTICUT** M. A. GREEN, Waterbury; W. D. WEBB, Greenwich **DELAWARE** J. E. CALDWELL CO., Wilmington **DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA** GALT & BRO. INC., Washington; CHAS. SCHWARTZ & SON, Washington **FLORIDA** CARROLL'S, Coral Gables, Ft. Lauderdale; [illegible]EBAR, Sarasota **GEORGIA** CHARLES WILLIS, INC., Atlanta, Sea Island **ILLINOIS** C. D. PEACOCK, Chicago, Oakbrook Center, Hubbard Woods, Old Orchard **INDIANA** L. S. AYRES & CO., Indianapolis **LOUISIANA** COLEMAN E. ADLER & SONS, New Orleans **MARYLAND** A. H. FETTING CO., Baltimore, Towson **MASSACHUSETTS** BIGELOW, KENNARD CO., INC., Boston; THOMAS LONG & CO., Boston, Chestnut Hill, North Shore, South Shore **MICHIGAN** CHARLES W. WARREN & CO., Detroit **MISSOURI** MERMOD-JACCARD-KING, St. Louis, Clayton, Crestwood **NEW HAMPSHIRE** WARD AMIDON, Hanover; DESJARDINS & CO., INC., Manchester **NEW JERSEY** HENKE'S, Montclair; LA VAKE, Princeton; WISS, Short Hills **NEW YORK** GRAUBART & SONS, Schenectady; PITT PETRI, Buffalo **NORTH CAROLINA** ELIZABETH BRUNS, INC., Charlotte **OHIO** H. M. BAILEY, INC., Cleveland; DANFORD-LOWELL, Cleveland **OKLAHOMA** HIGHTOWER, Oklahoma City **OREGON** ZELL BROTHERS, Portland **PENNSYLVANIA** J. E. CALDWELL CO., Philadelphia, Haverford; P. A. FREEMAN, INC., Allentown; HARDY & HAYES, Pittsburgh, Shadyside, Manor Oak Village; FRED H. STRAUB, Abington **TEXAS** HALTOM'S, Fort Worth; TIFFANY & CO., Houston **VIRGINIA** SCHWARZSCHILD BROTHERS, INC., Richmond **WASHINGTON** FRIEDLANDER & SONS, Seattle, Tacoma, Everett, Bremerton, Longview **WISCONSIN** SCHWANKE-KASTEN CO., Milwaukee; GEORGE WATTS & SON, Milwaukee **CANADA** THE ROBERT SIMPSON CO., LTD., Montreal



Height 3¼ inches • Width 5½ inches • $75 pair

Crystal candlesticks
with vaselike bases—
for showing flowers in
a soft, new light

STEUBEN
GLASS

FIFTH AVENUE AT 56th STREET
NEW YORK · N.Y. 10022

28, Gene Krupa's band will begin another visit. Sundays, other shouters and tumulters stand in. . . . **HALF NOTE**, 289 Hudson St., near Spring St. (AL 5-9752): The quintet of Clark Terry and Bobby Brookmeyer is speaking in parables on the main street of this frontier town. Closed Mondays. . . . **FIVE SPOT**, 2 St. Marks Pl., just east of Third Ave. (GR 7-9650): The imperturbable, the imperishable Teddy Wilson goes his steady, serene way with his piano and his trio; a quintet in which Pepper Adams and Thad Jones are concerned is there, too. On Mondays, a triad headed by Walter Bishop has the place to itself. . . . **EDDIE CONDON'S**, 330 E. 56th St. (PL 5-9550): The plain, simple sound of old-fashioned outgoing music, designed to cheer rather than confuse. It is produced by Max Kaminsky, Bob Wilber, Dill Jones, Cliff Leeman, Herb Garden, and quite often, too, by Eddie Condon himself, the long-invisible patron saint of the premises. Dancing. Closed Sundays. . . . **HICKORY HOUSE**, 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): Inside the oval bar is the team of Willie Ruff and Dwike Mitchell, who walk the difficult boundary separating classicism and jazz with exceeding skill. Between sets, the British Eddie Thompson sits in at the piano—gentled music during dinner, up-and-at-them music after the theatre. Silence on Mondays. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S**, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505): There's no sound barrier that the horn of Wild Bill Davison cannot leap in full stride. He and a set of other traditionalists—Cliff Jackson, Zutty Singleton, Tony Parenti, and Marshall Brown—ride shotgun during the week. Don Frye plays piano all by himself on Sundays. . . . **RED ONION**, 1586 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (RH 4-9682): A very contemporary youth hostelry—a bar, hamburgers, peanuts, beer by the pitcher, and a corps of banjoists (the String Stretchers, as they like to think of themselves) eagerly waiting for the Robert E. Lee. Nine to three or four is the idea. . . . **YOUR FATHER'S MUSTACHE**, Seventh Ave. S., at 10th St. (OR 5-5855): A music stand whose blampety-blamp band (tuba, washboard, banjo, and all that) may be waiting for the Niña, the Pinta, and the Santa Maria, so ancient are the grotesqueries that carefreely issue from it. Here, too, the accent of the populace is on youth. Eight until two or three all week is the curriculum. Sundays, Dixieland has its say from four-thirty to eight-thirty. . . . **GORDIAN KNOT**, 1584 York Ave., at 83rd St. (RH 4-9041): It looks like midsummer on Nantucket, and—at a guess—no one at the tables or on the dance floor is allowed to be over twenty-four. The music goes on from nine-thirty until four through the week. Sundays are hard days: rant-and-rave sound from six until very late.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6. They will be closed Monday, May 31.)

GALLERIES

VIRGINIA BANKS—Casein and transparent watercolor on film; through June 12. (Grand Central Moderns, 8 W. 56th St. Closed Saturday, May 29.)

DAN BASEN AND DANIEL SPOERRI—Constructions; through June 11. (Stone, 48 E. 86th St.)

GEORGE BELLOWS—Landscapes and figure paintings; through Saturday, May 29. (Allison, 32 E. 57th St.)

BEN BENN—Paintings; through Friday, May 28. (Babcock, 805 Madison Ave., at 68th St.)

ARNOLD BLANCH—Nudes and landscapes; through Saturday, May 29. (Krasner, 1061 Madison Ave., at 81st St.)

BRUCE CONNER—Assemblages (1954-64) and drawings; through Wednesday, June 2. (Alan, 766 Madison Ave., at 66th St. Closed Saturday, May 29.)

JOSÉ LUIS CUEVAS—Drawings by a Mexican artist; through Saturday, June 5. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

PAUL DELVAUX—Paintings by the Belgian Surrealist; through June 18. (Staempfli, 47 E. 77th St.)

CLAIRE FALKENSTEIN—Free-form sculptures in tangled metallic wire and colored-glass nuggets, plus kinetic paintings; through June 18. (Jackson, 32 E. 69th St. Closed Saturdays.)

CHARLES HENRI FORD—Posters; through June 12. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 978 Madison Ave., at 76th St.)

SUE FULLER—String compositions; through June 12. (Bertha Schaefer, 41 E. 57th St. Open Monday, May 31.)

SADIE HAYMS—Sculptural paintings; starting Friday, May 28. (Brata, 56 Third Ave., at 10th St. Daily, 1 to 6.)

TAKU IWASAKI—Collages made of aluminum sheeting and cast-off electronic parts; through Saturday, May 29. (Grippi & Waddell, 15 E. 57th St.)

KÄTHE KOLLWITZ—An exhibition of drawings commemorating the twentieth anniversary of her death; through June 11. (St. Etienne, 24 W. 57th St. Closed Saturday, May 29.)

EARL KRENTZIN—Sculptures in silver; through June 11. (Graham, second floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Saturdays.)

JEAN LINDER—Sculptures; through Friday, May 28. (Graham, third floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

ARTHUR OKAMURA—Landscapes and flower paintings by a West Coast artist; through Friday, May 28. (Knoedler, 14 E. 57th St.)

ROBERT RAUSCHENBERG—Electronic pieces; through June 12. (Castelli, 4 E. 77th St.)

DOROTHY RUDDICK—Drawings; through Friday, June 4. (Weyhe, 794 Lexington Ave., at 61st St. Closed Saturday, May 29.)

KURT SCHWITTERS (1887-1948)—A retrospective of nearly two hundred collages, assemblages, paintings, and drawings; through June 12. (Marlborough-Gerson, 41 E. 57th St.)

JUDITH SHAHN—Paintings and drawings; through June 12. (Hinckley & Brohel, 45 Christopher St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 2 to 11; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

TEIJI TAKAI—Paintings; through Saturday, May 29. (Poindexter, 21 W. 56th St.)

JANE WILSON—Landscapes and cityscapes; through Friday, May 28. (De Nagy, 149 E. 72nd St.)

SCULPTURES—Examples by Helene Proteau, Schulamith Brumer, Lilly Goldstein, and Mildred Grossman; through June 11. (Sculpture Center, 167 E. 69th St.)

NATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF WOMEN ARTISTS—The annual exhibition of paintings and sculptures by the members of this organization (now in its seventy-fifth year), who are professional artists and number about seven hundred; through Sunday, May 30. (National Academy of Design, 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St. Daily, 1 to 5.)

ANONYMOUS ART IN NEW YORK—Sculptures and ornaments salvaged from New York City buildings by the Anonymous Arts Recovery Society; through June 12. (Kornblee, 58 E. 79th St.)

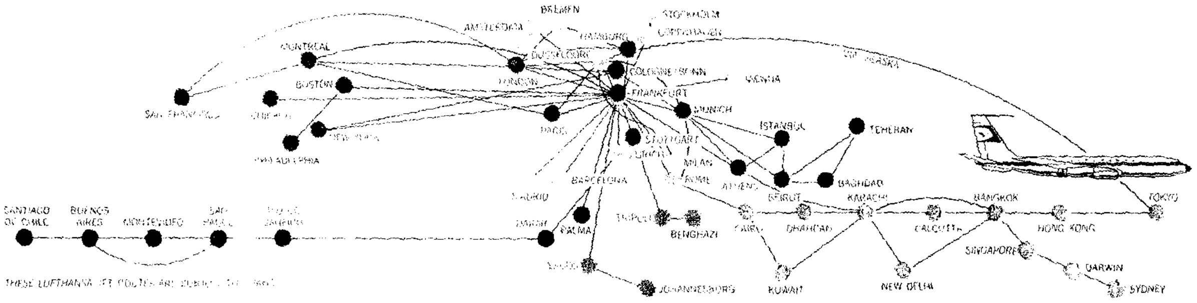
AMERICANS; GROUP SHOWS—At the **AMERICAN FEDERATION OF ARTS**, 41 E. 65th St.: "One Hundred Years of American Realism," a showing of watercolors and pastels (by, among others, John Singer Sargent, Henry Varnum Poor, and Robert Andrew Parker) from the Paul Magriel collection; through June 12. (Closed Saturday mornings.) . . . **JANIS**, 15 E. 57th St.: Pop Art by Arman, Dine, Fahlstrom, Marisol, Oldenburg, and Segal; through Saturday, May 29. . . . **LEWISON**, 35 E. 64th St.: Paintings by Thomas Cole, Theodore Robinson, George Inness, and other nineteenth- and twentieth-century artists; through June 26. . . . **MIDTOWN**, 11 E. 57th St.: Paintings, sculptures, and drawings by the gallery artists, among them Waldo Peirce, Nathan Cabot Hale, and Robert Vickrey; through Saturday, June 5. . . . **MILCH**, 21 E. 67th St.: Paintings by such artists as Childe Hassam, Ogden Pleissner, and Stephen Etnier; through June 25. (Closed Saturdays.) . . . **PACE**, 9 W. 57th St.: Objects by James Rosenquist, Richard Artschwager, Chryssa, and others; through Saturday, May 29. . . . **PERIDOT**, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St.: Fannie Hillsmith, Leon Hartl, and Morris Brose are among the participants in an exhibit of paintings and sculptures; through June 12. (Closed Saturday, May 29.)

AMERICANS AND EUROPEANS; GROUP SHOWS—At the **HIRSCHL & ADLER**, 21 E. 67th St.: Eighteenth- to twentieth-century flower still-lifes by, for instance, Fantin-Latour, Vlaminck, and Arbit Blatas; through July 2. (Closed Satur-

Graciousness is a trip on Lufthansa

A fresh red rose to grace your place at dinner, the elegance of Rosenthal China to favor you as an honored guest, soft velvet-covered clothes hangers to help you look as fine as you'll feel. Graciousness is little things; little things that mean a lot, all over Lufthansa's world-wide system.

Our pleasure is yours. This maxim, put into practice, has made us one of the top 4 airlines to Europe.
May we host your next trip abroad? For reservations, please call your Travel Agent. Or Lufthansa German Airlines—offices in all the principal cities of the U.S.A. and Canada.


BREMEN
STOCKHOLM
AMSTERDAM
HAMBURG
COPENHAGEN
MONTREAL
DUSSELDORF
COLOGNE/BONN
VIENNA
LONDON
BOSTON
FRANKFURT
SAN FRANCISCO
CHICAGO
MUNICH
PARIS
ISTANBUL
TEHERAN
NEW YORK
STUTTGART
PHILADELPHIA
ZURICH
MILAN
BARCELONA
ROME
ATHENS
BAGHDAD
MADRID
BEIRUT
KARACHI
BANGKOK
TOKYO
SANTIAGO DE CHILE
BUENOS AIRES
MONTEVIDEO
SAO PAULO
RIO DE JANEIRO
DAKAR
PALMA
TRIPOLI
BENGHAZI
CAIRO
DHAHRAN
CALCUTTA
HONG KONG
SINGAPORE
NAIROBI
JOHANNESBURG
KUWAIT
NEW DELHI
DARWIN
SYDNEY

Elegant understatement is a Lincoln Continental.

A PRODUCT OF Ford MOTOR COMPANY · LINCOLN-MERCURY DIVISION

Lincoln Continental is the luxury motorcar that stands apart from all other cars. It distinguishes you among fine car owners. Singular in its classic look. Unique in its ease of handling, its center-opening rear doors, its full power auxiliaries as standard equipment. There is only one Lincoln Continental. What does your car say about you?

LINCOLN Continental

America's most distinguished motorcar.

RIDE WALT DISNEY'S MAGIC SKYWAY AT THE FORD MOTOR COMPANY PAVILION, NEW YORK WORLD'S FAIR

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

days.) . . . KOOTZ, 655 Madison Ave., at 60th St.: Hans Hofmann, Pierre Soulages, Ibram Lassaw, and other members of the gallery in a painting-and-sculpture show; through Friday, May 28. . . . VIVIANO, 42 E. 57th St.: Sculptures by Dino Basaldella, Max Beckmann, and Luciano Minguzzi, plus paintings by Afro; through June 25. (Closed Saturday, May 29.)

Europeans; Group Shows—At the DAVID B. FINDLAY, 11 E. 57th St.: Nineteenth- and twentieth-century French paintings by, for example, Degas, Vuillard, and Monet; through Saturday, May 29. . . . SAIDENBERG, 1037 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Paintings and drawings by Picasso, Dubuffet, Léger, and others; through July 16. (Closed Saturdays.)

Note—The semiannual Washington Square Outdoor Art Exhibit is on view daily, from noon until dark; through June 12.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—"Three Centuries of American Painting," an exhibition of nearly five hundred paintings dating from early Colonial times to the present (John Singleton Copley to Hans Hofmann), supplemented by American sculptures and eighteenth- and nineteenth-century furniture and silver; through Oct. 17. . . . ¶ Matisse, Brancusi, and Alfred Maurer are three of the artists represented in "Stieglitz and his Galleries," an exhibit paying tribute to Alfred Stieglitz (1864-1946) and comprising prints, photographs, drawings, and a few sculptures; through Oct. 17. . . . ¶ Italian drawings (by Piranesi, Canaletto, and Raphael, to name several) from the collection of Janos Scholz; through Sept. 12. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Monday, May 31, from 1 to 5.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—"John S. Newberry: A Memorial Exhibition," a selection of about forty drawings (by Grosz, Klee, Modigliani, Bontecou, and others) either presented to the Museum by Mr. Newberry or purchased with funds made available by him; through June 13. . . . ¶ Collages (1950-65) by American artists, including Robert Goodnough, Robert Motherwell, and Conrad Marca-Relli; through July 25. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—Nearly two thousand objects covering fifty centuries of the arts of Indian peoples from the Arctic to the Argentine are on view in the new Hall of the Americas. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Monday, May 31, from 1 to 5.)

American Academy of Arts and Letters, Broadway at 155th St.—Works by newly elected members and recipients of this year's honors and awards. Manuscripts, books, and scores by, among others, Glenway Wescott, Walter Lippmann, and John Cheever. Also paintings, graphic art, sculptures, and architecture by Alexander Calder, Andrew Wyeth, Marcel Breuer, and others; through Aug. 29. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5.)

Asia House, 112 E. 64th St.—"Mingei: Folk Arts of Old Japan," containing furniture, pottery, textiles, lacquers, paintings, dolls, and books; through July 2. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Finch College Museum of Art, 62 E. 78th St.—A loan exhibition of master drawings, from Fra Bartolommeo to John Singer Sargent; through Aug. 29. . . . ¶ Stone sculptures from the state of Guerrero, Mexico; through Aug. 29. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5.)

Gallery of Modern Art, 2 Columbus Circle—Paintings (1877-1914) by William Merritt Chase, lent from American and European public and private collections; through June 20. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 7; Sundays and Monday, May 31, from noon to 6.)

Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—More than a hundred paintings, drawings, and sculptures (by such artists as Renoir, Degas, van Gogh, and Picasso) assembled by the art dealer and collector Justin K. Thannhauser. Seventy-five of these Impressionist, Post-Impressionist, and later works are a recent bequest to the Museum and are housed in new galleries

ESTABLISHED 1818

OUR WASHABLE SUMMER SUITS
made on our own exclusive models

(shown) *Our remarkable suit of 7-ounce Dacron® polyester and worsted, that has a soft hand, is cool and most comfortable, and wrinkle-resistant. In attractive solid shades and Glen plaids,* $65

Tan-olive, natural or willow green Dacron® and cotton poplin suits, $47.50

Dacron® and cotton cords in grey-and-white or blue-and-white, $47.50

Blue or grey-and-white cotton seersucker suits, $40

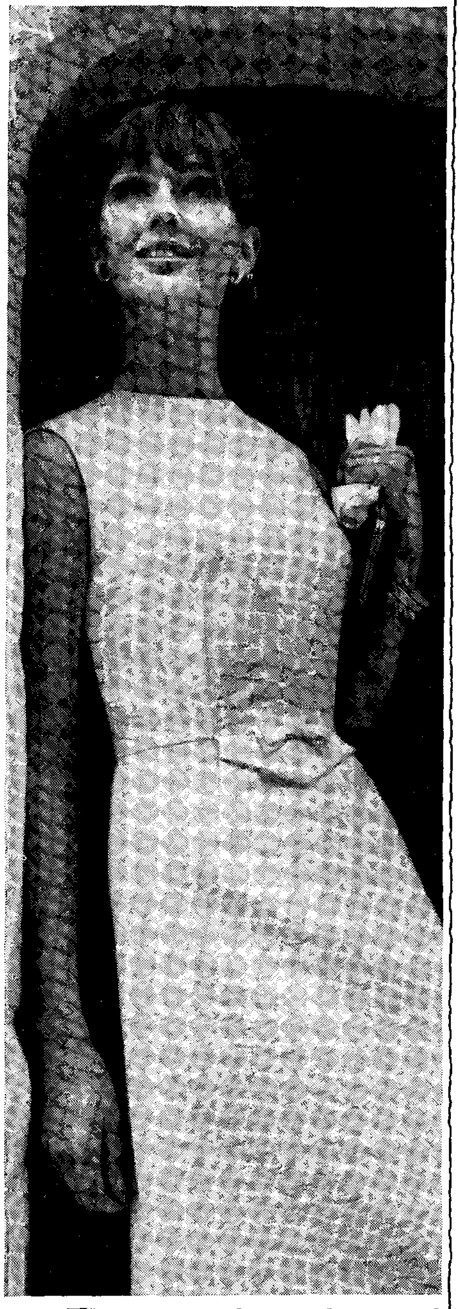
Our Brooksweave (Dacron® and cotton) suits in oxford grey, dark blue or heather, $52

We also have an excellent selection of distinctive all-worsted or Dacron® and worsted tropicals for Summer wear, $90 *to* $130

ESTABLISHED 1818

Brooks Brothers
CLOTHING
Men's & Boys' Furnishings, Hats & Shoes

346 MADISON AVENUE, COR. 44TH ST., NEW YORK, N.Y. 10017
111 BROADWAY, NEW YORK
BOSTON · PITTSBURGH · CHICAGO · SAN FRANCISCO · LOS ANGELES



Peck & Peck

The news is embossed in white piqué for the Peck & Peck Girl

One of the loveliest looks to emerge for summer—this raised floral motif in corded cotton/rayon piqué. Here, pared down slim and young, with a bowed standaway panel at the waist. White only. 8 to 18, 25^{00}

Fifth Avenue, New York • Chicago • Boston • Philadelphia
Rochester • Detroit • Baltimore • Cleveland • St. Louis
Indianapolis • Atlanta • Minneapolis • St. Paul • Buffalo
Kansas City • Washington, D. C. • Hartford • Providence

constructed for them. Through Sept. 15. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays and Monday, May 31, from noon to 6.)

JEWISH MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—Paintings by the Belgian-born Paris artist Pierre Alechinsky; through July 27. . . . ¶ Bible illustrations by Marc Chagall; through Sept. 10. (Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Fridays, 11 to 3; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

MORGAN LIBRARY, 29 E. 36th St.—"Dante," a seven-hundredth-anniversary exhibition of manuscripts and printed books; through July 30. . . . ¶ Recent acquisitions; namely, the Morgan volume of "The Hours of Catherine of Cleves," master drawings, bookbindings, and autograph manuscripts; through Friday, June 4. (Mondays, except May 31, through Fridays, 9:30 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF EARLY AMERICAN FOLK ARTS, 49 W. 53rd St.—"Hudson River Steamboat Portraits," a loan show of pictures by the nineteenth-century twin brothers James and John Bard; through Sunday, May 30. (Daily, except Mondays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

MUSEUM OF PRIMITIVE ART, 15 W. 54th St.—"Masterpieces from the South Seas," a display of a hundred or so objects (in wood, stone, ivory, jade, and the like) from Melanesia, Polynesia, Micronesia, and Australia; through Oct. 3. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM, 22 W. 54th St.—"A Decade of American Drawings, 1955-65," the eighth exhibition organized by the Friends of the Whitney Museum, with works by Charles Burchfield, David Smith, Larry Rivers, and others; through June 6. (Weekdays, 1 to 5.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Philharmonic Hall is TR 4-2424.)

NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC—At Philharmonic Hall—William Steinberg directing the final concerts of the regular season. Performances of Bach's Mass in B Minor on Thursday, May 27, at 8:30; Friday, May 28, at 2:15; Saturday, May 29, at 8:30; and Sunday, May 30, at 3 (all with Lois Marshall, soprano; Shirley Verrett, mezzo-soprano; Charles Bressler, tenor; Kenneth Smith, bass-baritone; and the American Concert Choir). . . . ¶ Andre Kostelanetz conducting the opening concerts of a five-week season of "Promenades" that will run through Saturday, July 3. A program of Spanish music Wednesday through Saturday, June 2-5, at 8:30 (with Teresa Stratas, soprano).

NAUMBURG SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA—Richard Burgin conducting, with Laurel Hurley, soprano. (Central Park Mall. Sunday, May 30, at 8:30.)

JAZZ CONCERT—Max Roach's chorus and orchestra, plus Abbey Lincoln. (Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Saturday, May 29, at 8:30.)

SPORTS

BASEBALL—At SHEA STADIUM: Mets vs. Chicago, Thursday, May 27, at 2. . . . ¶ Mets vs. Pittsburgh, Friday, May 28, at 8; Saturday, May 29, at 2:15; and Sunday, May 30, at 1:05 (*doubleheader*). . . . YANKEE STADIUM: Yankees vs. Detroit, Monday, May 31, at 1 (doubleheader), and Wednesday, June 2, at 7. . . . ¶ Yankees vs. Chicago, Friday, June 4, at 8, and Saturday, June 5, at 2.

GOLF—United States Seniors' Golf Association Annual Tournament. (Apawamis Club and Westchester Country Club, Rye. Tuesday and Wednesday, June 1-2.)

HORSE SHOW—Devon Horse Show. (Devon, Pa. Friday and Saturday, May 28-29, and Monday through Saturday, May 31-June 5.)

POLO—Sundays at 3:30—At BLIND BROOK POLO CLUB, Purchase. . . . BETHPAGE POLO FIELD, Farmingdale, L.I.

RACING—At AQUEDUCT: Weekdays at 1:30. The Mother Goose, Saturday, May 29, and the Metropolitan Handicap, Monday, May 31. . . . BELMONT-AT-AQUEDUCT: Weekdays at 1:30, starting Tuesday, June 1. The Edgemere Handicap, Wednesday, June 2, and the Belmont, Saturday, June 5. . . . GARDEN STATE PARK, Camden, N.J.: Weekdays at 2; through Monday, May 31. The Jersey Derby, Monday, May 31. . . . MONMOUTH PARK, Oceanport, N.J.: Weekdays at 2, from Friday, June 4, through Saturday, Aug. 7. (A special train will leave Penn Station for the track at 11:48.)

SOCCER—International Soccer League—Sunday, May 30, at 4: New Yorkers vs. Munchen. . . . ¶ Wednesday, June 2, at 7:30: New Yorkers vs. West Ham United and Portuguesa vs. Munchen. (Downing Stadium, Randalls Island.)

SPORTS-CAR RACING—At Thompson Raceway, Thompson, Conn.: Sunday, May 30, at 2, and Monday, May 31, at noon.

TRACK—New York Athletic Club Spring Games. (Travers Island, Pelham Manor. Saturday, June 5, at noon.)

TROTTING—At ROOSEVELT RACEWAY, Westbury: Weekdays at 8:30; through Wednesday, July 28. (Special trains leave Penn Station for the track at 6:43 and, except Saturdays, at 7:06.) . . . SARATOGA RACEWAY, Saratoga Springs: Weekdays at 8:15; through Saturday, Oct. 23.

YACHTING—New York Yacht Club Regatta. (Long Island Sound. Saturday and Sunday, June 5-6.)

OTHER EVENTS

UNITED NATIONS—Visitors may attend meetings of the Trusteeship Council (which is scheduled to convene on Friday, May 28), periodic meetings of the Security Council, and regular sessions of various commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays; no meetings on Monday, May 31. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.). . . ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every ten minutes or so from 9 to 4:45 daily. Starting Monday, May 31, tours will keep going until 7:45 each evening.

AUCTIONS—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 7, and Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Thursday, May 27, at 1:45: Oriental art, from several collectors. . . . ¶ Thursday, June 3, at 1:30: Furniture and decorative objects, from various owners. Exhibition starts Friday, May 28.

COMMENCEMENT DATES—Barnard and Columbia, Tuesday, June 1.

THE WORLD'S FAIR

HOURS—Grounds open daily at 8:30 A.M., close at 2 A.M. Exhibits don't open until 10 A.M., although waiting in line is permitted from 8:30. Some exhibits close at 10 P.M., some later. Most restaurants are open until midnight, and some until 2. Now is probably the best time to go to the Fair, since it still isn't very crowded.

ADMISSION—Adults $2.50, children (2-12) $1. Admission for children accompanied by an adult will be twenty-five cents on Mondays and Fridays in July and August, and lower evening prices for adults and children may be announced this week.

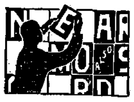
PAVILIONS—The Winston Churchill exhibit consists of an almost endless series of photographs of Churchill, a collection of Churchill's paintings, and various objects related to his career, including political cartoons and Churchill cigarette and bubble-gum cards. Adults, $1, children, fifty cents. . . . ¶ The Spanish Pavilion is probably the best at the Fair. The exhibit of paintings is different from last year's, and includes two large El Grecos, two new Goyas, and a vast painting by Dali called "The Apotheosis of the Dollar." The Marisqueria restaurant is less expensive and less formal than the other Spanish restaurants, and is a particularly pleasant place to eat on a sunny day. . . . ¶ Just inside the Masonic Pavilion is a giant statue of George Washington dressed as a Mason. . . . ¶ The New York State Pavilion, which is exciting to visit for any reason at all, contains an exhibit of paintings of New York City done between 1880 and 1958. 11 A.M. to 8 P.M., free. . . . ¶ Those who like to dance to the music of Guy Lombardo may do so every evening except Monday from 9:30 P.M. to 12:30 at the Tiparillo bandstand. Free.

Great trip
across the ocean,
n'est ce pas?
Mmm... now let's
get together with
those beautiful
American women...
Ah oui...
a most
refreshing idea!
CARON
LOTION
COLOGNE
FLEURS DE
ROCAILLE
PARIS-FRANCE
CARON
LOTION
COLOGNE
BELLODGIA
PARIS-FRANCE
CARON
LOTION
COLOGNE
NUIT DE
NOËL
PARIS-FRANCE

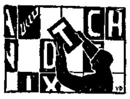
Parfums Caron of Paris has sent these lotions across the ocean for a cooling summer... at a special price. Choose the Caron fragrance you love best.

At all fine stores.

Also available in Muguet, Les Pois de Senteur, Narcisse Noir, Tabac Blond.



GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN



MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED ON THIS PAGE

Banana Peel—A humorous French thriller, worth seeing because Jeanne Moreau, Jean-Paul Belmondo, and Gert Frobe evidently had such a good time making it. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; through June 1.)

Becket—Unlikely as it sounds, this is a highly colored spectacular with wit and charm. Taken from Anouilh's famous reworking of history, and starring Richard Burton and Peter O'Toole. (York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-2717; May 28-30.)

Chronicle of a Summer—A study, in the French form of documentary known as *cinéma vérité*, of a carefully chosen handful of articulate Parisians. (5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339; through June 1.)

Goldfinger—More nervy nonsense about James Bond, the fearless but thoroughly inept secret agent. Sean Connery is, as usual, splendid as Bond, and Gert Frobe is the rufous villain. (Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th, WA 4-3363.)

The Greatest Story Ever Told—Christ in Cinerama, only not really Christ—only Cinerama, with a Grand Hotel cast. (Warner Cinerama, B'way at 47th, CO 5-5711. Weekdays at 8 and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Sundays, and Monday, May 31, at 2, plus Saturdays at 9:30 and 2. Reserved seats only.)

A Hard Day's Night—Why the Beatles are a benign infection, perhaps incurable. (Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th, WA 4-3363. . . . ¶ 68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302; through June 1.)

How to Murder Your Wife—Jack Lemmon, Virna Lisi, Terry-Thomas, and Eddie Mayehoff in an outrageous assault on matrimony, which will survive. Screenplay by George Axelrod, direction by Richard Quine. (Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st, LE 2-6668; and 72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; through June 1.)

Mary Poppins—This should have been called Mary Marzipan. With Julie Andrews and Dick Van Dyke. (Guild, 33 W. 50th, PL 7-2406.)

My Fair Lady—A worthy translation of the original, with the original Rex Harrison, and Audrey Hepburn inventing her own enchanting Eliza. (Criterion, B'way at 44th, JU 2-1796. Weekdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, and Saturdays, Sundays, and Monday, May 31, at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

Nobody Waved Goodbye—Juvenile delinquency in a split-level Canadian suburb. Thanks to the director, Don Owen, and the star, Peter Kastner, the movie surpasses its subject matter and becomes a delightful work of art. (Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th, MU 5-7652.)

The Pawnbroker—Rod Steiger is magnificent in the title role of this grim and, at bottom, not very convincing movie. (Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th, RE 7-2622; R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema, 8th Ave. at 23rd, AL 5-7050; and Cinema Rendezvous, 110 W. 57th, JU 6-4448.)

Séance on a Wet Afternoon—In London, a nutty medium and her craven husband carry out a particularly repellent kidnapping and are, thank goodness, foiled. Kim Stanley is the medium and Richard Attenborough is the husband, and they both give remarkable performances. (Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; May 27. . . . ¶ Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; and Midtown, B'way at 99th, AC 2-1200; through June 1. . . . ¶ Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st, LE 2-6668; starting June 2, tentative.)

Il Successo—Vittorio Gassman at his best in an Italian comedy about a businessman on the make. With Anouk Aimée and Jean-Louis Trintignant. (Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th, JU 2-2333.)

36 Hours—An ingenious thriller about a desperate moment in the Second World War. James Garner, Eva Marie Saint, and Rod Taylor are all plausible in highly implausible roles. The director, George Seaton, also wrote the screenplay. (68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302; starting June 2.)

The Train—Burt Lancaster, a good Frenchman, and Paul Scofield, a wicked Nazi, in a battle of wits over a trainload of precious paintings. A stirring melodrama, ably directed by John Frankenheimer. (Astor, B'way at 45th, JU 6-2240; and Plaza, 42 E. 58th, EL 5-3320.)

The Umbrellas of Cherbourg—A fantasy in song about the joys and sorrows of young love. Written and directed by Jacques Demy, with music by Michel Legrand, and starring Catherine Deneuve and Nino Castelnuovo. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; and Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th, CI 6-5123.)

Variety Lights—Federico Fellini co-directed this (with Alberto Lattuada) back in 1950, and it charmingly adumbrates many of Fellini's later films. (5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339; through June 1.)

Zorba the Greek—A violent old man tries to teach a tame young one about life and doesn't succeed, but no matter. The old man is played by Anthony Quinn, the young one by Alan Bates, and the setting is the harshly beautiful island of Crete. Michael Cacoyannis directed. (Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th, PL 9-1411.)

REVIVALS

Alexander Nevsky (1938)—Eisenstein's view of medieval warfare. In Russian. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; May 28-31.)

L'Avventura (1961)—An Italian film that records a joyless affair between a young man and woman searching for a girl who has disappeared from a volcanic island. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; May 27.)

Ballad of a Soldier (1960)—A Soviet film about the war that is less a drama than a collection of memorable photographic essays. Directed by Grigori Chukhrai, and with Vladimir Ivashov and Shanna Prokhorenko. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; May 27.)

The Bicycle Thief (1949)—An Italian film, made by Vittorio De Sica, about a search for a stolen bicycle. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; May 27.)

David Copperfield (1935)—The Dickens story, with W. C. Fields as Micawber, Roland Young as Uriah Heep, and Edna May Oliver as Aunt Betsey Trotwood. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; May 29-31.)

Dr. No (1963)—Ian Fleming's famous hero, James Bond, pits himself against a human fiend in a citadel of evil in the Caribbean. With Sean Connery as Bond. (Victoria, B'way at 46th, JU 6-0540; and Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th, PL 9-2262.)

Dr. Strangelove or: How I Learned to Stop Worrying and Love the Bomb (1964)—A comedy about atomic war. Peter Sellers, George C. Scott, and Sterling Hayden. (York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-2717; May 28-30.)

Forbidden Games (1952)—A French film about the effect of war and death on two small children. With Brigitte Fossey and Georges Poujouly. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; starting June 1.)

From Russia with Love (1964)—The indestructible James Bond (Sean Connery) fighting off a rare assortment of villains and making love to the usual living dolls. (Victoria, B'way at 46th, JU 6-0540; and Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th, PL 9-2262.)

Girl with Green Eyes (1964)—The hardships of young love on the Old Sod, starring Rita Tushingham and Dublin's fair city. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; through June 1. . . . ¶ Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; May 28-31.)

He Who Must Die (1958)—A French picture about some Greek villagers who, in the course of staging a Passion play, unwittingly revert to the original roles. With Pierre Vaneck and Melina Mercouri. (Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th, PL 3-0774.)

The Idiot (1948)—Gérard Philipe in a French interpretation of the Dostoevski novel. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; starting June 1.)

Ikiru (1960)—The last days of a Japanese Everyman doomed by cancer. Directed by Akira Kurosawa. (Toho Cinema, 209 W. 45th, LT 1-1788; starting June 1.)

Lawrence of Arabia (1962)—Peter O'Toole, Alec Guinness, and Anthony Quinn in an account of two years in the life of a twentieth-century hero. (Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th, WA 9-2166; starting June 2.)

Let's Talk About Women (1964)—A multiple-episode Italian comedy, with Vittorio Gassman. (Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; and Midtown, B'way at 99th, AC 2-1200; starting June 2.)

The Lower Depths (1962)—A Japanese adaptation of the old play by Maxim Gorky. Directed by Akira Kurosawa. (Toho Cinema, 209 W. 45th, LT 1-1788; through May 31.)

The Luck of Ginger Coffey (1964)—Married love and muddled life in Montreal, with Robert Shaw and Mary Ure. (72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; through June 1.)

La Notte (1962)—A study of a married couple in Milan. Directed by Michelangelo Antonioni, with Jeanne Moreau and Marcello Mastroianni. (York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-2717; starting June 1.)

On the Waterfront (1954)—Labor conditions on the docks of New York, written by Budd Schulberg and directed by Elia Kazan. With Marlon Brando, Karl Malden, and Eva Marie Saint. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; starting June 2.)

Open City (1946)—The Roman underground in operation during the Second World War. In Italian. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; May 27.)

A Place in the Sun (1951)—A variation on Dreiser's "An American Tragedy," directed by George Stevens. With Montgomery Clift, Elizabeth Taylor, and Shelley Winters. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; starting June 2.)

Potemkin (1925)—The famous Russian job directed by Eisenstein. In its original (silent) version, with added musical sound track. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; May 28-31.)

Richard III (1956)—Shakespeare's chronicle of the last of the Plantagenets. An English film, with Laurence Olivier, Ralph Richardson, John Gielgud, and Claire Bloom. (Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; through June 1.)

Room Service (1938)—The Broadway play, tailored to fit the Marx Brothers. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; May 29-31.)

Tom Jones (1963)—An embodiment of the Fielding novel. With Albert Finney, Hugh Griffith, Edith Evans, and many others. (68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302; through June 1.)

Viridiana (1962)—Luis Buñuel's examination of the havoc wreaked by a virtuous girl who seeks to do God's bidding among His beloved poor. A Spanish picture. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; starting June 1.)

The World of Henry Orient (1964)—Two junior misses race about New York discomfiting a pianistic poseur. Peter Sellers, Tippy Walker, and Merrie Spaeth. (Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; starting June 2.)

Museum of Modern Art Film Library—Two programs in a series called "D. W. Griffith: American Film Master"—Through May 29, showings at 3, and on Thursday evening at 8: "Hearts of the World" (1918), with Lillian and Dorothy Gish. . . . ¶ May 30-June 2, showings at 3 and 5:30: "The New York Hat" (1912), with Mary Pickford; and "The Girl Who Stayed at Home" (1919), with Richard Barthelmess. (A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon.)

THE MOVIE HOUSES

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				27	28	29
30	31	1	2			

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE

THE BROADWAY AREA

Astor, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
THE TRAIN.

Capitol, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
"The Amorous Adventures of Moll Flanders," Kim Novak, Richard Johnson.

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
MY FAIR LADY.

DeMille, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CO 5-8431)
"Mirage," Gregory Peck, Diane Baker.

Forum, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-8320)
"Girl Happy," Elvis Presley; and "Some Came Running," revival, Frank Sinatra, Dean Martin.

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (PL 7-3100)
"The Yellow Rolls-Royce," Rex Harrison, Jeanne Moreau, Ingrid Bergman.

New Embassy, B'way at 46th. (PL 7-2408)
"White Voices" (in Italian), Paolo Ferrari, Anouk Aimée.

Palace, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-2626)
Through June 1: "The Battle of the Villa Fiorita," Maureen O'Hara, Rossano Brazzi; and "The World of Suzie Wong," revival, William Holden, Nancy Kwan.
From June 2: "Beach Blanket Bingo," Frankie Avalon, Annette Funicello; and "War-Gods of the Deep," Vincent Price, Tab Hunter.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
"The Sound of Music," Julie Andrews, Christopher Plummer. (Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, Sundays, and Monday, May 31, at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

State, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
"Lord Jim," Peter O'Toole, James Mason. (Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, Sundays, and Monday, May 31, at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

Toho Cinema, 209 W. 45th. (LT 1-1788)
Through May 31: THE LOWER DEPTHS (in Japanese), revival.
From June 1: IKIRU (in Japanese), revival.

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
FROM RUSSIA WITH LOVE, revival; and DR. NO, revival.

Warner Cinerama, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
THE GREATEST STORY EVER TOLD.

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
THE UMBRELLAS OF CHERBOURG (in French).

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (WA 4-3363)
GOLDFINGER; and A HARD DAY'S NIGHT.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through June 1: GIRL WITH GREEN EYES, revival; and "The Battle of the Villa Fiorita," Maureen O'Hara, Rossano Brazzi.
From June 2: "Young Cassidy," Rod Taylor.

Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668)
Through June 1: HOW TO MURDER YOUR WIFE; and "The Pink Panther," revival, David Niven, Peter Sellers.
From June 2 (tentative): SÉANCE ON A WET AFTERNOON; and "Rattle of a Simple Man," Diane Cilento, Harry H. Corbett.

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (MU 5-7652)
NOBODY WAVED GOODBYE.

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (MU 3-0255)
To be announced.

Trans-Lux 52nd St., Lexington at 52nd. (PL 3-2434)
"Girl Happy," Elvis Presley.

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
ZORBA THE GREEK.

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
FROM RUSSIA WITH LOVE, revival; and DR. NO, revival.

R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th. (EL 5-3577)
Through June 1: "The Battle of the Villa Fiorita," Maureen O'Hara, Rossano Brazzi; and "The World of Suzie Wong," revival, William Holden, Nancy Kwan.
From June 2: "Beach Blanket Bingo," Frankie Avalon, Annette Funicello; and "War-Gods of the Deep," Vincent Price, Tab Hunter.

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (PL 5-6030)
"Symphony for a Massacre" (in French), Michel Auclair, Claude Dauphin.

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
THE TRAIN.

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1663)
"In Harm's Way," John Wayne, Kirk Douglas.

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1664)
"Mirage," Gregory Peck, Diane Baker.

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
"Murder Most Foul," Margaret Rutherford.

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
HE WHO MUST DIE, revival.

York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th. (TR 9-2717)
May 27: "Little Caesar," revival, Edward G. Robinson, Humphrey Bogart; and "Seven Thieves," revival, Edward G. Robinson, Rod Steiger.
May 28–30: BECKET; and DR. STRANGELOVE OR: HOW I LEARNED TO STOP WORRYING AND LOVE THE BOMB, revival.
May 31: "Lonely Are the Brave," revival, Kirk Douglas, Gena Rowlands; and "The Searchers," revival, John Wayne, Ward Bond.
From June 1: LA NOTTE (in Italian), revival; and "Rashomon" (in Japanese), revival, Toshiro Mifune.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
THE PAWNBROKER.

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
Through June 1: A HARD DAY'S NIGHT; and TOM JONES, revival.
From June 2: 36 HOURS; and "Lili," revival, Leslie Caron, Mel Ferrer.

Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (TR 9-1313)
"Marriage—Italian Style" (in Italian), Sophia Loren, Marcello Mastroianni.

72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through June 1: HOW TO MURDER YOUR WIFE; and THE LUCK OF GINGER COFFEY, revival.
From June 2 (tentative): "A Stranger Knocks" (in Danish), Birgitte Federspiel; and "Seduced and Abandoned" (in Italian), revival.

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
May 27: SÉANCE ON A WET AFTERNOON.
May 28-June 1: To be announced.
From June 2: LET'S TALK ABOUT WOMEN (in Italian), revival; and "Contempt" (in French), Brigitte Bardot, Jack Palance.

R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
Through May 31: "The Battle of the Villa Fiorita," Maureen O'Hara, Rossano Brazzi; and "The World of Suzie Wong," revival, William Holden, Nancy Kwan.
June 1: "The Merry Widow," revival, Jeanette MacDonald, Maurice Chevalier; and "Girl of the Golden West," revival, Jeanette MacDonald, Nelson Eddy.
From June 2: "Beach Blanket Bingo," Frankie Avalon, Annette Funicello; and "War-Gods of the Deep," Vincent Price, Tab Hunter.

Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
"The Amorous Adventures of Moll Flanders," Kim Novak, Richard Johnson.

WEST SIDE

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway. (OR 4-3210)
May 27: OPEN CITY (in Italian), revival; THE BICYCLE THIEF (in Italian), revival; and "The Young and the Passionate" (in Italian; formerly called "Vitelloni"), revival, Alberto Sordi, Franco Fabrizi.
May 28-31: POTEMKIN (silent); and ALEXANDER NEVSKY (in Russian), revival.
From June 1: FORBIDDEN GAMES (in French), revival; THE IDIOT (in French), revival; and "Rashomon" (in Japanese), revival, Toshiro Mifune.

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
Through June 1: "The Battle of the Villa Fiorita," Maureen O'Hara, Rossano Brazzi; and "A Woman Is a Woman" (in French), Anna Karina, Jean-Paul Belmondo.
From June 2: "Young Cassidy," Rod Taylor; and "The Rounders," Glenn Ford, Henry Fonda.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through June 1: BANANA PEEL (in French).
From June 2: ON THE WATERFRONT, revival; and A PLACE IN THE SUN, revival.

5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
Through June 1: CHRONICLE OF A SUMMER (in French); and VARIETY LIGHTS (in Italian).
From June 2: To be announced.

Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166)
Through June 1: "Die! Die! My Darling!," Tallulah Bankhead, Stefanie Powers; and "Code 7 Victim 5," Lex Barker. (On Monday, May 31, the telecast of the Indianapolis Speedway race will be shown, starting at 11 A.M. The feature films will be shown in the evening.)
From June 2: LAWRENCE OF ARABIA, revival.

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350)
Through June 1: SÉANCE ON A WET AFTERNOON.
From June 2: LET'S TALK ABOUT WOMEN (in Italian), revival; and "Contempt" (in French), Brigitte Bardot, Jack Palance.

R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema, 8th Ave. at 23rd. (AL 5-7050)
THE PAWNBROKER.

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
MARY POPPINS.

55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th. (JU 6-4590)
"The Kingdom and the Beauty" (with Mandarin dialogue).

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (LT 1-2323)
"Marriage—Italian Style" (in Italian), Sophia Loren, Marcello Mastroianni.

Cinema Rendezvous, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
THE PAWNBROKER.

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-5123)
THE UMBRELLAS OF CHERBOURG (in French).

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
"China!," a documentary film.

Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th. (JU 2-2333)
IL SUCCESSO (in Italian).

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-2013)
"Male Hunt" (in French), Jean-Claude Brialy, Jean-Paul Belmondo.

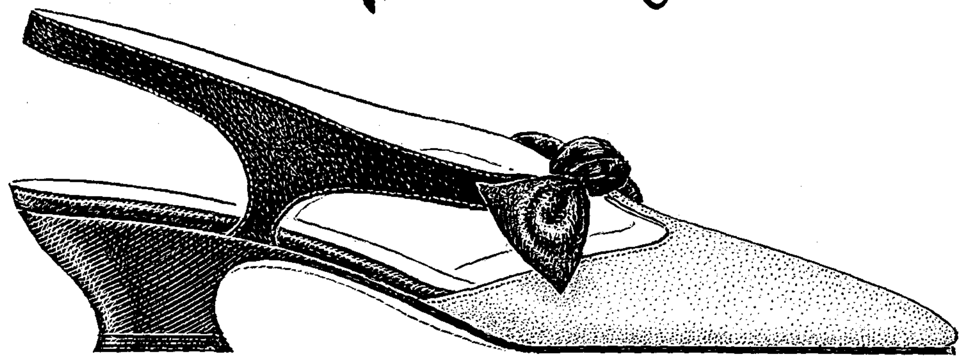
New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Through May 28: "Kind Hearts and Coronets," revival, Alec Guinness, Valerie Hobson; and "Hallelujah the Hills," revival, Peter H. Beard.
May 29-31: DAVID COPPERFIELD, revival; and ROOM SERVICE, revival.
June 1-2: "Mr. and Mrs. Smith," revival, Carole Lombard, Robert Montgomery; and "Berlin Express," revival, Merle Oberon, Robert Ryan.

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through June 1: RICHARD III, revival; and "Lili," revival, Leslie Caron, Mel Ferrer.
From June 2: THE WORLD OF HENRY ORIENT, revival; and "Mister Moses," Robert Mitchum, Carroll Baker.

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
May 27: L'AVVENTURA (in Italian), revival; and BALLAD OF A SOLDIER (in Russian), revival.
May 28-31: GIRL WITH GREEN EYES, revival; and "The Visit," Ingrid Bergman, Anthony Quinn.
From June 1: VIRIDIANA (in Spanish), revival; and "Woman in the Dunes" (in Japanese), Eiji Okada.

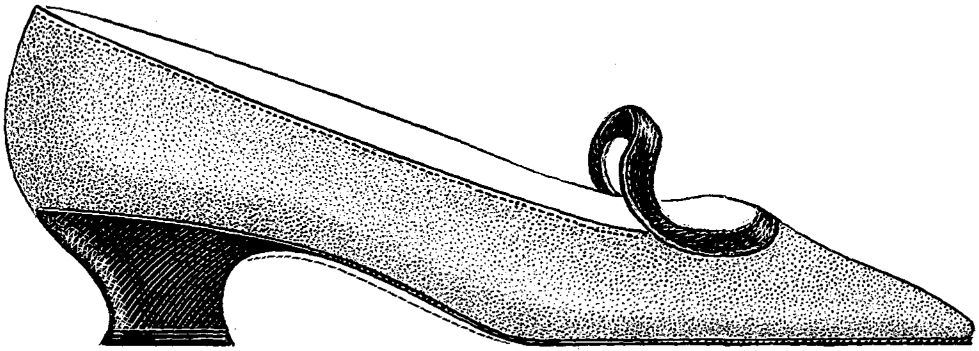
Midtown, B'way at 99th. (AC 2-1200)
Through June 1: SÉANCE ON A WET AFTERNOON.
From June 2: LET'S TALK ABOUT WOMEN (in Italian), revival; and "Contempt" (in French), Brigitte Bardot, Jack Palance.

B Altman & Co



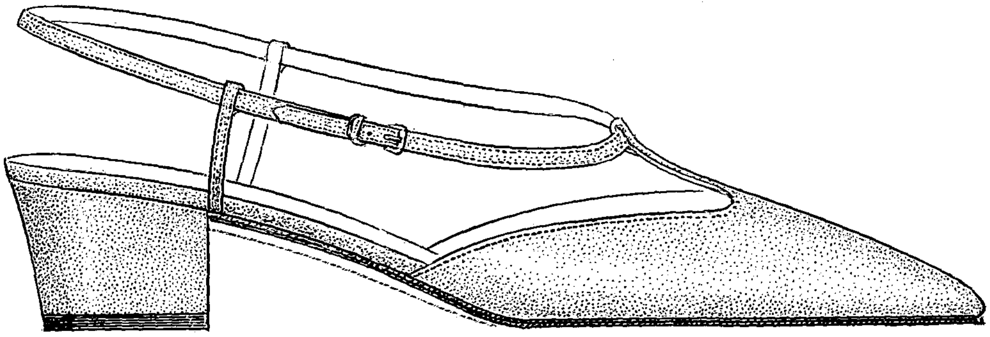
SILVIA OF FIORENTINA'S SPRING SUCCESS STORIES:

THE ROMANTIC SLING WITH BOWED VAMP, VICTORIAN HEEL, 38.00



THE SLEEK AND BREATHTAKING OPEN-BUCKLE PUMP, 36.00

AND THE VERY OPEN T-STRAP SLING, WITH ROUNDED TOE, 35.00



FROM THE ALTMAN COLLECTION. SHOE SALON, SECOND FLOOR,

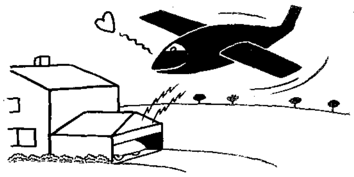
FIFTH AVENUE AND AT WHITE PLAINS, MANHASSET, SHORT HILLS

THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

RADIO, which was supposed to have died with the advent of television, has lately been displaying astonishing signs of resurgence. For vivid example, Dr. José M. R. Delgado, of the Yale University School of Medicine, recently stopped a fighting bull in the middle of its charge by means of radio signals sent to electrodes buried in the animal's brain. At the touch of one button, the bull braked to a halt; at the touch of another, he turned to the right and trotted briskly away. Could television so greatly influence the thinking of a furious bull? We strongly doubt it. The renewed vitality of the elder electronic nuisance is also making itself felt in the skies these latter days. Airliners have been trying to "home in" on signals sent up by radio-controlled garage doors. As the doors lumber open and shut, the planes circle wistfully overhead, cherishing dim mechanical dreams, perhaps, of cuddling up to the family Buick.



Meanwhile, over at the Union Carbide Research Institute, Dr. S. M. Siegel and Miss Constance Giumarro have come to the conclusion that life may be possible on the planet Jupiter. We hope they are right. Every solar system ought to have at least one planet on which life is not impossible.

Marx Brother

MR. T. H. EVERETT, the assistant director (horticulture) of the Bronx Botanical Garden, having invited us on a recent Sunday to meet Mr. Roberto Burle Marx, "perhaps the outstanding landscape architect of the world today," we repaired to the Garden and were duly introduced by him to Mr. Marx, a handsome man with bushy hair and a bushy mustache.

"I'm here to give some lectures at Yale and on the West Coast," Mr. Marx said. "I'm horrified by the number of plastic plants one sees in buildings here."

"I'd rather see a plastic plant than a real one deteriorating rapidly," Mr. Everett said as the three of us started on a tour of the grounds.

"I'd rather see *nothing*," Mr. Marx said. "You have to dust plastic plants off. You see them outside, at motels, chained down, so that people won't steal them. Some of them are tropical, like philodendron. This is ecologically unsound."

"Well, this is an imperfect world," Mr. Everett said. "A lot of people dislike ailanthus, a splendid plant, just because it's common. Pure horticultural snobbery."

"I'm one of four brothers," Mr. Marx said. "We're the authentic Marx Brothers. We were all born in São Paulo. Our father went to Brazil from Germany via Morocco and the United States. My mother, who was a Brazilian, had a big rose garden at our country place, near Rio de Janeiro. I began to collect plants when I was seven. In 1928, when I was nineteen, I went to Berlin to study painting and music, but I spent a lot of time at the Dahlem Botanical Gardens, where I saw Brazilian plants that I'd never seen in Brazil. Back home, I began to use them in our garden, and Lucio Costa, the designer of Brasília, a neighbor of ours, admired what I was doing. Around 1934, he asked me to design a garden for a house he was building. This led to a great many other such commissions."

"Roberto is a plantsman who uses plants in an imaginative way," Mr. Everett said. "In his nursery he has one of the greatest collections of heliconias in the world."

We asked what a heliconia was.

"Cousin of the banana," Mr. Everett said. "Most modern landscape architects have little contact with botanists, but this isn't true of Roberto, of course, since he is a botanist himself."

"If you don't understand a plant, you cannot design a garden," Mr. Marx said. "The plant is the chief actor. Botanists have helped me to understand plants in an ecological way. Certain associations of plants look *right.* I compare plants to all the arts. I think a garden can have musical qualities—diminuendos, crescendos, and so on—that result in a symphonic piece. My brother Walter is a composer in Philadelphia. He has just finished an operetta for children. One of my other brothers, Haroldo, has a jewelry shop in Rio. I've designed two thousand pieces of jewelry for him. I'm working on a botanical and zoological garden for Brasília."

We asked him where his nursery was.

"Thirty-five miles south of Rio," he said. "It covers eight hundred thousand square metres. I bought it five years ago, and killed fifteen hundred poisonous snakes on it. It contains a seventeenth-century baroque church that's still being used. I have a staff of fourteen gardeners. A garden must not be an imitation of nature; it must be a work of art. You must link the architecture and the landscape."

"Brazilian flora is probably the richest in the world," Mr. Everett said. "Five thousand different trees and fifty thousand different plants. Richer than Southeast Asia or Africa."

"None of them plastic," Mr. Marx said.

"Did you know that the Bronx is

the only New York City borough that is on the mainland?” Mr. Everett said. “I like to call this to the attention of Dr. George Avery, the director of the Brooklyn Botanic Garden. Brooklyn is just a little offshore island.”

•

A TRAVELLER reports that the following instruction is to be found on the visa-application blank of the new African nation of Tanzania:

List Your Wives

Escape from Buildings

NOW that good weather has brought strollers, riders, ballplayers, and nappers back to Central Park, we find ourself marvelling once again at the Park’s very existence. Our marvelling increased recently when a portion of Central Park land just off the Plaza was approved as the site of a two-story building—the two-million-dollar outdoor café that was given to the city in 1960 by Mr. Huntington Hartford but was consigned to limbo during five years of litigation—and our astonishment grew further when we looked into some of the other building projects that have been suggested for the Park during its hundred-and-seven-year history. As long ago as 1918, a drawing in the *Times* showed how Central Park might have looked if some of the “improvements” proposed over the years had become realities. Among other man-made objects, the Park would have contained an amphitheatre seating a hundred thousand people, a street railway, a steamboat, a full-rigged ship, Grant’s Tomb, a stadium, a place of worship for all denominations, a trade-fair center, a perennial circus, a cathedral, an academy of design, a Great War memorial, a mammoth garage, a radio station, and an airfield. Since 1918, so many more structures have been envisioned that at least two Central Parks would be needed to hold them all.

When the landscape architects Frederick Law Olmsted and Calvert Vaux designed Central Park, in 1858, they intended it primarily as a rural retreat. Olmsted wrote, “Building can be brought within the business of the Park proper only as it will aid escape from buildings. Where building for other purposes begins, there the Park ends.” People have been advocating buildings ever since. In 1855, before the Park had even been designed, the Board of Aldermen voted to lop off all the land south of Seventy-second Street and to reserve plots in the remaining area for sale as villa sites. Mayor Fernando Wood vetoed the measure. A few structures that were already in existence when the Park was laid out were retained by the architects—notably the Arsenal, at Fifth Avenue and Sixty-fourth Street, which now serves as Parks Department headquarters—and other buildings were not long in coming. During the eighteen-sixties, the menagerie was built, just west of the Arsenal. In 1864, a cottage called the Ladies’ Refreshment Salon went up near Fifth Avenue and Seventy-second Street; later additions turned it into the Central Park Casino, which reached its precarious zenith under the administration of Mayor James J. Walker.

In the Tweed Ring’s heyday, during the eighteen-seventies, three or four structures began to take shape on the North Meadow; foundations were laid for a paleozoic museum on the Park’s west side; the Belvedere—the miniature stone castle north of the Lake—was built; and a sheepfold went up near Sixty-sixth Street and Eighth Avenue. When the Ring was ousted, its projects came to a halt, but partisans of brick and mortar remained undaunted. Among their enthusiasms were an opera house, a central fire department, a grand hotel, gymnasiums, weighing machines, a municipal pantheon, and a chain of cigar stands. The largest building in Central Park, the Metropolitan Museum of Art, opened in 1880. On three occasions during the next decade, businessmen plumped for a world’s fair in the Park, only to be rebuffed by the state legislature, which ultimately passed a law banning the use of “any portion of the Central Park . . . for the purposes of a public fair or exhibition.”

In 1892, the legislature went on to authorize a speedway for trotting races in the Park, but the resulting public outcry led to repeal of the measure thirty-nine days later.

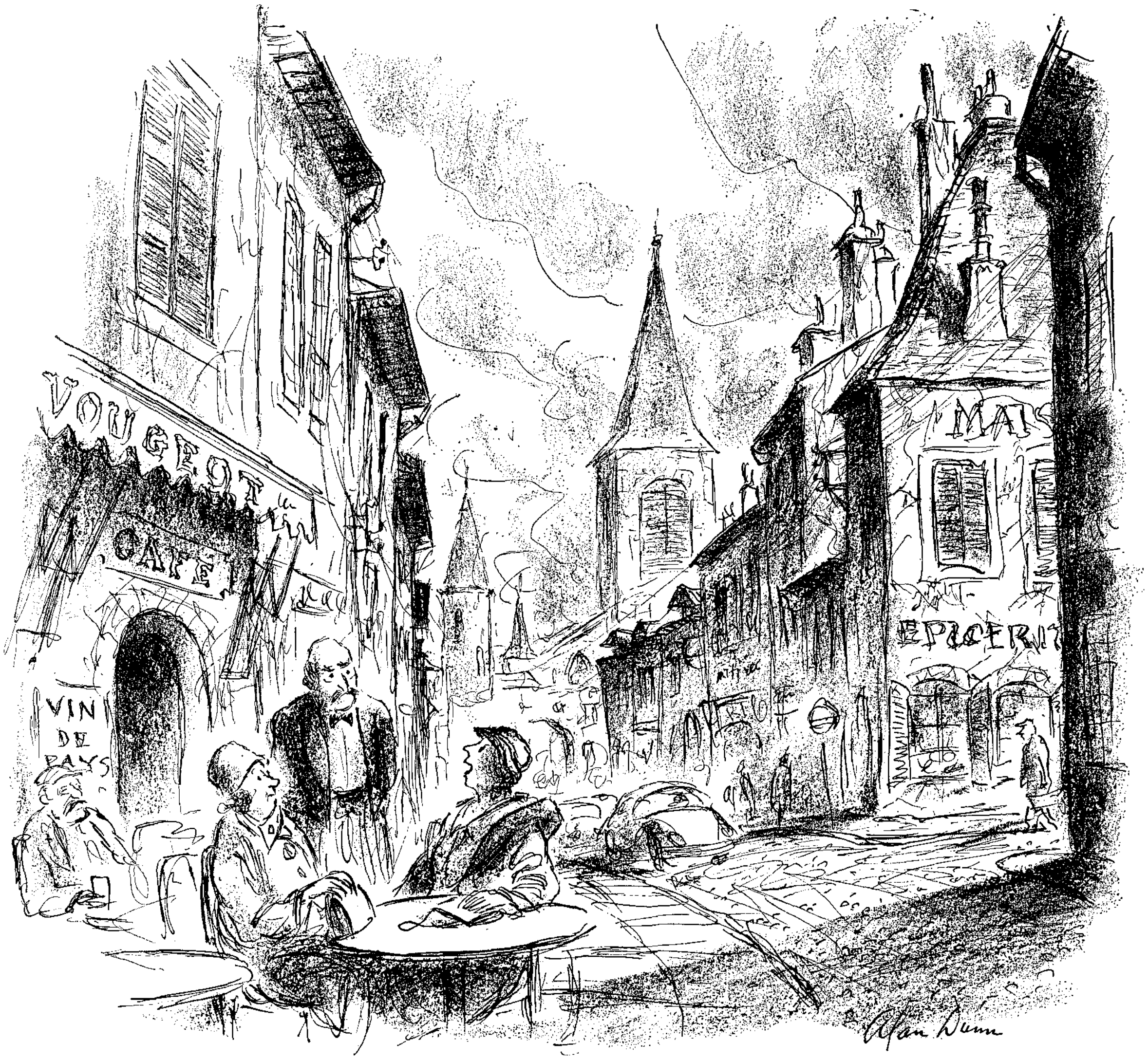
As the automobile age dawned, proposals for garages found adherents, as did a scheme, in 1905, to chop up the entire Park into building lots. After the First World War, veterans’ groups rallied behind a plan for a seven-million-dollar memorial that would have included two triumphal bridges, a colonnade, an amphitheatre, and a Gothic tower. In 1924, a plan to turn about six acres into a music-and-art center came to grief, but two years later about seventeen acres in the southwest corner became the Heckscher Playground. When the old Reservoir, just south of the present Reservoir, was drained in 1930, ideas proliferated. Mayor Walker wanted to build an underground garage. Park Commissioner John E. Sheehy wanted an athletic field. Robert Moses, who was appointed Park Commissioner when Fiorello LaGuardia took office in 1934, wanted a Great Lawn, and he got it.

Mayor LaGuardia and Mr. Moses presided over the razing of the Casino, the conversion of the Tweed Ring’s sheepfold into the Tavern-on-the-Green, and the construction of several small playgrounds. During the war, few changes were made in Central Park, but in the nineteen-fifties the Wollman ice-skating rink was allotted two acres, the Kerbs Memorial Model Boathouse went up on Conservatory Pond, and a chess-and-checkers pavilion was built on the Kinderberg. Newbold Morris became Park Commissioner in 1960, and two years later Joseph Papp, the director of the troupe that has presented free Shakespeare in the Park since 1957, moved into the new open-air Delacorte Theatre. Work began on a swimming pool south of Harlem Meer last year.

Construction is expected to begin this fall on Mr. Hartford’s café, which—like his Gallery of Modern Art, at Columbus Circle—was designed by Edward Durell Stone, and which has come to be known as the Hartford Pavilion. Litigation over the café began immediately after the city announced that it had accepted Mr. Hartford’s gift, several civic organizations lining up behind a taxpayers’ suit that claimed the café would destroy a rural area. The suit stretched on until last March, when the Court of Appeals ruled for the city. Mr. Hartford, speaking by telephone from the Bahamas, said that he was “absolutely delighted.” By coincidence, we caught an old Humphrey Bogart film on television not long afterward, in which the spirit of the Park as conceived by its designers was vividly portrayed. Bogart was being chased through Central Park. Pausing to catch his breath, he looked around and exclaimed, with an unwonted air of wonder, "Me—in the middle of New York City—lost in the woods!"

•

NOTICE, in English, thumbtacked to a wall of a room in a Zurich hotel: "The seagulls making too much noise. Please do not feed them."



"We're American imperialists and we need a drink."

• •

The Return

ON a warm, humid afternoon last week, eight days after Vladimir Horowitz made his triumphant reappearance on the concert stage following a twelve-year lapse, Goddard Lieberson, president of Columbia Records, which is bringing out a two-record album of the concert, went to see the Maestro at his town house, on East Ninety-fourth Street. A butler, who was smiling exuberantly, took Mr. Lieberson upstairs to the living room, facing a garden in the rear, and left him with two poodles—one black, one white—who were chasing each other around the room. It was dark and cool in the room, with lamps unlit, with an air-conditioner humming gently at the base of a large window, with a large circular sofa and easy chairs freshly plumped and protected by summery floral-print slipcovers, with paintings by Manet, Degas, Rouault, and Picasso on the walls, with dozens of vases of fresh flowers placed all around, with a Steinway grand—on which stood a metronome, a framed photograph of Arturo Toscanini (the late father of Mme. Horowitz), and an open book of Schubert sonatas—and with, on either side of a large wood-burning fireplace, conventional rectangular stereo-system speakers. Mr. Lieberson looked appreciatively at the Picasso—a painting of a circus acrobat—and then wandered over to the piano, where he peered at the book of Schubert sonatas. Still standing at the piano, he gave a sigh and quickly played a few bars of a sonata, and then, as Mme. Horowitz entered the room, he took his hands from the piano and embraced her. She was smiling as happily as the butler, and for a moment she and Mr. Lieberson smiled knowingly at each other without saying anything. Then they sat down, Mme. Horowitz on the sofa under the Picasso, and Mr. Lieberson on a chair with his back to the piano.

"So. How's life?" Mr. Lieberson said, apparently making an effort to sound calm.

"Flowers are still coming every day, and more and more flowers," Mme. Horowitz said. "And more telegrams and letters. Between me and Volodya, we had fifteen letters today. One letter, from a manager in South Africa, asking him to play there, offered him a safari through lion country in return."

"Lions!" Mr. Lieberson said.

"But he *likes* that!" Mme. Horowitz said.

"Except that he won't fly in a jet," Mr. Lieberson said. "He won't fly in a jet, but he flies in a two-engine DC-3 to Maine!" He sighed indulgently.

Mme. Horowitz studied him. "You look much better," she said. "At the concert, when I saw you during intermission, my God, you looked terrible!"

"By the time the concert started, I was so involved with him I had a stomach ache," Mr. Lieberson said. "It was like a prizefight. Not that there was ever a doubt in my mind for one moment that he would play once he *said* he would play."

"Since he played the concert, he's gained two pounds," Mme. Horowitz said.

As she and Mr. Lieberson sat smiling at each other, the living-room door opened and in strode the Maestro himself, bouncy and ebullient, wearing tortoise-shell-rimmed glasses and decked out in well-creased slacks, a houndstooth sports jacket with a white handkerchief in the breast pocket, and a blue-and-white polka-dot bow tie. He entered laughing, shook hands with and hugged Mr. Lieberson, and sat down on the sofa, putting his legs up and crossing them.

"You look wonderful!" Mr. Lieberson said.

"It agrees with me!" Mr. Horowitz said, laughing again, and the others laughed, too. Mr. Horowitz waved a hand at the air-conditioner. "It's not too cold in here? We have since yesterday a new machine. It is wonderful."

Everybody laughed some more about *that*. Then Mr. Lieberson mentioned the tremendous applause that had greeted Mr. Horowitz when he first appeared on the stage. "You could have left right then and there," Mr. Lieberson said. "What applause!"

"I should have bowed and gone out," Mr. Horowitz said.

"There was a German, long ago, who actually did that," Mr. Lieberson said.

"Reisenauer," Mr. Horowitz said. "He was drunk."

More laughter. "I was more nervous than *you*," Mr. Lieberson said.

"Next time, I will be more free from tension," Mr. Horowitz said. "It was sometimes worse when I was making recordings. For invisible people. The printed music is like the law, and I was presenting my case to the studio walls. So I was anxious; I wanted that my words through the piano would get to the people. I had been rehearsing in an empty hall. The afternoon of the concert, when I arrived, I was very nervous, and my hands were very cold. I saw the ushers—the young students who work as the ushers—and I went over to a tall young usher, and I said to him, 'You are a young man; you have warm blood. My fingers are ice cold. Please take my hands in yours and warm them.' So he did, and"—Mr. Horowitz paused and laughed again—"his hands were colder than mine!"

"Everybody was more nervous than you," Mme. Horowitz said. "The way everybody cared. The reviews! The telegrams!"

"I'm like a little baby about the publicity," Mr. Horowitz said. "I never wanted publicity before. I would never let *Life* take my picture. Now I love it. I want people to know I came back. Yesterday, I took the dogs for a walk, and a strange man comes over to me and he shouts 'Bravo!' and he hits me on the back! And you can't imagine how many people—and the kind of people—sent letters and wires. Clergymen. Judges. These are real. And all the colleagues—Richter, Rubinstein, Stern. A beautiful letter from Stokowski. In a way, that's nice, because some of them are professional enemies. It is very nice. I love it."

"Tell him about the people who stood in line the whole night to get standing room," Mme. Horowitz said. "It was late at night, and we got a telephone call telling us they were standing there. So Volodya said, 'Go down and send them coffee.' So I went down to the drugstore near Carnegie Hall and had them send these young people the coffee."

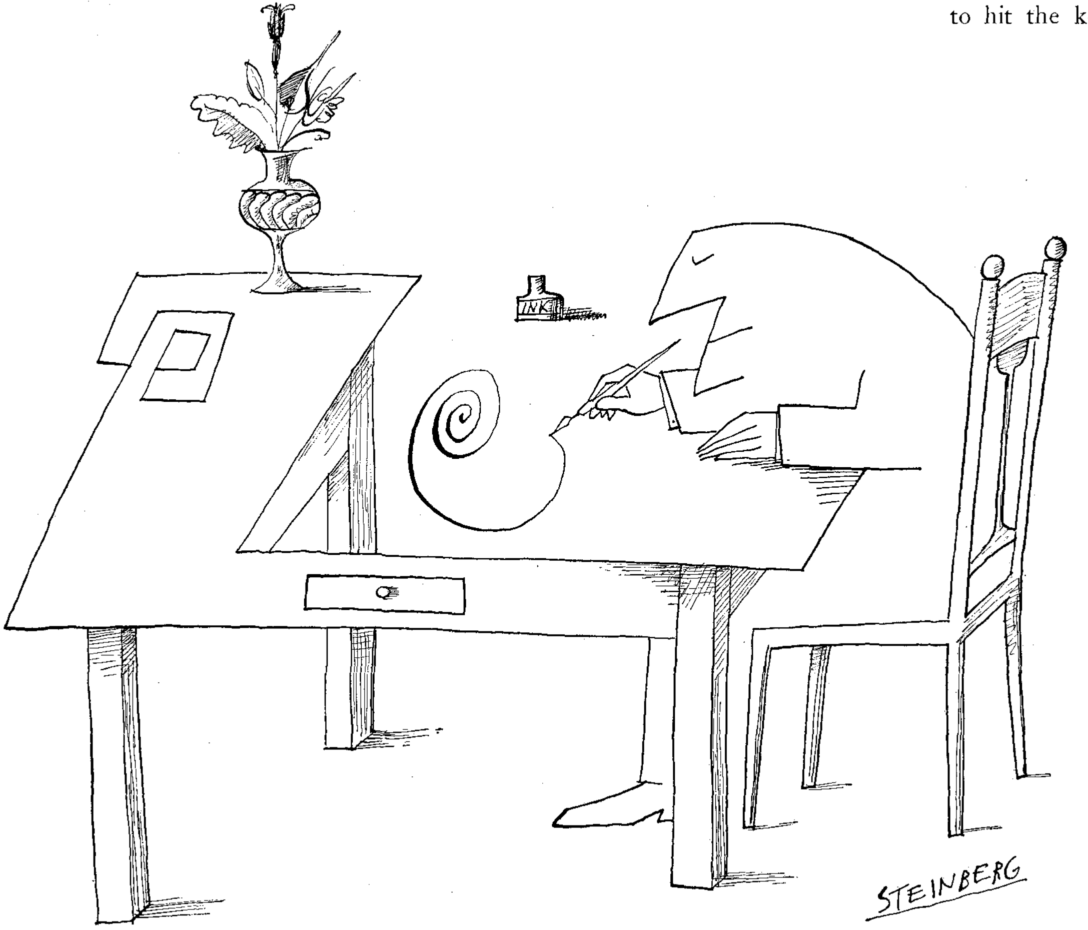
"They were *genuine*," Mr. Horowitz said. "That is why, at the end of the concert, I was doing this—pointing and waving to them in the gallery." Mr. Horowitz stood up and waved a pointing finger at an imaginary gallery. Then he sat down again and said to Mr. Lieberson, "And the next time it will be better. You will see."

"That humidity!" Mr. Lieberson said.

"The perspiration was coming here," Mr. Horowitz said, indicating his eyes. "It literally closed my eyes twice. I didn't see the keyboard. When you have that kind of wetness, you have to hit the keys differently, and when the perspiration got into my eyes, I hit some wrong notes. But the recording will come out with everything as it was. A performance is a performance."

"You know what Zero Mostel told you when I brought him to see you backstage," Mr. Lieberson said. "Zero said, 'I'd rather hear you play wet than hear anybody else play dry.'"

"He told me he is in some kind of show on Broadway, and he promised to get me tickets," Mr. Horowitz said. "He *promised* me." He looked worried, but Mr. Lieberson assured him that Mr. Mostel would get him the tickets, and when Mr. Horowitz smiled again, Mr. Lieberson asked him if he liked the test pressing of the records of the concert. Mr. Horowitz said



that the sound level was just right. He stood up and went into a small side room containing a record-player, and put on a test pressing. He put the needle on in the middle of the record, and it slipped, sending a scratching sound over the speaker system in the living room.

“Volodya! You're spoiling the needle!” Mme. Horowitz called out.

Mr. Horowitz let the needle stay where it was, and returned to the sofa as his playing of the Schumann Fantasy in C Major came over the speakers. Mr. Horowitz took off his glasses and moved his fingers in the air along with the playing.

Mr. Lieberson said it sounded beautiful. “I've never seen an audience sit so quiet and spellbound for this piece,” he said. “It was flabbergasting. It's such a profound and difficult piece for an audience. It's curiously abstract in its romanticism. It's not like playing the Tchaikovsky Piano Concerto at a concert. It's not for the usual public.”

“It's *against* the public,” Mr. Horowitz said.

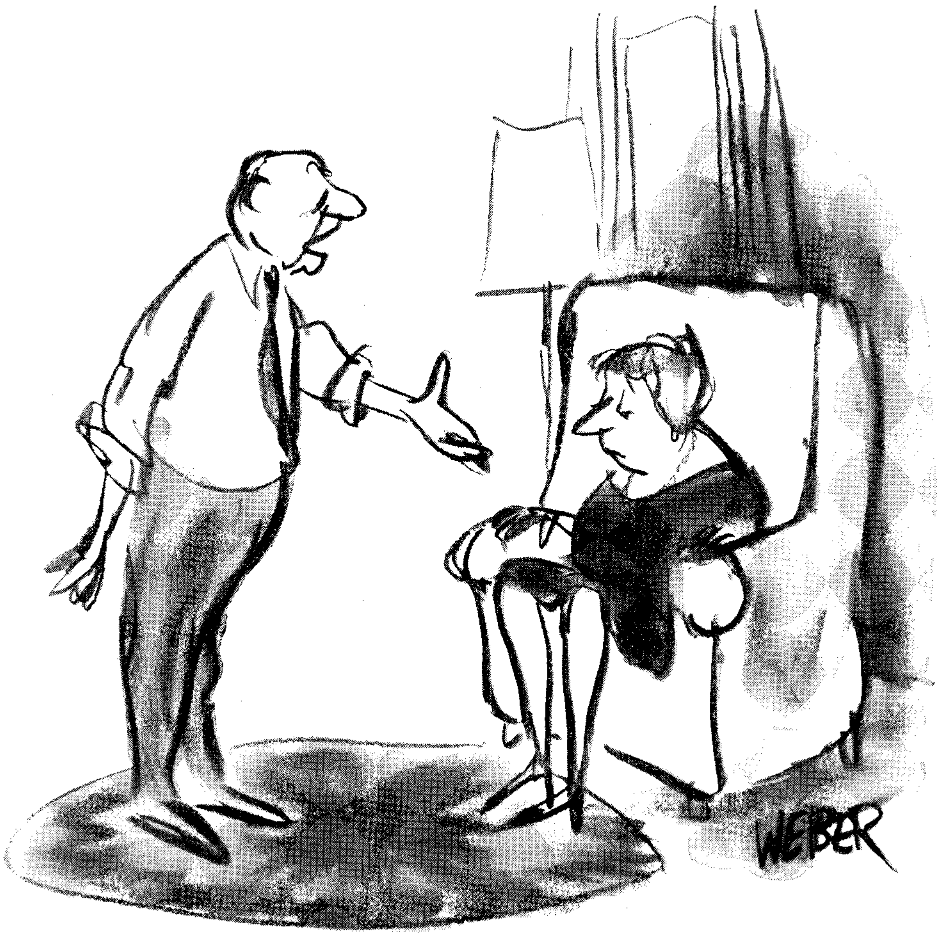
“It's like reading Goethe aloud to an audience,” Mr. Lieberson said. “The way *you* played it.”

“It was dedicated to Franz Liszt, but Liszt wrote to Schumann, ‘It's one of the greatest, but I will not play it for the public, because it is so difficult to digest.’ ”

“So *you* had to choose it,” Mme. Horowitz said.

“Even Scriabin is easier,” Mr. Horowitz said, with satisfaction. “You know,” he added to Mr. Lieberson, “I played for Scriabin in Kiev, before one of his concerts, when I was a boy of ten. Just three months before he died, at the age of forty-three. My uncle, the brother of my papa, was an accomplished pianist and musicologist, a music critic, and the greatest friend of Scriabin, so when he told Scriabin he had a very talented nephew, Scriabin probably hated to do it, to listen to me play, *just before his own concert!* But he probably said to himself, ‘I *have* to do it.’ So my parents took me, and I played some Chopin, some Paderewski, some other things, and he told my parents, ‘Don't make of him a sectarian pianist; make him a cultured musician.’ ” Mr. Horowitz put his glasses on, rose quickly, and went into the side room as the bravos and applause came over the speakers in stereo. He changed the record.

As Mr. Horowitz, on the record, played the first encore—Debussy's “Doll's Serenade”—Mr. Lieberson said that it had come out sounding good.



“I do like you. You don't like you.”

“Debussy was making fun of Wagner,” he said.

“Tongue in the cheek,” Mr. Horowitz said.

“Wonderful!” Mr. Lieberson said.

“If I played it in the studio, I would never do it like this,” Mr. Horowitz said. “In the studio, it is a dry studio, and that's what you are hearing. In a performance, everything should be warmer. In a concert, the artist takes chances. In a studio, he is just sitting there. With real people listening to you, it is a show. It is emotional and aesthetic, but it is still a show. It is the brilliant lawyer presenting the case. I do my best you should get it. Listen to this!”

The record was playing Moszkowski's Étude in A Flat Major, and Mr. Horowitz laughed as he ran his fingers rapidly along in the air to the music.

“That's marvellous,” Mr. Lieberson said.

“It is the postcard, this record,” Mr. Horowitz said. “It is what you send after you visit a beautiful canyon, and you decide to send a postcard of the panorama you have seen. When I play, I listen to myself, and I hear it much better than I hear it on the record.”

“Nobody else hears it the way you do,” Mr. Lieberson said. “It's always unique for the pianist.”

On the record, Mr. Horowitz was playing the last of his encores—Schumann's “Träumerei.” The Maestro cocked his head to one side, listening. Smiling at Mr. Lieberson, he said, “I chose ‘Träumerei’ to play because I wanted to finish the concert like a dream—it never really happened; it's not true. But after it was all over, when we were driving back from the concert, we asked the driver to let us out at Eighty-sixth Street, on Fifth Avenue, and we went to sit on a bench in the Park. Then we walked the rest of the way home and there, in front of our house, we found five young people waiting. I loved it. For twelve years, I was living just a normal life, not being recognized. Then I saw these young people, and I said to myself, ‘I really *did* play my concert. It really happened.’ ”

•

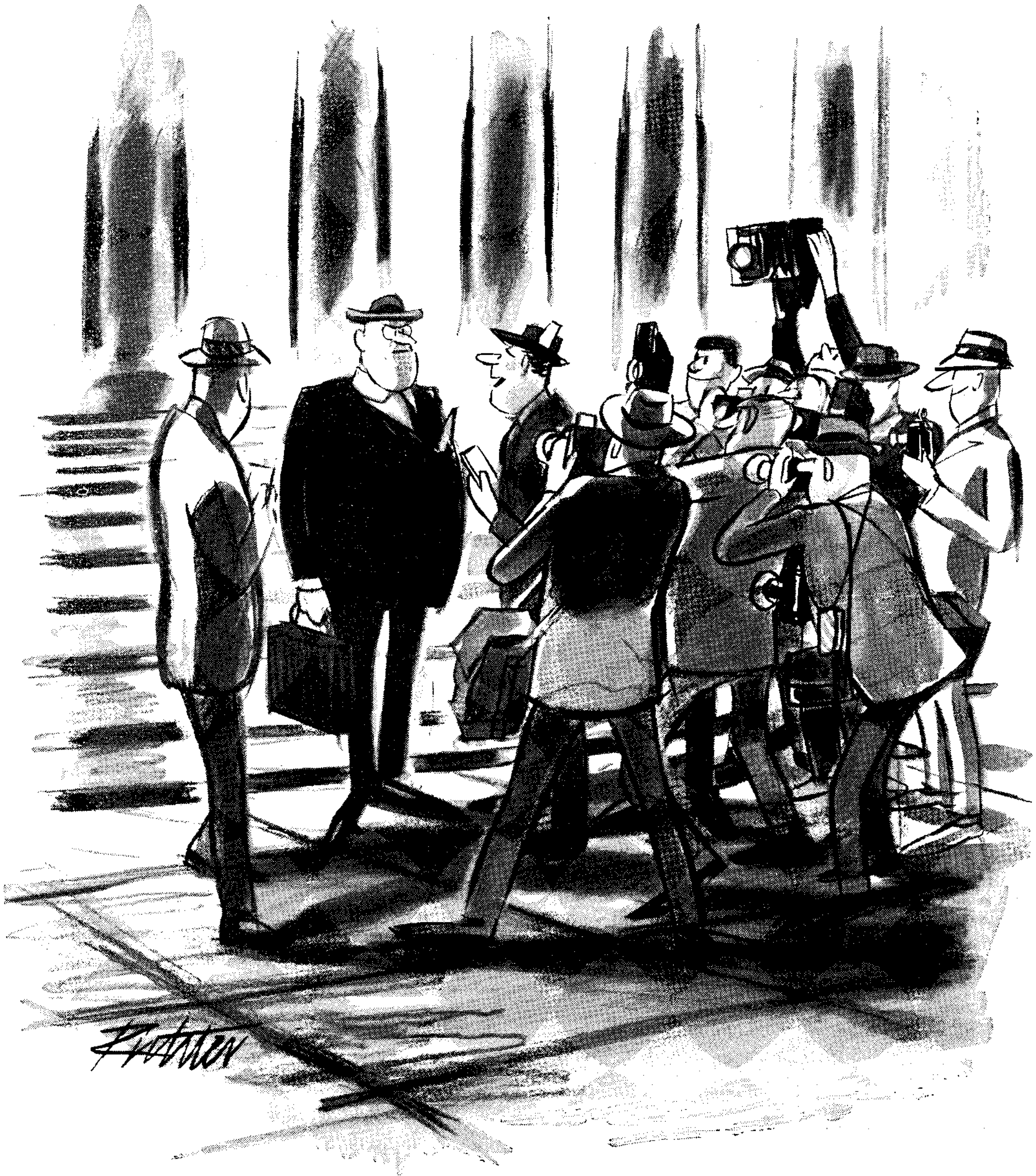
TWO of the courses offered by the Central Branch of the Y.W.C.A., at Lexington Avenue and Fifty-third Street, are Creative Living and Advanced Creative Living.

KEEPING UP WITH THE OUTS

CLUB'S DÉBUT SEPARATES THE INS FROM THE OUTS

It wasn't easy to find an Arthur at Arthur Wednesday night, but everyone else was there—Caterine and D.D. and Jane, Jake and Mike and Rudolf, all those "in" people who know that Arthur is a place and not a person.—*Angela Taylor in the Times.*

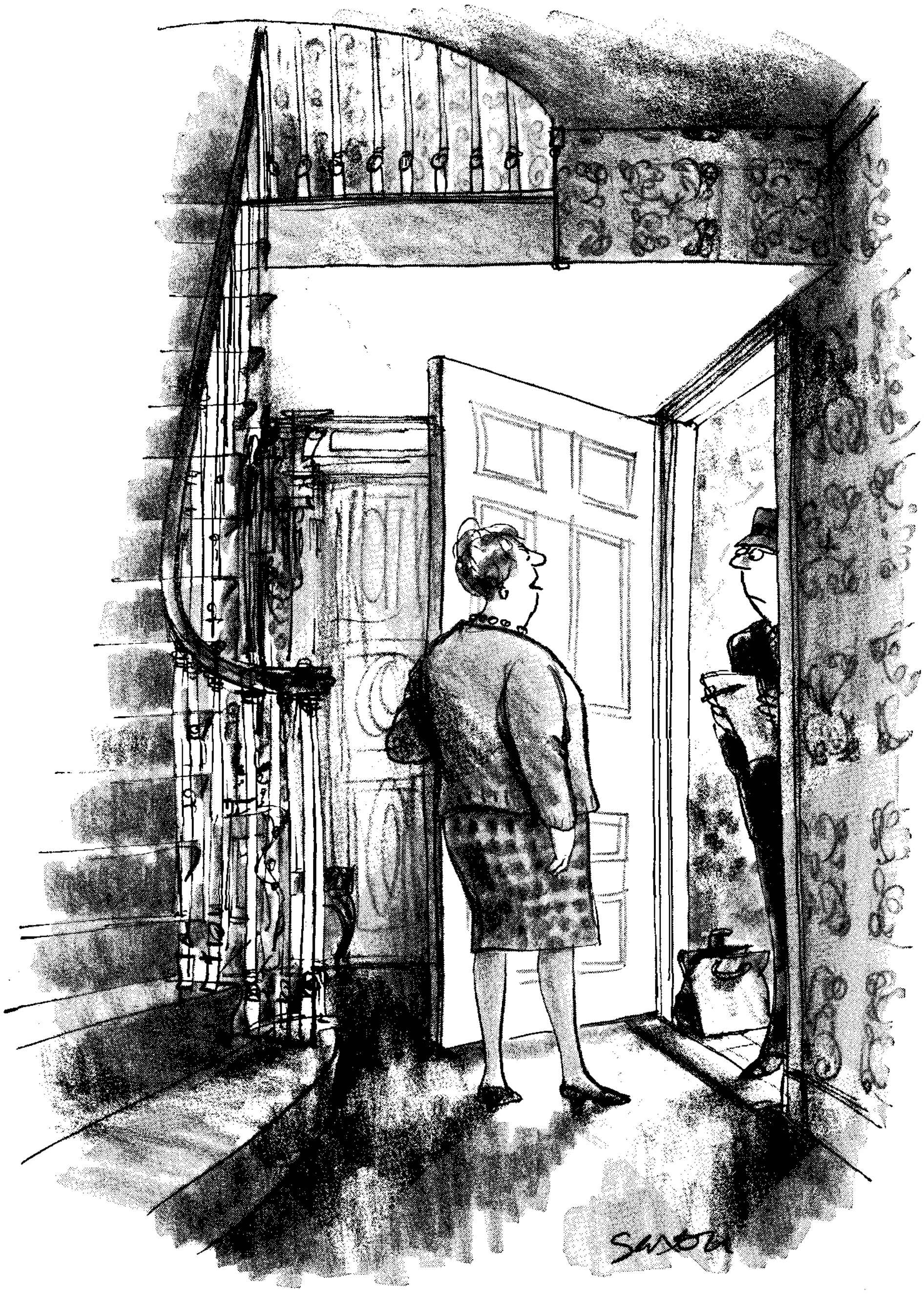
ONE of the people who didn't know that Arthur is a place and not a person is Mrs. Herbert W. Spangenberg of 221-11 Twenty-sixth Avenue, Bayside, who almost missed the news altogether. As it was, she caught up with the fact that Arthur is the name of Sybil Burton's new discothèque three days late, and, as *she said later, it was the funniest thing* that she noticed it at all. She was out in the hall late Sunday night just flopping down this big bunch of newspapers on top of the two trash baskets and the garbage pail and the three full wastebaskets—it's *something* the way the papers and trash pile up at the Spangenbergs' over the weekend, especially if they have friends in for supper on Friday or Saturday night, or if young Herbert Jr. (who is known as Hub) is home on a pass from Fort Belvoir—when her eye was caught by this flash of a headline that began with the name "Arthur." Well, as she told Mr. Spangenberg a few minutes later, and as she explained more fully the next morning in a telephone call to her friend Janet Mulleavy (Mrs. Francis T. Mulleavy, of 31-09 Two Hundred and Fourteenth Place), she had just *been trying to flump the newspapers* into any sort of a pile that wouldn't fall off the trash cans and onto the floor and make Angelo, the super, sore in the morning, and she had been holding the apartment door open with one foot and trying at the same time to keep Bingo, the Spangenbergs' Boston bull, from coming out into the hall, but after that glimpse of the word "Arthur" she pressed the little button on the door that releases the lock and then closed the door, thus confining Bingo, and then went back and riffled through all the papers right there in the hall until she found the story in the old Friday *Times* with the headline, "ARTHUR, ONCE A HAIRDO, IS NOW A DISCOTHEQUE." The really funny thing about it all, as she told Herb and, later on, Janet, is that she doesn't care much one way or the other about discothèques, but she always sort of pricks up her ears when she sees the word *"Arthur," and that's because "Arthur"* to her means her brother, of course—Arthur Briscoe, of Canandaigua, N.Y. Not that Art Briscoe gets in the paper very often, or anything like that. He is eleven years older than Mrs. Spangenberg (she was Florence Briscoe before she went to Cornell on a Regents' scholarship in the fall of 1932; she dropped out after that one year and married Herb Spangenberg, who was a senior and a Kappa Sig), and three years ago Art retired after forty-one years with Northern Mohawk Power & Light. Florence and her brother have sort of lost touch with each other over the years, though they always exchange Christmas presents, and last year the Briscoes came to town and visited the Fair, staying at the Spangenbergs' for three whole days. But Florence cares about *Arthur, and that's why she always* looks twice when she sees an Arthur in the papers, because it might be Art. Oh, not an obituary—Florence isn't gloomy that way, even though Art is in his sixties now—but you never can tell. And there was that time back in 1948 when Florence did find Arthur's name in the paper—his name *and* his picture—when he was an alternate delegate to the Republican National Convention, which was held in Philadelphia. Nobody in the New York delegation got sick or anything, so Art didn't get to vote for Governor Dewey at the convention, but Florence still has the clipping somewhere, and probably that's how she got the habit of notic-



"Blow your top once more, Senator, for the photographers."

ing the name Arthur in the newspapers.

Florence Spangenberg read the *Times* story about the discothèque named Arthur right through while standing out in the hall in her green polka-dot cotton bathrobe, and then she tore out the story and headline, and after pushing the other button that reset the front-door lock and shushing Bingo, who had begun to bark when she came back in, she took the clipping into the bedroom and told Herb about how funny it was, her mistaking a new discothèque for her brother. Herb was in bed, almost asleep but trying to watch a Bob Hope movie called "Paris Holiday" on the Late Show, because Anita Ekberg was in it, and he listened to Florence, nodding his head to show her he was paying attention but really watching the TV screen, but when his wife began to read the clipping aloud he said, "Oh, what *is* all this, Flo, for Christ's sake, anyway?," and she stopped. But the next morning, after Herb had gone to work, she called Janet, and Janet agreed that it was really peculiar discovering about the discothèque named Arthur in that accidental way. Janet Mulleavy then added that she wondered how Florence could have almost missed the news about Arthur, because it had been in all the other papers, including the *Trib* and the *News* and the *Telly*, because it was *the* new place to go, as all the "in" people knew. "Well," Florence Spangenberg said, "I just didn't see it anywhere before last night out in the hall. I guess I must be getting old, or something, but I didn't see anything about it." Pretty soon she hung up. Her feelings were hurt.



"If you're leading up to a magazine subscription, watch out!"

•

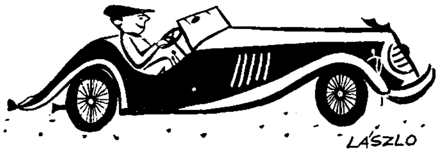
A fleet of limousines and buses hauled an adequately star-studded cargo of partygoers to a Staten Island country house last night for a supper dance in an elegant pink-and-white striped tent. Trumbull Barton and John L. McHugh gave the gathering in honor of their old friend Dame Margot Fonteyn.

. . . the list also included Mrs. René Bouché, Mr. and Mrs. William Colleran (Lee Remick), Mr. and Mrs. Martin Gabel (Arlene Francis), Alan Jay Lerner and Oliver Messel, Lord Snowdon's uncle. The Livingston Biddles had declined, and Mr. Blass sent his regrets. Truman Capote, on the other hand, did not answer his invitation.—*Charlotte Curtis in the Times.*

ANOTHER person who didn't turn up at the Trumbull Barton-John L. McHugh party for Dame Margot Fonteyn is Owen Sperry, thirty-nine, of 18 East Eleventh Street. If Mr. Sperry hadn't been in bed with the flu and a temperature of just over a hundred and one, he probably wouldn't have known about the party at all, because he doesn't usually get around to the society and women's pages in the *Times*, but that morning (it was a Tuesday), after he had called his secretary and told her again that he wouldn't be in and explained that the doctor had said that there was nothing to do for these things but stay in bed and take aspirin and drink lots of water and wait it out, sometimes for as long as ten days, he hung up, and then, with his head propped up on three pillows, he read his way languidly and slowly through the *Times*, occasionally falling into a light doze and then waking and going on reading the paper. He found the story about the supper dance and read it all the way through—almost a column and a half—and it occurred to him that it was the first time he had ever come upon a social report that ended with a list of absentees. He tossed the *Times* on the floor, poured himself another glass of water and made himself drink it, and lay back and closed his eyes, and in his mind he composed what seemed to be a logical continuation to the story: ". . . Truman Capote, on the other hand, did not answer his invitation. Curiously, Mr. and Mrs. Owen Sperry (Adelaide Jencks) received no invitation to the party in the first place, and neither did Miss Linda Sperry, 12, the student. Reached late last night, Mr. Sperry stated that he certainly would have acknowledged the invitation, one way or the other, had it appeared in the Sperry mailbox. The list of the uninvited also included Mrs. Howard Jencks, of Pelham, who is Miss Sperry's grandmother, Dr. Leonard Farbson, the dedicated influenza fighter, Peter D. Falkenhausen, who is Mr. Sperry's employer, and—" Here Sperry, who was undoubtedly feeling his fever, decided to go on and make a mental list of everyone he knew who could not possibly have been at the party. Luckily, he had only gone through a dozen-odd names when he got stuck trying to remember the name of the old lady who had lived with three Pomeranians on the ground floor of the Sperrys' old apartment on Christopher Street (she never would have left the dogs to go way out to Staten Island for a supper dance), and the effort of thinking back and muttering "Matthews? . . . Marx? . . . Mameluke?" soon put him to sleep once again.

By afternoon, Sperry had forgotten about the Barton-McHugh party. He tried to do a little manuscript reading in bed (Mr. Sperry is an editor with a small, conservative, and not very successful publishing house), but he couldn't pay attention, and he put in a couple of hours dazedly watching quiz programs on the TV set. A little after four, Linda Sperry came home from school. She inspected him from the doorway through her horn-rimmed glasses and announced, "Boy, you look *terrible*." Pretty soon, Mrs. Sperry came home from her job at the uptown girls' school where she teaches remedial reading, and set about neatening up the sickroom. Owen Sperry got up and shaved while his wife remade the bed with fresh sheets, and then he changed into clean pajamas and climbed back into bed. He felt a little better, and there were some branches of new lilacs in a vase on his bureau. Later, he ate a light supper of cold madrilène and aspirin. That evening, his wife read aloud to him—a couple of chapters from an old Evelyn Waugh novel—and by ten-fifteen he was asleep, with the lights out and the door closed.

For the past three or four years, however, Owen Sperry had been bothered with insomnia—not the kind that keeps you from falling asleep but the kind that nudges you awake sometime between four and six in the morning—and on this night he awoke again long before first light. He lay there in the dark, his pajama collar damp with sweat, and muzzily cursed the ineffectual sleeping pill he had taken. In recent months, Sperry's night thoughts have been of a singularly depressing nature—cancer, flash fires, automobile collisions, his lack of progress in his office, recent cruelties and stupidities of his own making—but this time something made him remember the elegant party he had read about in the *Times*. In the dark, in the middle of the night, he felt bitter about it, instead of amused, and he finally said aloud, "Well, why *weren't* we invited?" He didn't know the hosts, that was why, and after a little reflection he realized that he probably wouldn't have known one guest there, either. He didn't know any real celebrities—only a couple of moderately acclaimed authors. Once, when he was fourteen, he had played ping-pong with Fay Wray at a resort hotel in New Hampshire. He and his wife would have had a lousy time at that party; they would have been stuck with each other in a corner, trying to make conversation and pretending they didn't care. And he had just about forgotten how to dance. Oh, it wasn't himself and his wife he cared about so much; it was Linda. When he was in college, he had gone to some pretty nifty débutante parties, but he and Adelaide hadn't kept up with that sort of world after their marriage. They weren't much for parties. But now he had to face it: there was a pretty good chance that Linda would never get to go to a supper dance by limousine. His fault. He lay there and saw Linda—Linda grown up but looking the same, with her brown hair and her glasses and her plump arms—standing unnoticed outside a pink-and-white striped tent, with music coming through the night trees. Next thing he knew, he was crying.



Sperry has had enough experience with night thoughts to know that the thing to do is get out of bed, turn on the lights, find a snack—anything to break the chain. Out of habit, he now got up and fumbled for his bathrobe in the dark, even though his wife was sleeping in the study during his sickness and wouldn't have been awakened if he had just stayed there in bed and read a book for a while. He found an old quilt and wrapped it around his shoulders and then went down the dark hall and into the living room. He flicked on the lights, picked up some magazines from the stack on the coffee table, and sat down in the wing chair, tucking the quilt around his feet. It was strange being in the living room for the first time in so long. Over by the window, his wife's house plants looked different, as if he had surprised them in the night.

MULES

In warm war-sun they erupt
in frontier towns, hard-
hoofed in a dark, cobbled yard,
waiting for what is apt:
cartridge cases, cordite, shells.

Always the sight of them compels
the memory of what we are.
A newsreel of a distant war
that flickers in our room recalls
a savage, wasting sense in us;

eyes that stare from skirmishes
a continent away propound
the pith of life our lives have dulled.
A braying in the silences
beyond those Asian leaves betrays

some close, restless agency,
half detected, feared, unseen
in unfamiliar terrain,
marauding, like the lurking spy
that snipes us from the wilderness

of dreams. We know ourselves wise,
mastering violence; but sometimes,
dimly, we sense other wisdoms—
he totally lives who dies
imminently; those eyes

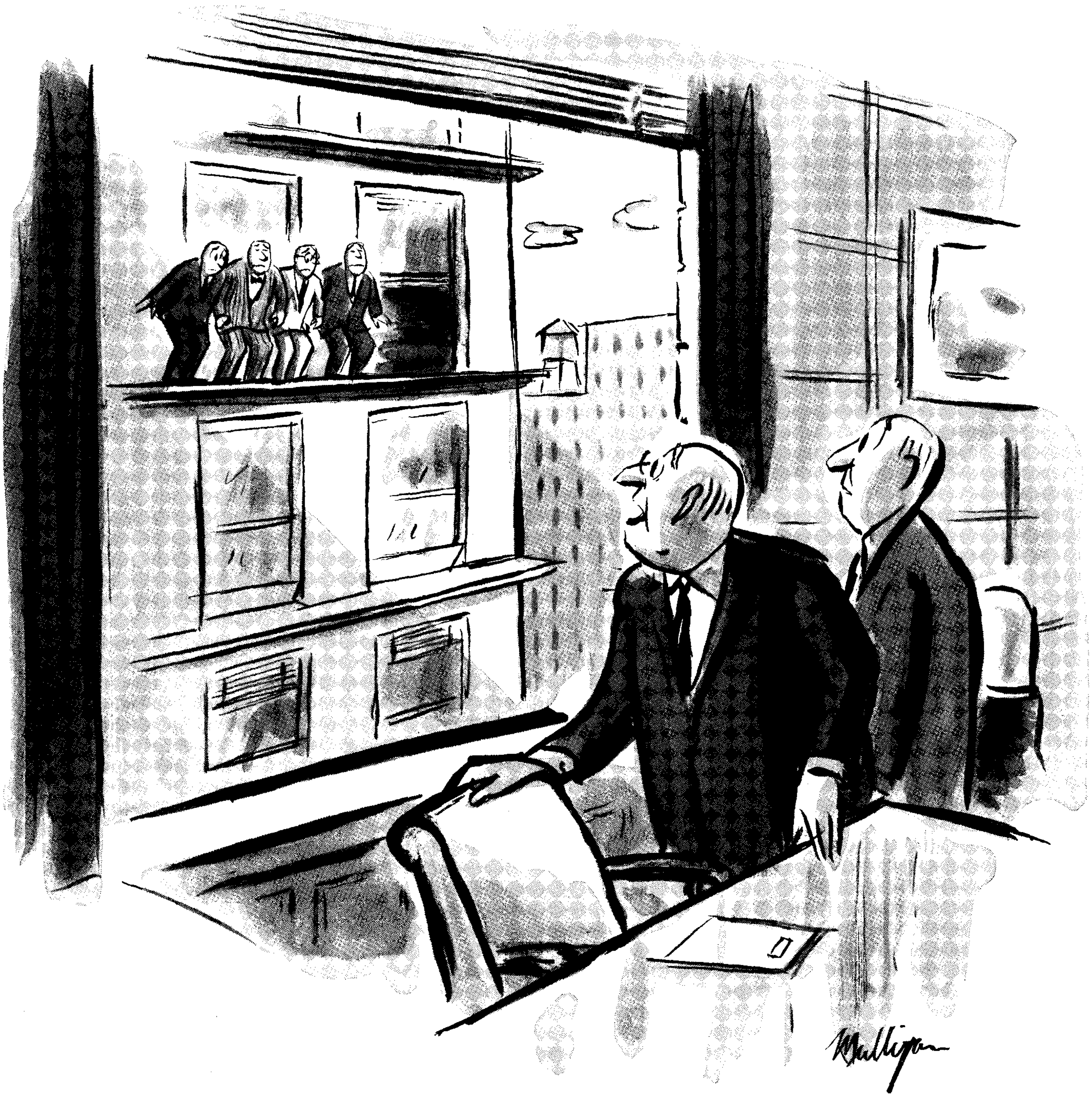
only that see with terror see.
We do not say we would have gone
gladly, scrabbling screes to melon-
smelling foothill towns to be
quickened with fear; nor would these

wide-eyed soldiers fail to lob
grenades at the sniper's nest.
It will be time enough to test
our doctrines when our cancers throb.
But, as we watch the mules trot past,

we muse on how, in time of peace,
their withers twitch to flies
as, listlessly, they laze
neglected in corrals, or pace
at tether, shabby and unkempt.

—TED WALKER

• •



"My God! Isn't that Delafield, Locke, Bentley & Jones?"

• •

Then Sperry heard creaking and footsteps, and his wife came into the room. She was barefoot, wearing just her nightgown, and her arms were crossed in front of her. Her eyes were blinking in the light.

"What on *earth*?" she said. "What are you doing up? I heard you banging around."

"Couldn't sleep," Sperry explained. "You know how I get."

"But you're sick." She leaned over and felt his forehead. "Listen," she said, "as long as you're all covered up here, just sit tight and I'll take your temperature again."

She went out, and when she came back she was wearing her bathrobe and shaking down the thermometer. She stuck it in his mouth and sat on the arm of the next chair and waited. Even with the sleepy, concerned expression on her face and the hair clips over her ears, she looked pretty to him. It was something special, the two of them being in the living room in the middle of the night.

She took the thermometer back. "Only ninety-nine two," she said. "And now back to bed with you. I think you're getting better."

"I do, too," said Owen Sperry. He followed her down the hall, trailing his quilt. She straightened the rumpled bed once again, and he climbed in. He wanted to tell her that he had been crying because of a story in the *Times* about a big party in Staten Island, but the minute he got into bed he was overcome with sleepiness, and it seemed too complicated to explain. He would tell her in the morning if he remembered. She turned out the lights, and Sperry went right to sleep.—ROGER ANGELL

•

One of the gardens to be visited on Wednesday, May 12th, is that of Mrs. Dudley S. Blossom, Jr., not Mrs. Bloom, as listed.—*Notice received by a member of the Garden Club of America.*

Six of one, half a dozen of the other.

THE NEW MIRROR

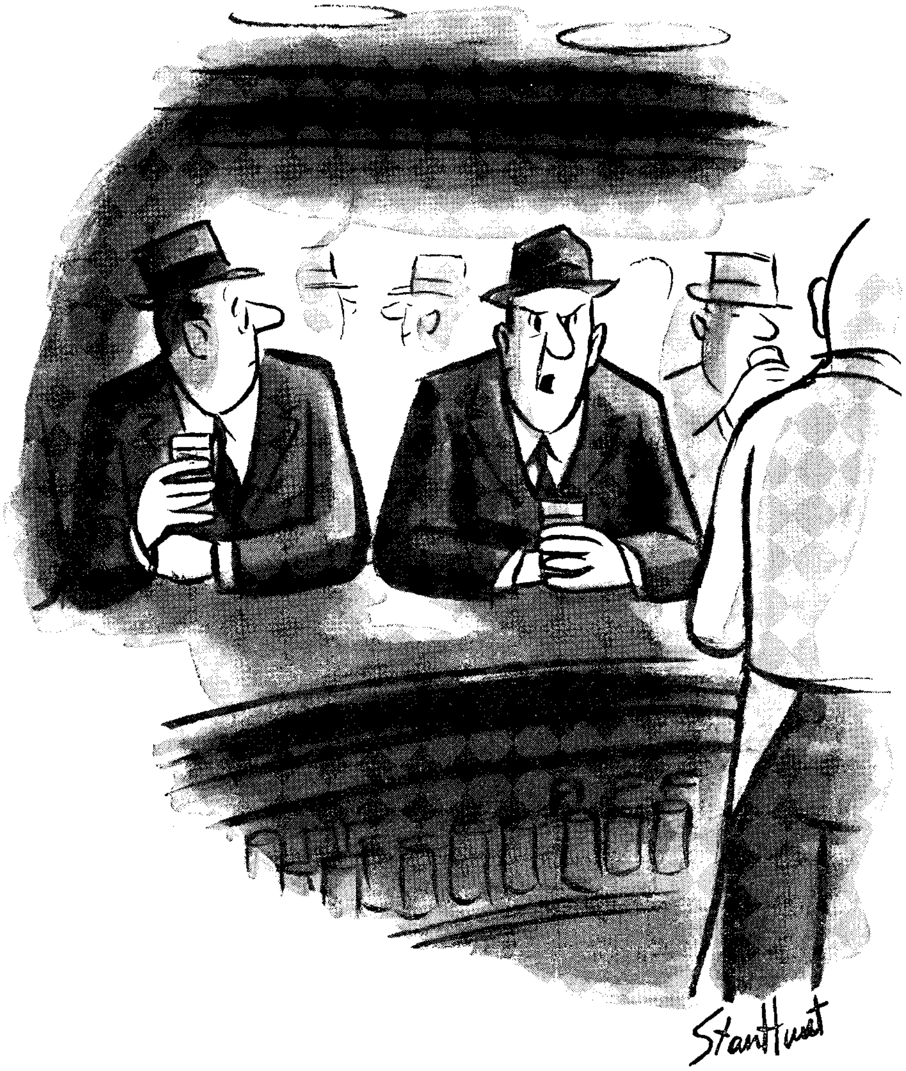
MY mother said, "Where is your father?" She was standing outside the door of the downstairs bathroom. Even if she had been farther away, I would have understood what she said, because her voice had a peculiar quality just this side of harshness, which made it carry over longer distances than other people's voices.

From inside the bathroom, I said, "He's in the back yard listening to the bees."

"Please tell him that breakfast is ready."

"Right away," I said. But I didn't tell him right away. I didn't move. We had had a late, cold spring, with snow on the ground until the end of April. Then in May the weather turned suddenly warm and the huge old cherry trees in our yard blossomed almost overnight. There were three of them, planted in a straight line down the middle of the back yard. As soon as the sun was up, it seemed as though all the honeybees in Wheeling, New York, came to the trees in swarms. Every sunny morning, my father stood under one of those bloom-filled cherry trees and listened to the hum of the bees. My mother knew this just as well as I did, but she was sending a bathroom dawdler to carry a message to a cherry-tree dawdler so that she would finally have both of us in the dining room for breakfast at the same time.

I spent the next ten minutes looking at myself in the new plate-glass mirror that had been hung over the basin just the day before. A new electrical fixture had been installed over the mirror. My mother had had these changes made so that my father could shave downstairs. She said this would be more convenient for him, because it placed him closer to the drugstore while he shaved. Our drugstore was in the front of the building where we lived.



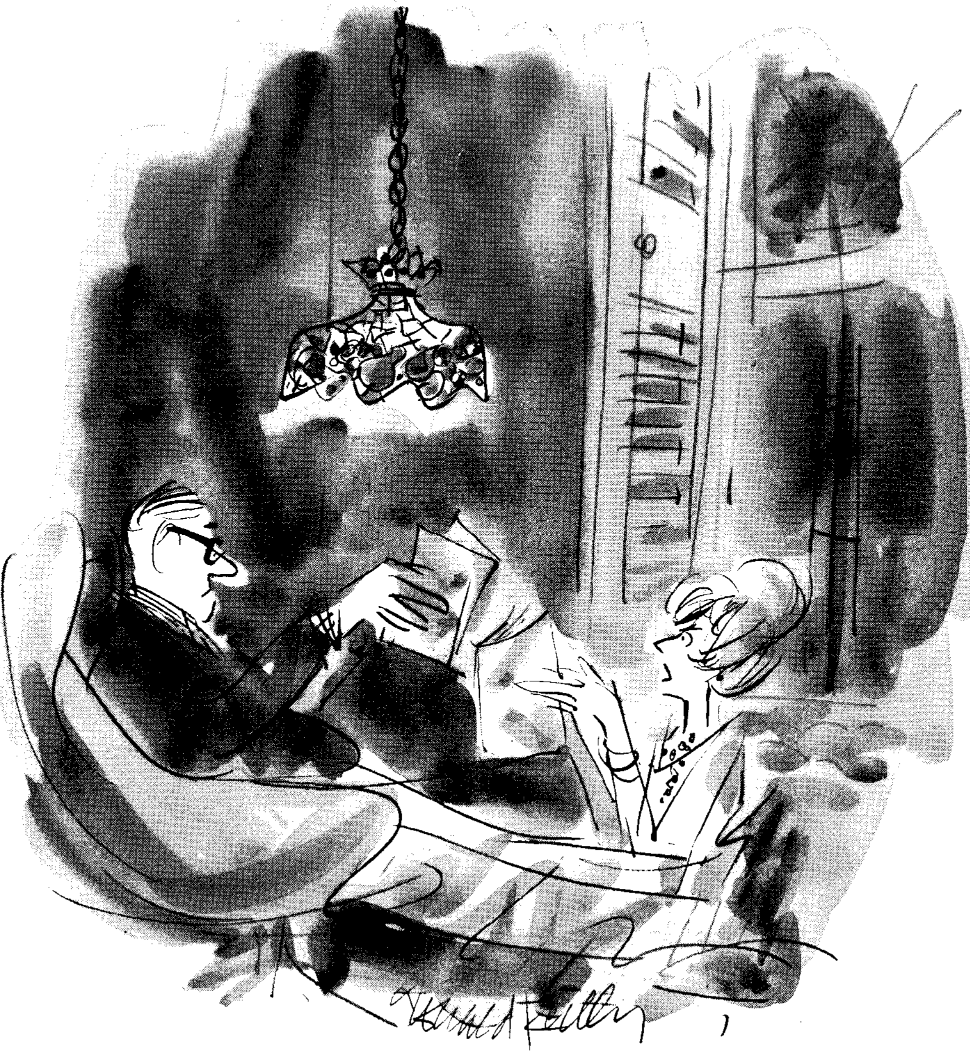
"As long as there was a Sea of Tranquillity anywhere in the universe, you can be damned sure that sooner or later man would slam-bang something right in the middle of it."

The bathroom walls were white, and under the brilliant, all-revealing light cast by the new fixture I looked like all dark creatures impaled on a flat white surface: too big, too dark. My skin was a muddy brown, not the clear, dark brown I had always supposed it to be. I turned my head, and the braid of hair that reached halfway down my back looked like a thick black snake. It even undulated slightly as I moved. I grabbed the braid close to my head and looked around for a pair of scissors, thinking I would cut the braid off, because it was an absolutely revolting hair style for a fifteen-year-old girl. But there weren't any scissors, so I released my grip on the braid and took another look at myself—head on in the glittering mirror. I decided that the way I looked in that white-walled bathroom was the way our family looked in the town of Wheeling, New York. We were the only admittedly black family in an all-white community and we stood out; we looked strange, alien. There was another black family—the Granites—but they claimed to be Mohawk Indians. Whenever my father mentioned them, he laughed until tears came to his eyes, saying, "Mohawks? Ha, ha, ha. Well, five or six generations of Fanti tribesmen must have caught five or six generations of those Mohawk females named Granite under a bush somewhere. Ha, ha, ha."

He never said things like that in the drugstore. He and my mother and my aunts kept their private lives and their thoughts about people inside the family circle, deliberately separating the life of the family from the life of the drugstore. But it didn't work the other way around, for practically everything we did was decided in terms of whether it was good or bad for the drugstore. I liked the store, and I liked working in it on Saturdays and after school, but it often seemed to me a monstrous, mindless, sightless force that shaped our lives into any old pattern it chose, and it chose the patterns at random.

I turned out the light and went to tell my father that breakfast was ready. He was standing motionless under the first big cherry tree. He had his back turned, but I could tell from the way he held his head that he was listening intently. He was short, and, seen from the back like that, his torso looked as though it had been designed for a bigger man.

"Yoo-hoo!" I shouted, as though I were calling someone at least two hundred feet away from me. "Break-fast. Break-fast." In my mind, I said, "Sam-



"We certainly are not going to send our child to any school that doesn't even have its own kiln!"

• •

u-el, Sam-u-el." But I didn't say that out loud.

He did not turn around. He lifted his hand in a gesture that pushed the sound of my voice away, indicating that he had heard me and that I was not to call him again. I sat down on the back steps to wait for him. Though the sun was up, it was cool in the yard. The air was filled with a delicate fragrance that came from all the flowering shrubs, from the cherry blossoms and the pear blossoms, and from the small plants—violets and daffodils. A song sparrow was singing somewhere close by. I told myself that if I were a maker of perfumes I would make one and call it Spring, and it would smell like this cool, sweet early-morning air and I would let only beautiful young brown girls use it, and if I could sing I would sing like the song sparrow and I would let only beautiful young brown boys hear me.

When we finally went into the house and sat down to breakfast, my father said (just as he did every spring) that the honeybees buzzed on one note and that it was E flat just below middle C but with a difference. He said he had never been able to define this in the musical part of his mind and so had decided that it was the essential difference in the sound produced by the buzzing of a bee and the sound produced by a human voice lifted in song. He also said that he wouldn't want to live anywhere else in the world except right here in Wheeling, New York, in the building that housed our drugstore, with that big back yard with those cherry trees in it, so that in the spring of the year, when the trees were in full bloom, he could stand under them smelling that cherry-blossom sweet air and listening to those bees holding that one note—E flat below middle C. Then he said, "When I was out there just now, that first cherry tree was so aswarm with life, there were so many bees moving around bumping into the blossoms and making that buzzing sound, that hum . . ." He touched his forehead lightly with one of his big hands, as though he were trying to stimulate his thinking processes. "You know, I could have sworn that tree spoke to me."

I leaned toward him, waiting to hear what he was going to say. I did not believe the tree had said anything to him, but I wanted to know what it was he *thought* the tree had said. It seemed to me a perfect moment for this kind of revelation. We had just finished eating an enormous breakfast: grapefruit and oatmeal and scrambled eggs and sausage and hot corn-meal muffins. This delicious food and this sunny room in which we had eaten it were pleasant segments of the private part of our life, totally separated from the drugstore, which was the public part. I relished the thought that the steady stream of white customers who went in and out of our drugstore did not know what our dining room was like, did not even know if we had one. It was like having a concealed weapon to use against your enemy.

The dining room was a square-shaped, white-walled room on the east side of the building. The brilliant light of the morning sun was reflected from the walls so that the whole room seemed to shimmer with light and the walls were no longer white but a pale yellow. I thought my father looked quite handsome in this room. His skin was a deep reddish-brown, and he was freshly shaved. He had used an after-shaving lotion, and it gave his face a shiny look. He was bald-headed, and in this brilliantly sunlit room the skin on his face and on his head looked as though it had been polished.

The dining-room table was oak. It was square in shape, well suited to the square shape of the room. The chairs had tall backs and there was a design across the top of each one. The design looked as though it had been pressed into the wood by some kind of machine.

My mother sat at one end of the table and my father sat at the other end, in armchairs. I sat on one side of the table, and my Aunt Sophronia sat on the other side. She was my mother's youngest sister. She and my mother looked very much alike, though she was lighter in color than my mother. They were both short, rather small-boned women. Their eyes looked black, though they were a very dark brown. They wore their hair the same way—piled up on top of their heads. My mother's hair was beginning to turn gray, but Aunt Sophronia's was black. There was a big difference in their voices. Aunt Sophronia's voice was low-pitched, musical—a very gentle voice.

My aunt and my mother and father were drinking their second cups of coffee and I was drinking my second glass of milk when my father said he thought the cherry tree had spoken to him. They both looked at him in surprise.

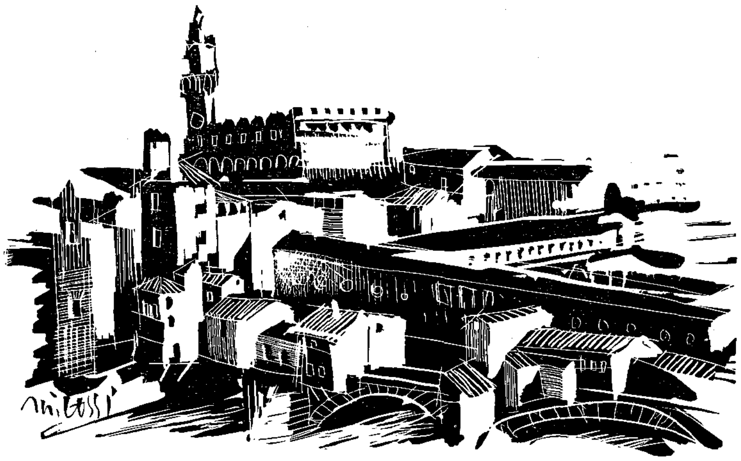
I asked, "What did the tree say?"

"It bent down toward me and it said . . ." He paused, beckoned to me to lean toward him a little more. He lowered his voice. "The tree said, 'Child of the sun—' " He stopped talking and looked directly at me. In that sunwashed room, his eyes were reddish-brown, almost the same color as his skin, and I got the funny feeling that I had never really looked right at him before, and that he believed the tree had said something to him, and I was shocked. He whispered, "The tree said, 'It will soon be time to go and open the drugstore!' "

I scowled at him and he threw his head back and laughed, making a roaring, explosive sound. It was just as though he had said, "Got you, you idiot—you—ha, ha, ha." He opened his mouth so wide I could see his gums, red and moist, see the three teeth that he had left, one in the upper jaw and two in the lower jaw, even see his tonsils. I began muttering to him in my mind, "How do you chew your food, old toothless one with the red-brown skin and the bald head. Go up, thou bald head. Go up, thou bald-headed black man."

RIGHT after breakfast, I helped my father open the drugstore for the day. I was still annoyed that he had been able to fool me into thinking he believed a cherry tree had spoken to him, but I so enjoyed working in the drugstore that I would not deny myself that pleasure simply because he had deliberately talked nonsense and I had been stupid enough to believe him.

He swept the floor with a big soft-bristled broom. Then he went outside and swept off the long, wooden steps that ran all the way across the front of the building. He left the front door open, and the cool, sweet-smelling early-morning air dispelled the heavy odor of cigars, the sticky vanilla smell from the soda fountain, and the medicinal smell of the prescription room—part alcohol, part spicy things, part disinfectant.



I put change in both the cash registers—the one in the store proper and the one behind the fountain. The fountain was in a separate room, rather like a porch with a great many windows. I put syrups in the fountain—chocolate, Coca-Cola, root beer, lemon, cherry, vanilla. The chocolate syrup had a mouth-watering smell, and the cherry and the lemon syrups smelled like a fruit stand on a hot summer day, but the root beer and the Coca-Cola syrups smelled like metal.

Our black-and-white cat sat in the doorway and watched my father. The cat yawned, opening his mouth wide, and I could see his wonderful flexible pink tongue and his teeth—like the teeth of a tiger, only smaller, of course. I wondered if cats ever became practically toothless, like my father. He wouldn't have cavities filled because he said all that silver or amalgam or gold or whatever it was, and all that X-raying that butterfingered dentists do, and all that use of Novocain was what made people develop cancer of the jaw. When his teeth hurt and the dentist said the pain was due to a big cavity, he simply had the tooth pulled out without an anesthetic. Once, I asked him if it hurt to have teeth pulled without Novocain or gas. He said, "Of course it hurts. But it is a purely temporary hurt. The roots of my teeth go straight down and it is a very simple matter to pull them out. I've pulled some of them out myself."

I sorted the newspapers, looked at the headlines, quickly skimmed the inside of the Buffalo *News*. I saw a picture of a man, obviously an actor, wearing a straw hat. I wanted the picture because of his tooth-revealing grin, and I reminded myself to cut it out. The newspapers that didn't sell were returned for credit. Quite often I snipped out items that interested me. I always hunted for articles that dealt with the importance of chewing food thoroughly, and for pictures of men with no teeth, and for pictures of very handsome men exposing a great many teeth. I intended to leave this particular picture on the prescription counter, where my father would be sure to see it.

When Aunt Sophronia came to work at nine o'clock, the store was clean and it smelled good inside. Like my father, she was a pharmacist, and when he was not in the store, she was there. She wore dark skirts and white shirtwaists when she was working, and she put on a gray cotton store coat so that people would know she worked in the store and would not think she was a customer.

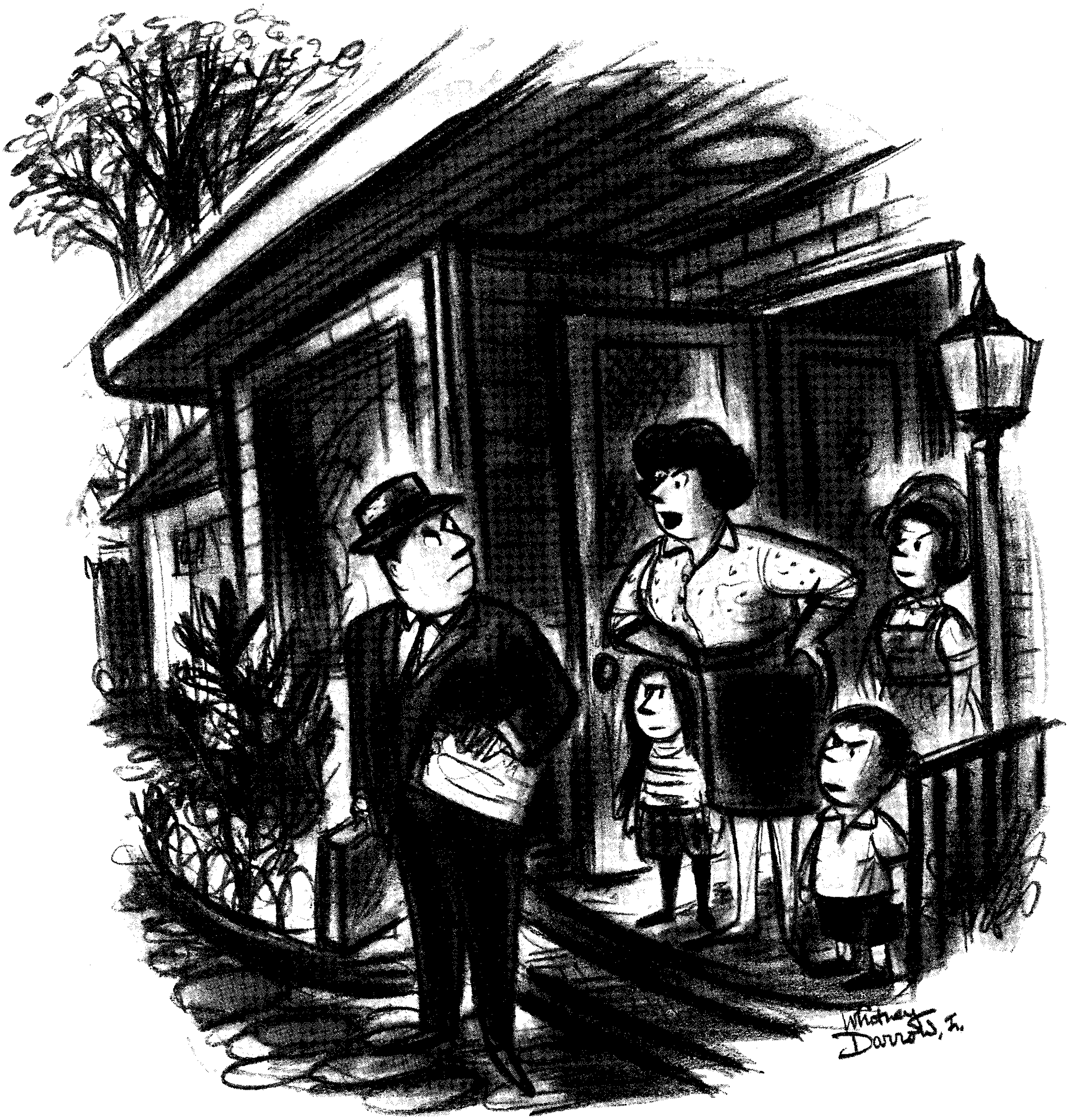
One other person worked in the drugstore—Pedro, a twelve-year-old Portuguese boy. He was supposed to arrive at nine on Saturdays and Sundays. He was always prompt, and the first stroke of the town clock had not yet sounded when he came hurrying into the store. He was a very sturdily built boy, with big dark eyes. He had an enormous quantity of tangled black hair. He couldn't afford to have his hair cut at the barbershop, so my father cut it for him. The first time I saw him cutting Pedro's hair out in the back room, I asked him if he knew how to cut hair.

He said, "No."

I said, "Well, how do you know what to do?"

"I don't," he said, snipping away with the scissors. "But I can shorten it some. Otherwise, he'll look like a girl."

Though Pedro was fond of all of us, he had a special feeling about my father. He told my father that he would like to stay in the store all the time—he could sleep in the back room, and all he needed was a blanket and a mattress and he could bring those from home, and he would provide his own food and clothes. There were eleven kids in his family, and I imagine he preferred being part of a family in which there were fewer people, and so decided to become a member of our family. My father wouldn't let him sleep in the back room, but Pedro did manage to spend most of his waking hours (when he wasn't in school, of course) at the store. He provided his own food. He ate oranges, sucking out the juice and the pulp. He hung a big smoked sausage from one of the rafters in the back room and sliced off pieces of


Whitney Darrow, Jr.

". . . And another thing. We'd all get along much better if you'd stop writing us memos."

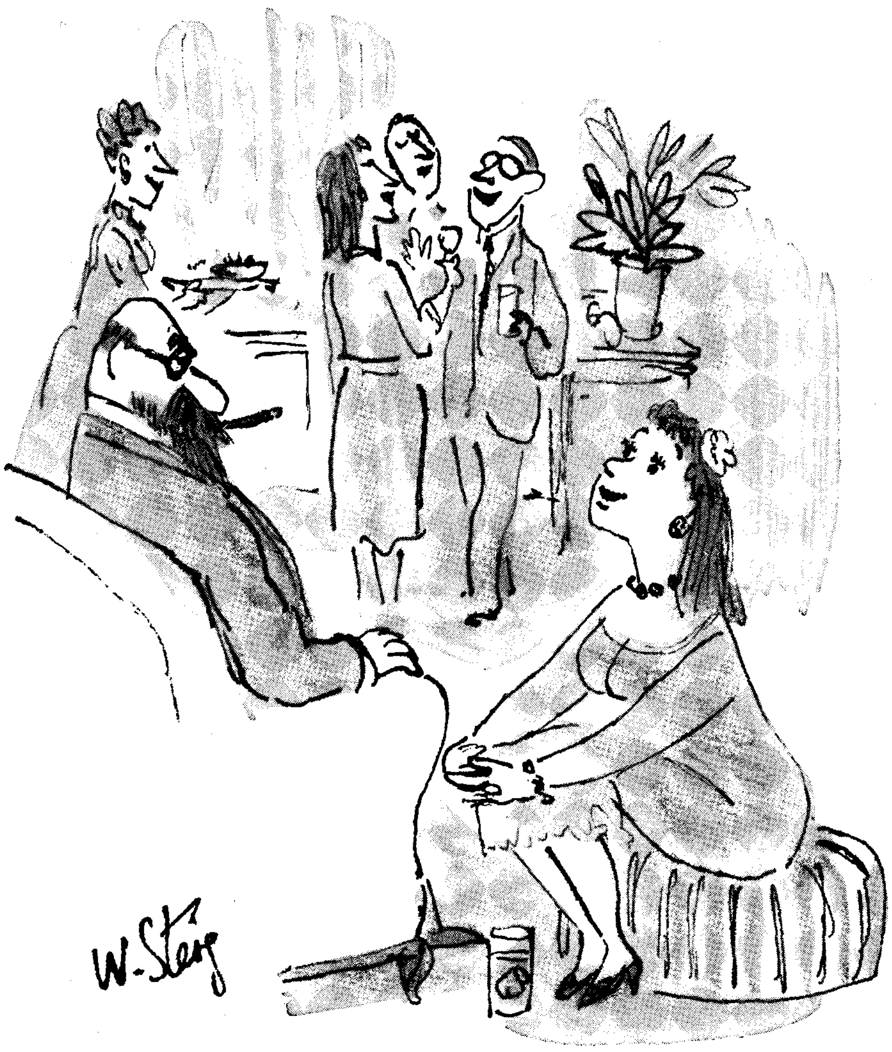
• •

it for his lunch. He loved fresh pineapple, and he was always saying that the only thing in the world he'd ever steal if he couldn't get it any other way would be a ripe pineapple.

At one minute after nine, my father went to the post office. When he left, he was holding some letters that he was going to mail. I thought his hand looked big and very dark holding all those white envelopes. I went to the door and watched him as he walked up the street, past the elm trees, past the iron urn on the village green, past the robins and the tender green young grass on each side of the gravel path. He had a stiff straw hat tilted just a little toward the back of his head. As he moved off up the street, he was whistling "Ain't goin' to study war no more, no more, no more."

We were so busy in the store that morning that I did not realize what time it was until my mother called up to find out why my father had not been home for his noon meal. There was such a sharp line of demarcation between house and store that my mother always telephoned the drugstore when she had a message for my father.

Aunt Sophronia answered the phone. I heard her say, "He's not in the store right now—he's probably in the cellar. We'll send him right along." After she



“Thank you for explaining love to me.”

• •

hung up the receiver, she said, “See if your father is in the cellar unpacking stock or way down in the yard burning rubbish.”

He wasn’t in the cellar and he wasn’t in the back yard. The burner was piled high with the contents of the wastebasket from the prescription room (junk mail, empty pillboxes, old labels) and the contents of the rubbish box from the fountain (straws, paper napkins, popsicle wrappers).

All three cherry trees were still filled with bees, and they were buzzing on their one note. I walked from one tree to the next, pausing to listen, looking up into the white blossoms, and the trees seemed to be alive in a strange way because of the comings and goings of the bees. As I stood there, I felt it would be very easy to believe that those trees could speak to me.

I went back to the drugstore, and Aunt Sophronia said, “You didn’t see him?”

“No. And I don’t think he ever came back from the post office. Each time someone asked for him, I thought he was in the back room or down in the cellar or outside in the yard. And each time, whoever it was wanted him said they’d come back later, and I never really had to look for him.”

“I’ll call the post office and ask if he’s picked up our packages, and that way I’ll find out if he’s been there without actually saying that we’re looking for him.”

I could hear her end of the conversation, and obviously he hadn’t been in the post office at all that morning. She hung up the telephone and called the railroad station and asked if Mr. Layen had been there to get an express package. The stationmaster had a big booming voice, and I could hear him say “No.” Aunt Sophronia said, “You would have seen him if he had been at the station?” He said, “I certainly would.”

Pedro and I wanted to go and look for my father. Aunt Sophronia snapped at us, saying, “Don’t be foolish. Where would you look? In the river? In the taverns? Your father wouldn’t kill himself, and he doesn’t drink. . . .”

She frightened me. She had frightened Pedro, too; he was pale and his eyes looked bigger. I had thought my father was late for dinner because he had stopped somewhere to talk and got involved in a long-winded conversation, and that if Pedro and I had walked up or down the street we would have found him and told him his dinner was ready. Aunt Sophronia obviously thought something dreadful had happened to him. Now we began to think so, too.

We kept waiting on the customers just as though there was no crisis in our family. I kept saying to myself, “Your father dies, your mother dies, you break your leg or your back, you stand in a pool of cold sweat from a fever, you stand in a pool of warm blood from a wound, and you go out in the store and smile and say, ‘Fine, just fine, we’re all fine, nothin’s ever wrong with us cull-ed folks.’ ”

Whenever the store was empty, my aunt would say nervously, “What could have happened to him?” And then clear her throat two or three times in quick succession—a sure sign that she was upset and frightened. Later in the afternoon she said in a queer way, just as though he had passed out of our lives and she was already reminiscing about him, “He did everything at exactly the same time every day. He always said that was the only way you could run a store—have a certain time for everything and stick to it.”

This was true. He opened the drugstore promptly at eight, he went to get the mail promptly at nine, and he ate his dinner at twelve. At four in the afternoon, he drank a bottle of Moxie—the only soda pop that he regarded as fit for human consumption; he said if that were ever taken off the market he would have to drink tea, which upset his stomach because it was a drink suited to the emotional needs of the Chinese, the East Indians, the English, the Irish, and nervous American females, and it had, therefore, no value for him, representing as he did a segment of a submerged population group only a few generations out of Africa, where his ancestors had obviously been witch doctors.

On Sundays he went to church. He went in through the rear entrance and into the choir loft from the back about two minutes after the service started. There was a slight stir as the ladies of the choir and the other male singer (a tall, thin man who sang bass) rearranged themselves to make room for him. He sang a solo almost every Sunday, for he had a great big, beautiful tenor voice. On Sundays he smelled strongly of after-shave lotion, and on weekdays he smelled faintly of after-shave lotion.

My aunt kept saying, "Where would he go? Where would he go?"

I said, "Maybe he went to Buffalo." I didn't believe this, but she'd have to stop clearing her throat long enough to contradict me.

"What would he go there for? Why wouldn't he say so? How would he get there?"

"He could go on the bus," I said. "Maybe he went to get new eyeglasses. He buys his eyeglasses in the five-and-ten. He likes five-and-tens."

"He hates buses. He says they smell and they lurch."

I laughed. "He says they stink and they lurch in such a way they churn the contents of your belly upside down." She made no comment, so I said again, "He buys his glasses in the five-and-ten in Buffalo and—"

"What?" she said. "I don't believe it."

"It's true. You ask Mother. She said that the last time they went to Buffalo . . ." I tried to remember how long ago that would have been.

"Well?"

"Well, Mother said she wanted to get a new hat and he said that he'd be in the five-and-ten. So after she got the hat, she went down the street and went in the five-and-ten, and there was Samuel and an old colored man with him, and they were bent practically double over a counter. She told me, 'Your father had a piece of newspaper in his hand and he had on a pair of glasses, and he was looking at this newspaper, saying, "No, not strong enough," and he moved on and picked up another pair of glasses and put them on and said, "Let's see. Ah! Fine!" Then he turned to this old colored man, a dreadful-looking old man, ragged and dirty and unshaven and smelling foully of whiskey, and he said to him, "You got yours?"' Mother said, 'Samuel, what ever are you doing?' Even when she told it, she sounded horrified. He said, 'I'm getting my glasses.' Then he asked the old man if he'd got his, and the old man nodded and looked at Mother and sort of slunk away. I suppose she had on one of those flowered hats and white gloves. Mother said she looked at the counter and there were rows and rows of glasses and they were all fifty cents apiece. And that's what Samuel uses—that's what he's always used. He says that he doesn't need special lenses, that he hasn't anything unusual the matter with his eyes. All he needs is some magnifying glass so that he can see to read small printed matter, and so that's why he buys his glasses in the five-and-ten." I stopped talking.

My aunt didn't say anything. She frowned at me.

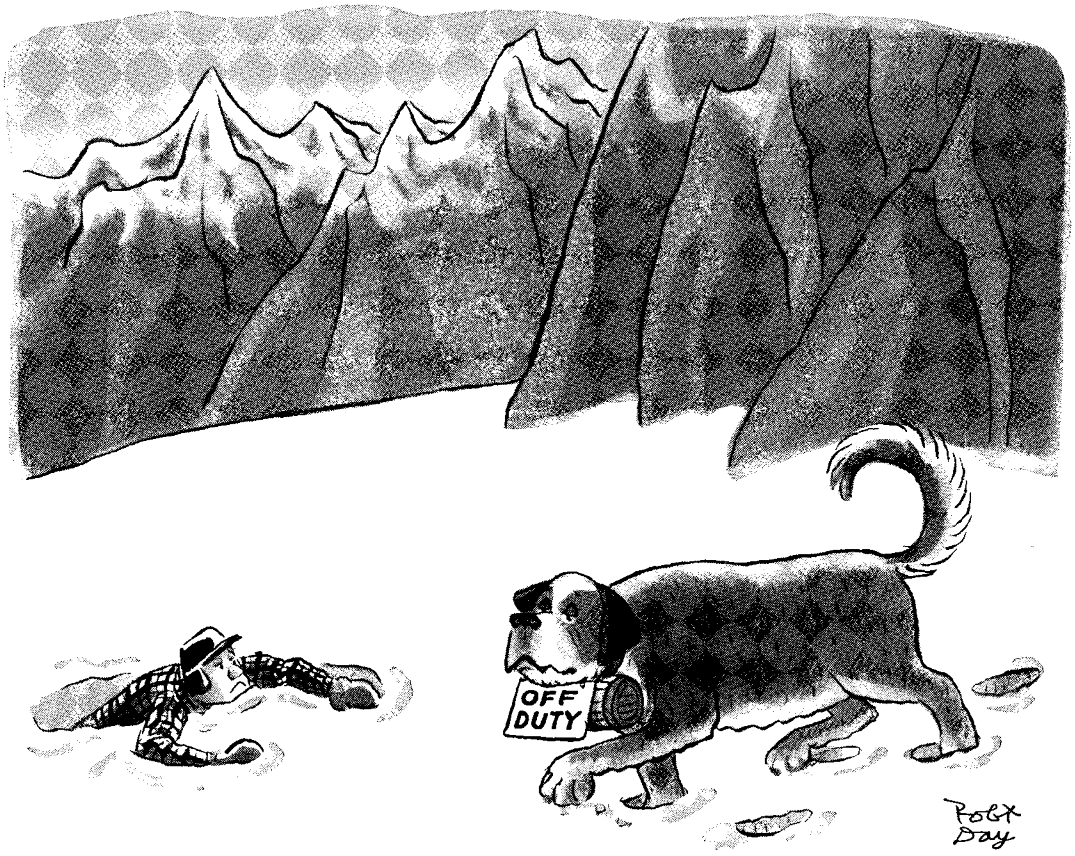
So I started again. "He gets two pair at a time. Sometimes he loses them. Sometimes he breaks them. You know he likes to push them up high on top of his forehead, out of the way when he isn't using them, and his bald head is always greasy or sweaty and the glasses slide off on the floor and quite often they break. Didn't you know that?"

She said, "No, and I wish you'd stop calling your father Samuel." She went to wait on a customer.

I sat down on the high stool in front of the prescription counter. I didn't believe that my father had gone to Buffalo. He wouldn't go away without leaving any message. I wondered if he'd been kidnapped, and dismissed the idea as ridiculous. Something must have happened to him.

My mother called the store again, and right afterward Aunt Sophronia told Pedro to go in through the kitchen door and get coffee and sandwiches that Mrs. Layen had made and bring them into the store. We ate in the back room, one at a time. We didn't eat very much. I didn't like the smell of the coffee. It has always seemed to me that the human liver doesn't like coffee, that it makes the liver shiver. But all my family drank coffee and so did Pedro, and they didn't like to have me tell them how I felt about it.

I sat in the back room with that liver-shivering smell in my nose and looked out the back door. It was a pleasant place to sit and eat. It was a big room, and the rafters in the ceiling were exposed. True, there was a lot of clutter—pots and pans and mops and brooms, and big copper kettles stuck in corners or hanging from the rafters, and piles of old newspapers and magazines stacked on empty cartons. The walls were lined with small boxes that contained herbs. Some wholesale druggist had thrown them out, and my father had said he'd take them, because a dried herb would be good a hundred years from now; if it were properly dried, it would not lose its special properties. The back room always smelled faintly of aromatic substances—a kind of sneeze-making smell. The door was open, and I could look out into the back yard and see the cherry trees and the



POSTCARDS FROM SOVIET CITIES

MOSCOW

Gold onions rooted in the sky
Grow downward into sullen, damp
Museums where, with leaden eye,
Siberian tourists dumbly tramp.

The streets are wide as silences.
The cobblestones between the GUM
And Kremlin echo—an abyss
Lies sealed within a giant room.

The marble box where Lenin sleeps
Receives the Tartar gaze of those
Who come from where Far Russia keeps
Her counsels wrapped in deadening snows.

St. Basil's, near at hand, erects
The swirlings that so charmed the Czar
He blinded both the architects
To keep such beauty singular.

LENINGRAD

"To build a window on the west"
Great Peter came to Neva's mouth
And found a swamp, which he oppressed
With stones imported from the south.

The city, subtly polychrome
(Old ochre, green, and dull maroon),
Can make Italians feel at home
Beneath the tilted arctic noon.

The Palace holds, pistachio,
A wilderness of treasure where
The ghosts of plump czarinas go
On dragging diamonds up the stair.

Suburban acres of the dead
Memorialize the Siege, a hell
Of blackened snow and watered bread.
Some couples Twist in our hotel.

KIEV

Clutching his cross, St. Vladimir
Gazes with eyes that seem to grieve
Across the sandy Dnieper, where
He baptized godforsaken Kiev.

Now deconverted trolleys turn
Around the square, emitting sparks.
The churches, cold as old snow, burn
With gilt above the poplar parks.

Beneath the earth, in catacombs,
Dried patriarchs lie mummified;
Brocaded silk enmeshed with bones
Offends our trim, mascaraed guide,

Who, driving homeward, gestures toward
The ruins of Moussorgsky's Gate—
Like some old altar, unrestored,
Where peasant women supplicate.

YEREVAN

Armenia, Asia's waif, has here
At last constructed shelter proof
Against all Turkish massacre.
A soft volcanic rock called *toof*

Carves easily and serves to be
The basis of the boulevards
That lead from slums of history
Into a future stripped of swords.

The hotel, pink and crescent-shaped,
Faces a fountain. Mountains, tan
And sere, bear poles for power raped,
Affectionately, from Lake Sevan.

Mount Ararat, a conscience, floats
Cloudlike, in sight but unpossessed,
For here, where Noah docked his boat,
Begins the brutal, ancient West.

—John Updike

• •

forsythia and all the flowering shrubs and the tender new grass.

WE were very busy in the store all that afternoon. At five o'clock, my mother came in through the back door and sat down in the prescription room. She kept looking out of the window, toward the green. She had on a hat—a dark-blue straw hat with small white flowers across the front—and her best black summer suit and white gloves. She was obviously dressed for an emergency, for disaster, prepared to identify Samuel Layen in hospital or morgue or police station.

The customers came in a steady stream. They bought the afternoon papers, cigarettes, tobacco. Men on their way home from work stopped to get ice cream for dessert. As the afternoon wore along, the shadows from the elm trees lengthened until they were as long as the green was wide. The iron urn in the middle looked chalk white. As the daylight slowly diminished, the trunks of the trees—that great expanse of trunk without branches, characteristic of the elms—seemed to be darkening and darkening.

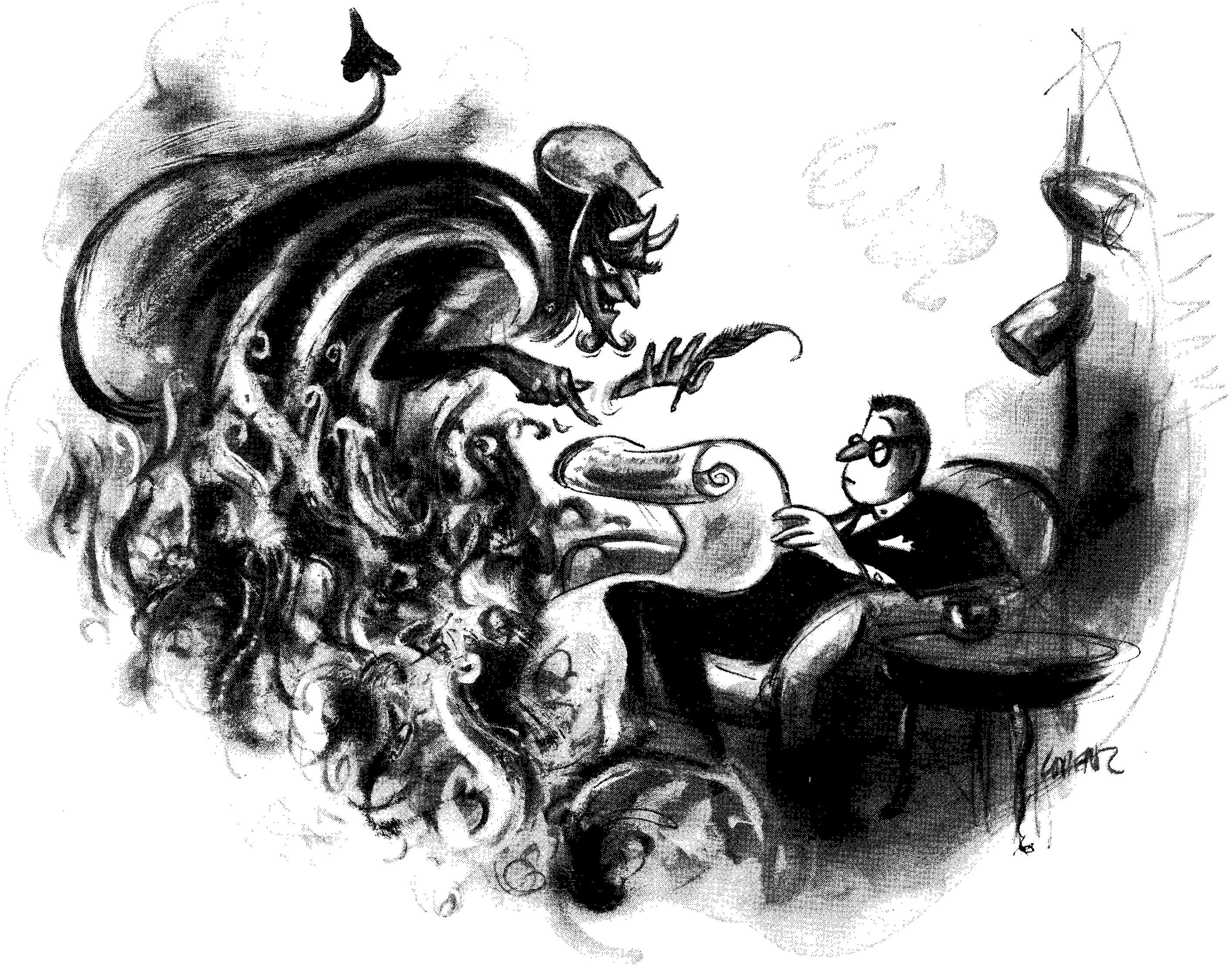
I turned on the lights in the store and the student lamp on the prescription counter. It wasn't really quite dark enough to justify turning on the lights and I thought my aunt would say this, but she didn't. She asked my mother if she would like a glass of ginger ale.

"That would be very nice, thank you," my mother said. Her voice was deeper and harsher, and its carrying quality seemed to have increased.

"Pedro, get Mrs. Layen a glass of ginger ale."

When Pedro brought the ginger ale, Mother took a sip of it and then put it on the window sill. It stayed there—bubbles forming, breaking, breaking, forming, breaking, until finally it was just a glass of yellowish liquid sitting forgotten on the window sill.

When there weren't any customers in the store, we all went into the prescrip-



"*And if you find, despite everything, that you still can't stop smoking, there'll be no obligation.*"

• •

tion room and sat down and waited with my mother. We sat in silence—Pedro and Aunt Sophronia and my mother and I. I kept thinking, But my father wouldn't leave us of his own free will. Only this morning at breakfast he said he wouldn't want to live anywhere else in the world except right here where we live. It could be suicide, or he could have been murdered. Certainly not kidnapped for ransom. What do we own? We don't own a car. There's the old building where we live and there's the store with its ancient mahogany-colored fixtures and glass-enclosed cases and the fountain room. But if it were all put together with our clothes and our household goods—pots and pans and chairs and tables and sofas and beds and mirrors—it wouldn't add up to anything to kidnap a man for.

Then I thought, Perhaps he left my mother for another woman. Preposterous. He was always saying that the first time he saw her she was sixteen and he decided right then and there he was going to marry her; she had big, black, snappy eyes, and her skin was so brown and so beautiful. His friends said he would be robbing the cradle, because he was twenty-four. He did marry her when she was eighteen. He said that whenever he looked at her he always thought, Black is the color of my true love's hair.

Aunt Sophronia said, "Perhaps we should put something in the newspaper—something . . ."

My mother said, "No," harshly. "The Layens would descend like a horde of locusts, crying 'Samuel! Samuel! Samuel!' No. They all read the Buffalo *Recorder* and they would be down from Buffalo before we could turn around twice. Sometimes I think they use some form of astral projection. No. We won't put anything in the newspapers, not even if . . ."

I knew she was going to say, or had stopped herself from saying, "even if he is dead," though I did not see how she could keep an account of his death out of the newspapers.

My mother said my father's family was like a separate and warlike tribe—arrogant, wary, hostile. She thought they were probably descended from the Watusi. In Buffalo, they moved through the streets in groups of three or four. She always had the impression they were stalking something. Their voices were very low in pitch, almost guttural, and unless you listened closely you got the impression they were not speaking English but were simply making an accented sound—uh-uh-uh-*uh*—that only they could understand.

Whenever my great-grandfather, the bearded patriarch of the family, went out on the streets of Buffalo, he was accompanied by one of his grandsons, a boy about fourteen, tall, quick-moving. The boy was always given the same instructions: "Anything happen to your grandfather, anybody say anything to him, you come straight back here, straight back here." "Anybody say anything to him" meant if anyone called him "out of his name." If this occurred, my mother said the boy would go straight home with the old man and emerge in the company of Uncle Joe, Uncle Bill, Uncle Bobby, Uncle John, Uncle George, my father, Aunt Kate, and Aunt Hal—all of them hellbent on vengeance.

They had lived in New Jersey—they always said "Jersey"—at the foot of a mountain they called Sour Mountain. When they first came to New York State, they lived in Albany. The whole clan—Great-Grandma, Great-Grandpa, Grandma and Grandpa, and all eight children including my father, Samuel, and a baby—came to Albany on one of the Hudson River boats. They had six ducks in wooden cages going splat all over the deck, a huge, woolly black dog—ancestry unknown, temper vicious—and six painted parlor chairs that Great-Grandma insisted on bringing with her. The men and boys wore black felt hats, and the skin on their faces and hands was almost as dark as the felt of the hats. They wore heavy black suits that Great-Grandma had made for them. Whenever anyone approached them on the boat, they executed a kind of flanking motion and very quickly formed a circle, the men facing the outside, the women on the inside.

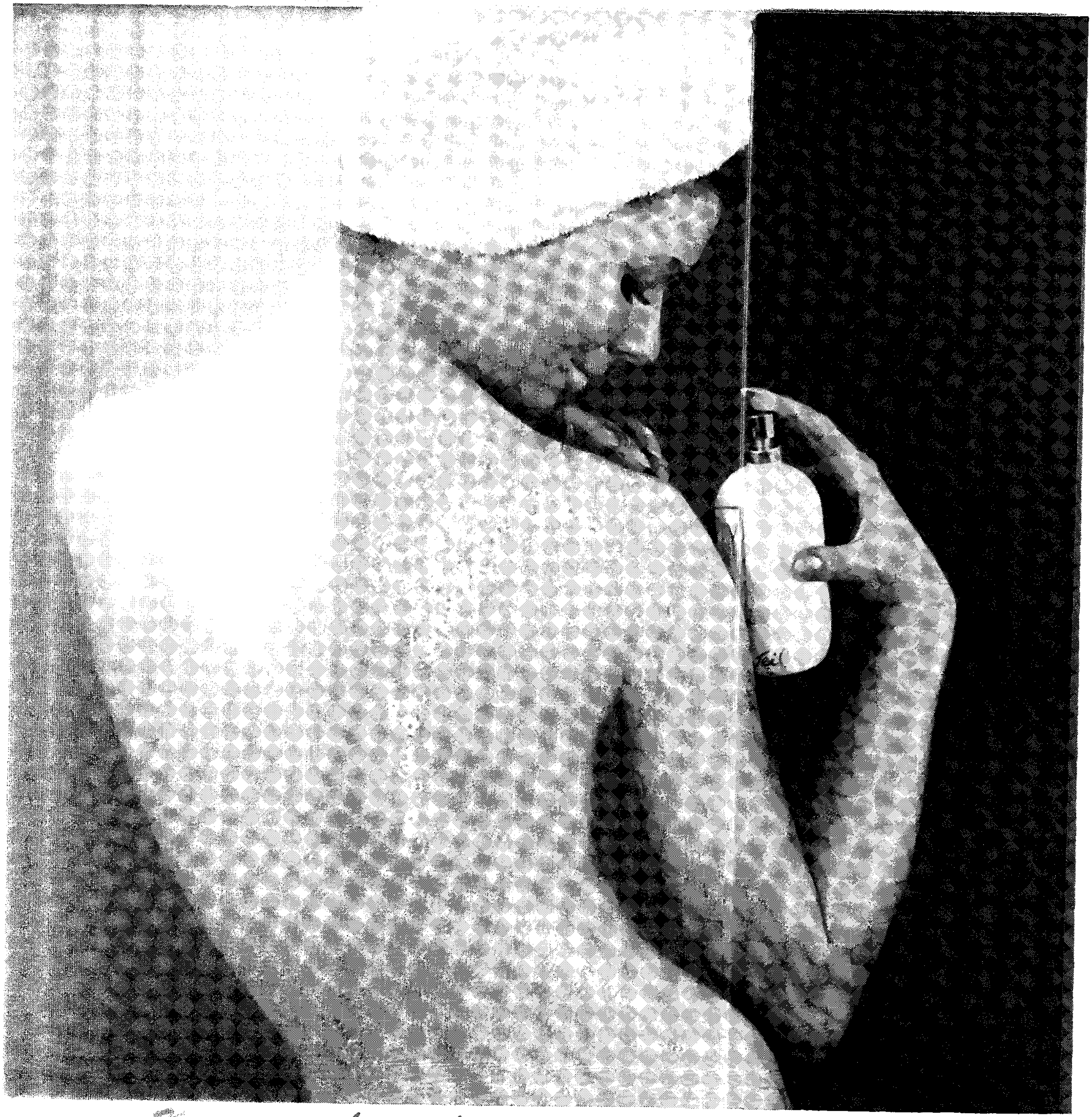
My mother once told me she knew all the details about the arrival of these black strangers in Albany, because her family had known a colored man who worked on the Hudson River boats and he had told her father about it. When the boat approached the dock, it had to be maneuvered into position, and so it started to move back down the river. It did not go very far, but there was an ever-increasing length of water between the boat and the dock. The sun was out, the brass railings gleamed in the sunlight, and the white paint sparkled as the boat edged away from the dock. The dark-skinned, fierce-looking men held a conference. The old bearded man who was my great-grandfather gave a cry—a trumpeting kind of cry—and took a long running leap off the boat and landed on the dock. He began walking up and down the dock, hitting it with his cane and bellowing, "You ain't takin' us back now, you know! Throw that baby down to me! Throw that baby down to me!" There were outraged cries from the people on the deck. One of the Layens threw the baby down to the old man and he caught it. He glared up at the scowling deckhands and the staring people and shouted, "Ain't goin' to take us back now, you know! We paid to get here. Ain't goin' to take us back now. Jump!" he roared. "All of you, jump!"

My mother said the colored man told her father this story, and he ended it by saying, "You know, those people jumped off that boat—even the women. They picked up all their stuff, even those damn ducks and that vicious dog and those chairs, and they took these long running leaps and landed on the dock. I never saw anything like it. And that old bearded black man kept walking up and down on the dock, hitting it with his cane, and he's got this baby, dangling it by one foot, and he's hollering out and hollering out, 'We paid to get here! Ain't goin' to take us back now, you know!' "

I sat in the prescription room staring at my mother and thinking again, If my father died, she would not tell his family? Even if he died? She would be afraid to tell them for fear they would arrive in Wheeling and attack all the inhabitants—they would be as devastating as a gang of professional stranglers. Old as he was now, my great-grandfather wouldn't ride in an automobile and he

POLICE
B TOBEY

"*Yes, and I can tell you something else that doesn't pay.*"



Keep your skin cool and moist all summer with

BEAUTY COOL

Icy-cold foam that melts on your skin like a snowflake—moisturizing, soothing, refreshing as rain on a wilted garden and cooling as a dip in a *mountain stream.* Beauty Cool restores the moisture your skin loses to summer wind and sun. It vanishes almost instantly into the skin, leaving a cool smoothness and delicate fragrance as its only trace.

Germaine Monteil

LIQUORE GALLIANO
A LIQUEUR
SPECIALITY OF
Arturo Vaccari
of Livorno

Having a party? Invite Galliano, the legendary liqueur that sparkles with Italian sunshine...and makes dazzling good cocktails. For those with an adventurous taste, the following recipes are recommended:

BOSSA NOVA SPECIAL
(Prize-Winning Recipe—Nassau Beach Hotel Competition)
1 oz. Galliano
1 oz. Light Rum
¼ oz. Apricot Flavored Brandy
2 oz. Pineapple Juice
½ oz. White of Egg ¼ oz. Lemon Juice
Shake well, pour into a tall glass with ice cubes and decorate with fruit.

SCOTCH FROG COCKTAIL
(Prize-Winning Recipe—United Kingdom Bartenders Guild)
1 oz. Vodka
½ oz. Galliano
½ oz. Cointreau
Juice of 1 Lime Dash of Angostura Bitters
1 teaspoon Maraschino Cherry Juice
Shake and strain into champagne glass.

GALLIANO MIST
Fill old-fashioned glass with cracked ice. Pour 1 oz. Galliano over ice and squeeze and drop ¼ section fresh lime into glass. Stir and serve.

ITALIAN STINGER COCKTAIL
1 oz. Galliano
1¼ oz. Brandy
Shake well with cracked ice. Strain into cocktail glass.

COCKTAIL ST. VINCENT
(Prize-Winning Recipe—Associazione Italiano Barmen e Sostenitori)
1 oz. Galliano
1 oz. Light Cream
1 oz. Gin Few drops of Grenadine
Shake with ice and serve in cocktail glass.

GOLDEN CADILLAC
1 oz. Galliano
1 oz. White Creme de Cacao
1 oz. Cream
Place in blender with small quantity of crushed ice. Use low speed for short time until creamy. Pour into champagne glass.

WHITE MINK
1 oz. Galliano
½ oz. Triple Sec
½ oz. Vodka
½ oz. Cream
½ oz. Orange Juice
Shake with ice. Strain into champagne glass.

GOLDEN DREAM COCKTAIL
(Prize-Winning Recipe—United Kingdom Bartenders Guild)
1 oz. Galliano
½ oz. Cointreau
½ oz. Orange Juice ½ oz. Cream
Shake in cracked ice. Strain into cocktail glass.

Fond of things Italiano?

Mix these drinks with Galliano

80 PROOF LIQUEUR, IMPORTED BY McKESSON & ROBBINS, INC., NEW YORK, N.Y. ©McK&R, 1964

didn't like trains, so he would probably walk down to Wheeling from Buffalo, muttering to himself, intractable, dangerous, his beard quivering with rage, his little eyes blazing with the light of battle.

Customers kept coming into the store. Pedro and I waited on them. Once, when we were both behind the tobacco counter, he said, "I could just walk around in the town and look for him. I wouldn't tell people he was lost."

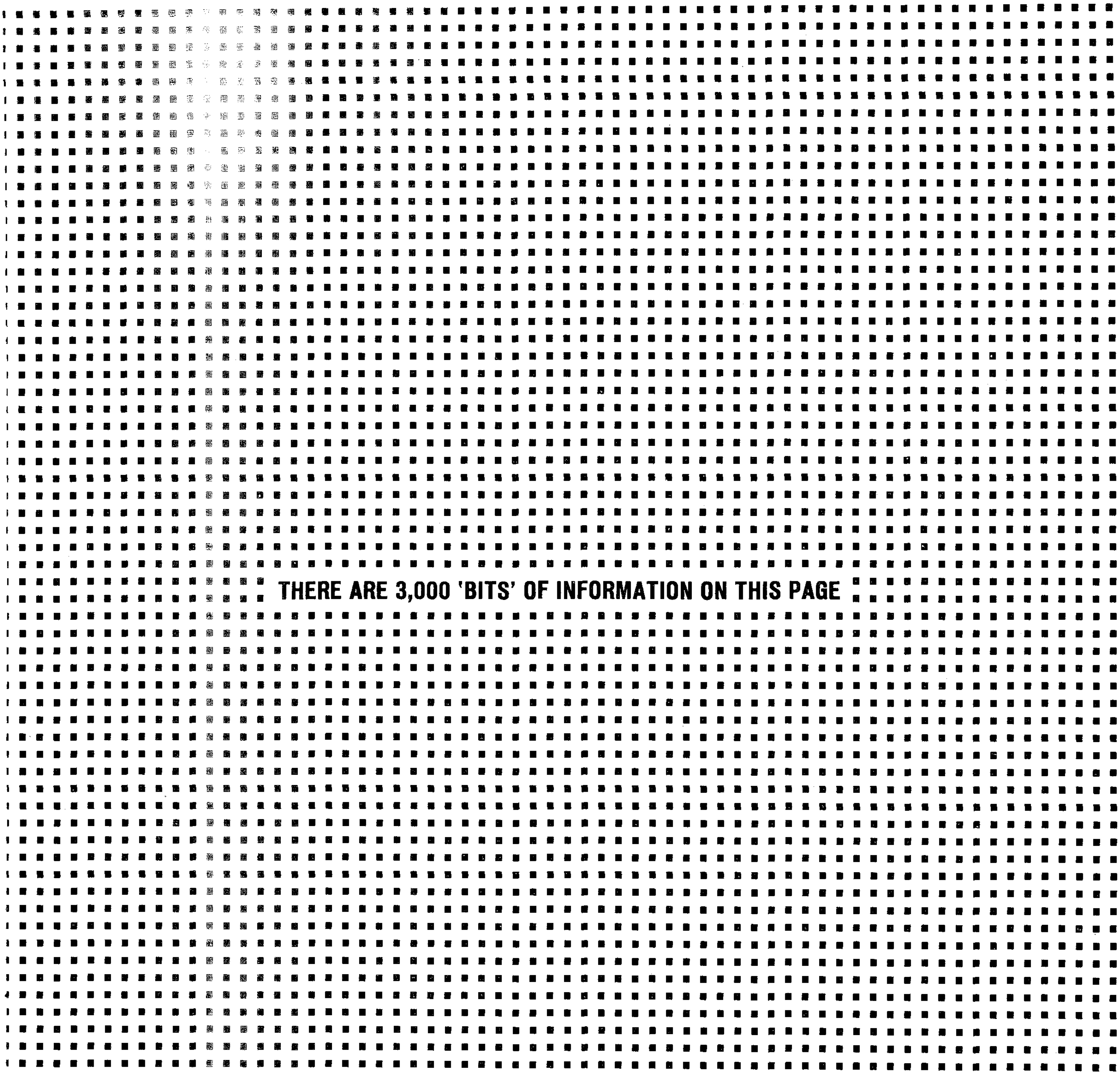
I shook my head. "Aunt Sophronia wouldn't like it."

Each time the phone rang, I answered it. I left the door of the phone booth open, so they could all hear what I said, in case it was some kind of news about my father. It never was. It was always somebody who wanted some of his chocolate syrup, or his special-formula cold cream, or his lotion for acne. I kept saying the same thing in reply. "He isn't here right now. We expect him, we expect him. When? Later. We expect him later."

There was an automatic closing device on the screen door which kept it from banging shut. It made a hissing sound when the door was opened. Each time we heard that hiss, we all looked toward the door expectantly, thinking perhaps this time it would be Samuel. Finally, Aunt Sophronia turned on a small radio on the prescription counter. There was a great deal of static, voices came in faintly, and there was a thin thread of music in the background—a confusion of sounds. I had never known my aunt to turn on the radio in the store. My father said that only certain kinds of decaying drugstores had radios blatting in them, and that the owners turned them on hoping to distract the customers' attention away from the leaks in the roof, the holes in the floor, the flyblown packages, and the smell of cat.

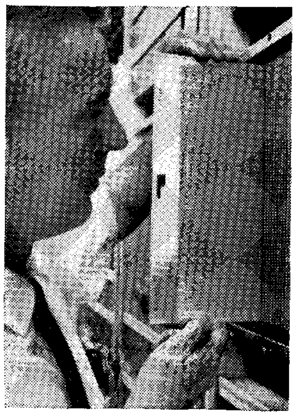
Aunt Sophronia sat on the high stool in front of the prescription counter, bent forward a little, listening. We all listened. My mother looked down at her hands, Pedro looked at the floor, Aunt Sophronia looked at the black-and-white linoleum on the counter. I thought, We're waiting to hear one of those fudge-voiced announcers say that a short, thick-bodied colored man has been found on the railroad track, train gone over him, or he's been found hanging or shot or drowned. Why drowned? Well, the river's close by.

I practiced different versions of the story. "Young woman finds short, thick-bodied, unidentified colored



THERE ARE 3,000 'BITS' OF INFORMATION ON THIS PAGE

Dots like these are part of an amazing electronic memory that can store, in binary language, 5.8 million "bits" of information. Such a memory unit is a fundamental part of the complex new Electronic Switching System that Western Electric is building for the Bell System. ☐ The dots are precisely 35 thousandths of an inch square and one thousandth thick. They are etched from magnetic material bonded to a thin aluminum sheet. One hundred and twenty-eight of these aluminum sheets are next placed into a module containing microscopically thin wires embedded in thin plastic to make a complete memory unit. ☐ This is merely one measure of the complexity of electronic switching. A typical system requires more than half a million other tiny components, such as transistors. Each of them must meet rigid standards of quality during manufacture. Only then can they be assembled into units that will work perfectly with every other of the billions of components that make up the nationwide Bell System communications network. ☐ As the manufacturing and supply unit of the Bell System, we share the goal of bringing you continual progress in communications. Electronic switching—developed by Bell Laboratories, built by Western Electric, operated by Bell telephone companies—is another giant step toward ever-better, low cost communications.



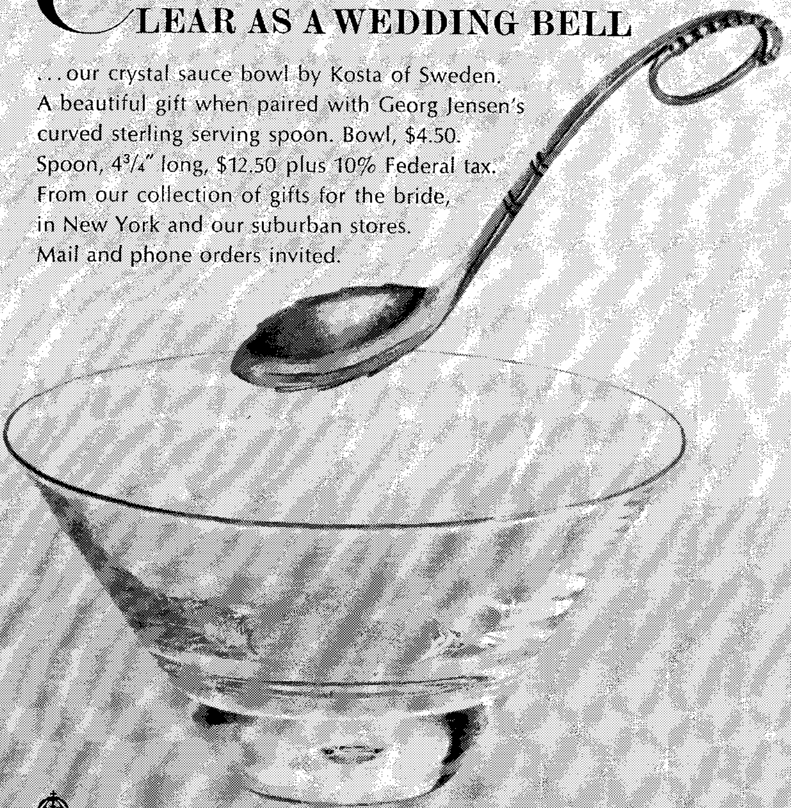
BELL SYSTEM

Western Electric

MANUFACTURING & SUPPLY UNIT OF THE BELL SYSTEM

CLEAR AS A WEDDING BELL

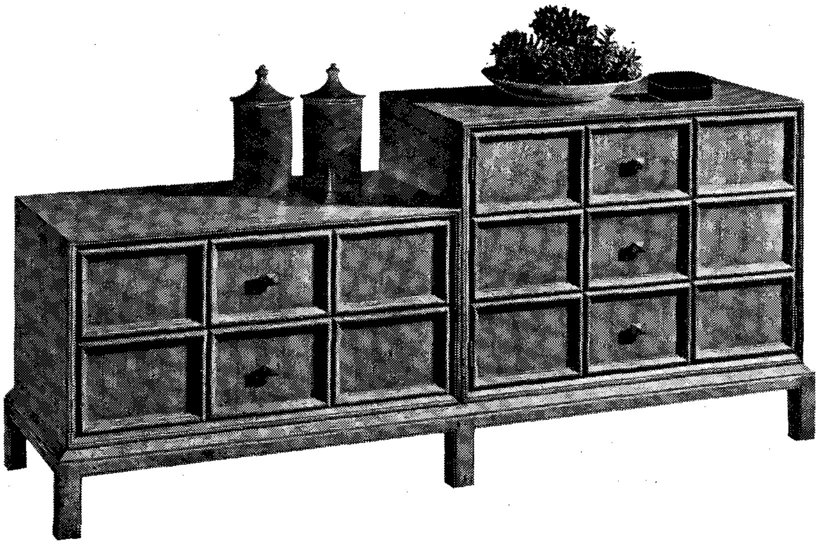
...our crystal sauce bowl by Kosta of Sweden.
A beautiful gift when paired with Georg Jensen's
curved sterling serving spoon. Bowl, $4.50.
Spoon, 4¾" long, $12.50 plus 10% Federal tax.
From our collection of gifts for the bride,
in New York and our suburban stores.
Mail and phone orders invited.



GEORG JENSEN INC.

667 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10022 • PL 1-2400
SCARSDALE MILLBURN MANHASSET

There's a quality about a home with Henredon



From Custom Folio Three: Storage units to stair-step or stack.
With doors, drawers, decks, adjustable shelves to suit your needs.

Henredon fine furniture

Custom Folio Three brochure, 50¢. Same brochure plus other living, dining,
bedroom collections, $2.00. Send to Henredon, Dept. NY5-29, Morganton, N.C.

See new Henredon Furniture decorating the Dorothy Draper
Dream Home in the Better Living Center at the World's Fair.

man." "Schoolchildren find colored druggist in river." "Negro pharmacist lost in mountains." "Black man shot by white man in love duel." Colored druggist. Negro pharmacist. Black man. My father? I hovered in the doorway listening to the radio—world-news roundup, weather, terrible music. Nothing about unidentified colored men.

Aunt Sophronia turned toward my mother and said something in a low voice.

"Police?" my mother said in a very loud voice, and repeated it. "Police?"

"He's been gone since nine o'clock this morning. What else can we do except call the police?"

"No!" My mother's voice was louder and harsher than I had ever heard it. "There's no need to go to the police. We don't know where Samuel is, but if we wait patiently we'll find out." Her eyes were open very wide and they glistened. It occurred to me that they might be luminous in the dark, like a cat's eyes.

"He might have had an accident."

"We would have been informed," my mother said firmly. "His name is engraved on the inside of his watch. His name is on his shirt and on his underwear and his handkerchiefs. I mark everything with indelible ink."

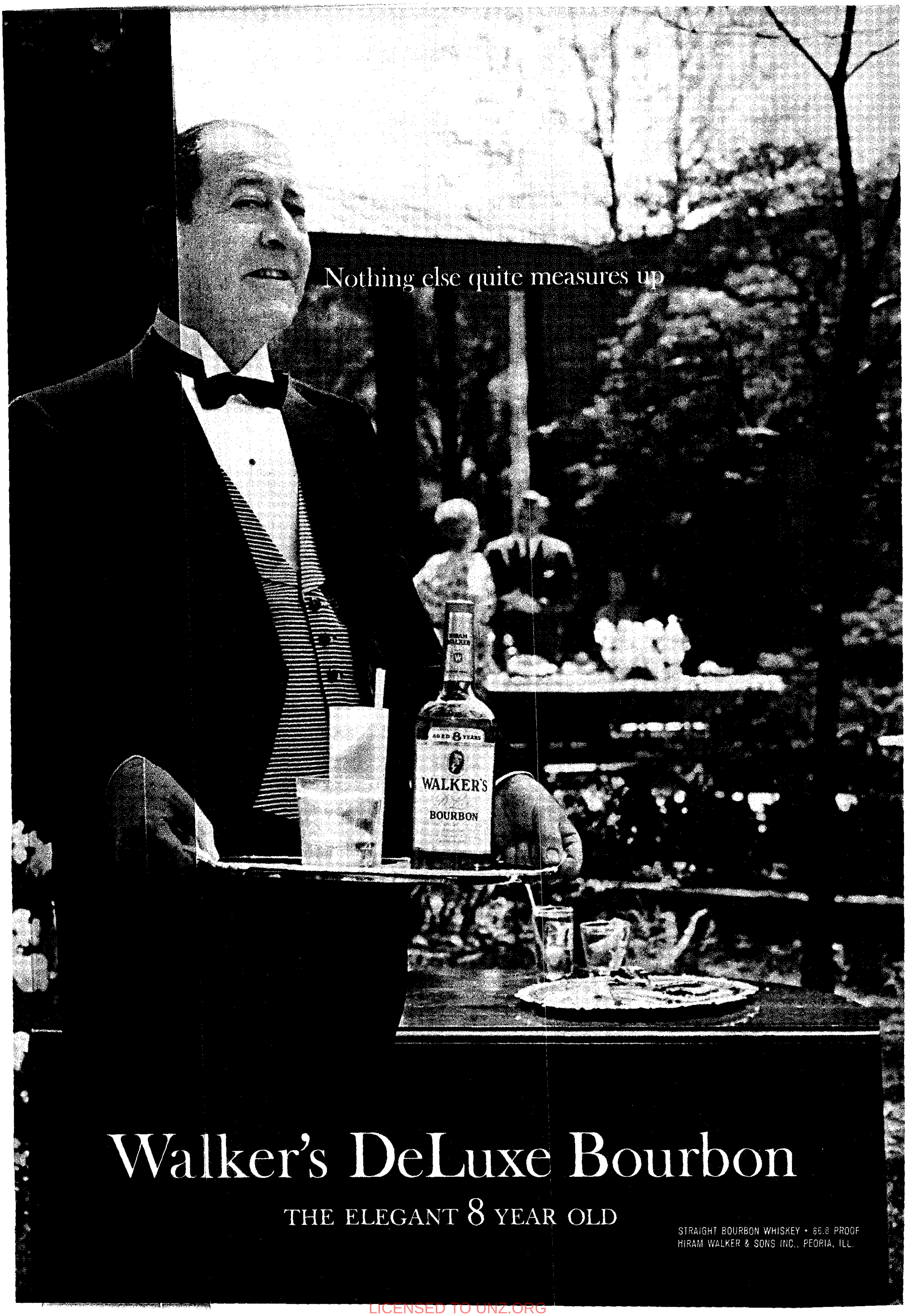
"But if it happened in Buffalo—"

"If what happened? What are you talking about?"

Aunt Sophronia began to cry. Right there in the prescription room. She made so much noise you could hear her out in the store. I was appalled. The private part of our life had suddenly and noisily entered the public part—or perhaps it was the other way around. When people cry and try to talk at the same time, their words come out jerkily and they have to speak between the taking of big convulsive breaths, and so they cannot control the volume of their speech and they shout, and that is what my quiet-voiced Aunt Sophronia was doing. She was shouting right there in the drugstore. Someone came into the store and turned to look toward the prescription room to see what was going on. Pedro ran out of the room to wait on the customer.

"I'm just as fond of him as you are!" Aunt Sophronia shouted between sobs and gasps and agonized-sounding crying noises. "Just as worried as you are! You can't just sit there and let him disappear! And not do anything about it!"

My mother stood up, looked at me, and said, "Call a taxi." Then she turned to my aunt and said, "We will


HIRAM WALKER
AGED 8 YEARS
WALKER'S
BOURBON

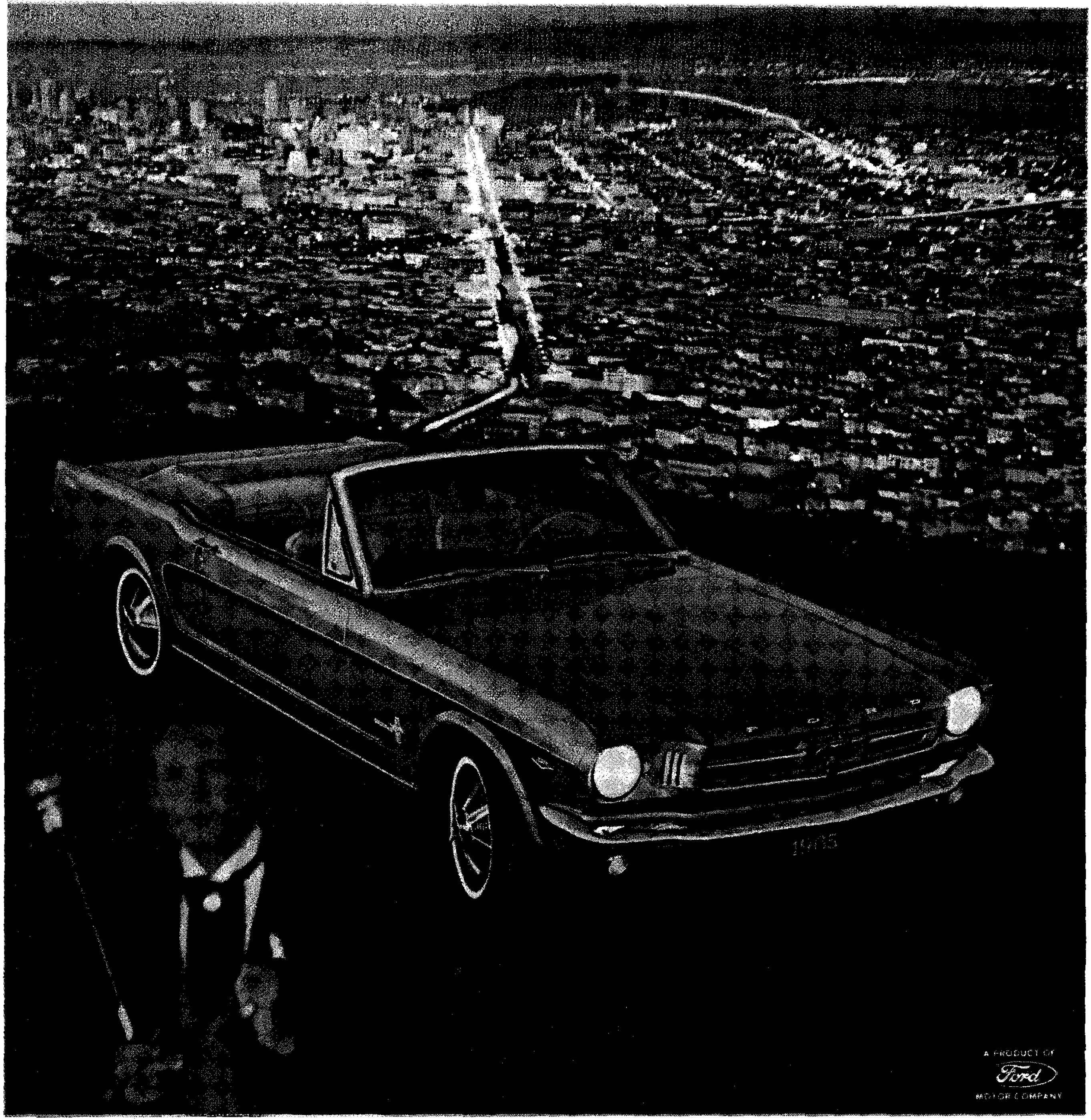
Nothing else quite measures up

Walker's DeLuxe Bourbon

THE ELEGANT 8 YEAR OLD

STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY • 86.8 PROOF
HIRAM WALKER & SONS INC., PEORIA, ILL.

RIDE WALT DISNEY'S MAGIC SKYWAY AT THE FORD MOTOR COMPANY PAVILION, NEW YORK WORLD'S FAIR



THE TOTAL PERFORMANCE MUSTANG CONVERTIBLE

Bernard was a born loser. He couldn't win at Solitaire, even when he cheated. Enter Mustang—the car that's practical, sporty, luxurious. Your choice! Bernard chose the sporty options. Lively new V-8. Four-on-the-floor. Tachometer and clock combo. Special handling package. Front disc brakes—and did Bernie's luck change! Yesterday he won San Francisco in a faro game. And now he's got his eye on New York. Mustangers always win.

Best year yet to go Ford

MUSTANG!
MUSTANG!
MUSTANG!

go to the Tenyeck Barracks and discuss this with the state police." Her voice was pitched so low and it was so loud that it sounded like a man's voice.

When the town taxi came, I stood in the doorway and watched them go down the front steps. It was perfectly obvious that my aunt had been crying, for her eyelids were red and swollen. My mother looked ill. They both seemed to have shrunk in size. They were bent over and so looked smaller and shorter than they actually were. When they reached the sidewalk, they turned and glanced up at me. I felt like crying, too. The flowered hat had slipped so far back on my mother's head that it made her look as though she were bald. Aunt Sophronia had a yellow pencil stuck in her hair, and she had put on an old black coat that hung in the back room. The coat was too big for her; the sleeves were too long, and it reached almost to her ankles. Under it, she was still wearing the gray cotton store coat. They looked like little old women—humble, questing, moving slowly. When they turned, I could see the white part of their eyes under the irises, and I had to look away from them.

Aunt Sophronia said, "If there are any prescriptions, I'll fill them later." Then she took my mother by the arm and they went toward the taxi. The driver got out and held the door open for them and closed it behind them.

I wondered what my mother would say to the state police. "My husband is missing. He is a short, broad-shouldered colored man, bald-headed, forty-eight years old"? Would the state police snicker and say, "Yes, we would hardly expect you, with your dark-brown skin, to be married to a white man. Wearing what when last seen?" "Light-gray summer suit and polka-dot bow tie, highly polished black shoes." The gravel path that bisects the village green was very dry this morning—no mud. So there would still have been polish on his shoes. But not if he were drowned. But who would drown him, and why? Might have drowned himself. Drowned himself? Surely she will say that he has only three teeth, three teeth only—one in the upper jaw and two in the lower jaw.

Then I thought, But why did they have to *go* to the police? Why couldn't they have telephoned? Because someone might have overheard the conversation. So what difference would that make? Did they think the police would send out a silent and invisible bloodhound to hunt for the colored druggist

Some men who wear walk shorts with aplomb were once British Colonial officers. Others are merely those who knowingly insist on British-made DAKS walk shorts.

DAKS®

BRITISH-MADE WALK SHORTS FROM $15.95

TAILORED BY S. SIMPSON LTD., LONDON, ENGLAND. IMPORTED BY DAKS U.S.A., INC., NEW YORK

BASKET WEAVES
MUTED STRIPES
GLEN CHECKS
GABARDINES

J. PRESS INC.

ENGLISH 'EQUATORIAL' TERYLENE/WORSTED SUITS

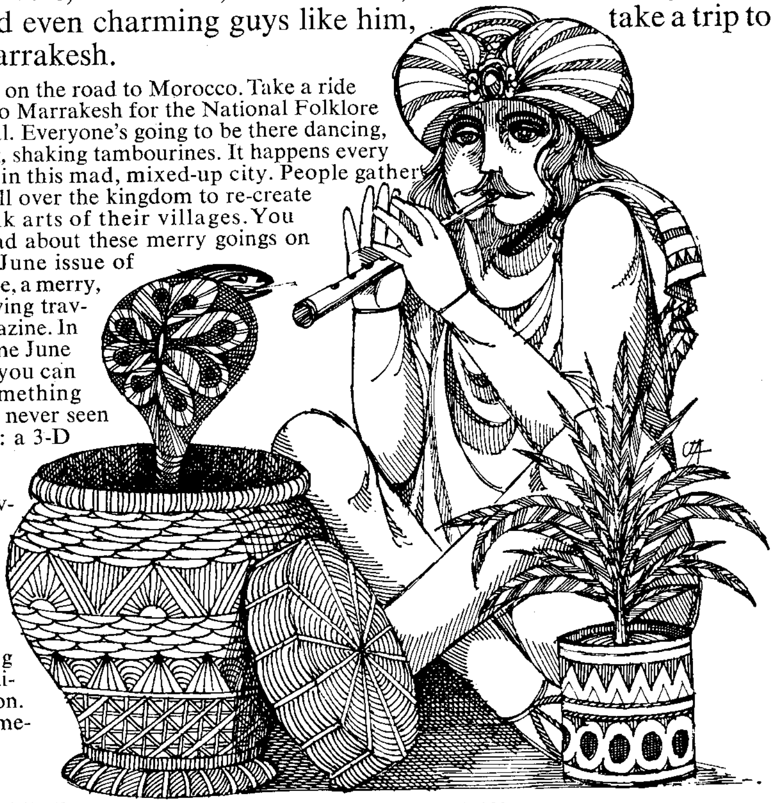
EQUATORIAL — the most featherweight of our suiting ranges. These superfine English Wool Worsteds blended with British Terylene, the aristocrat of polyester fibre linkage, weigh but 5½ ounces to the yard, and yet tailor admirably in the J. PRESS natural proportioned model. $120

SUPERSPUN GABARDINES of Dacron polyester and Wool Worsted continue as established J. PRESS favorites, noted for their wrinkle resistance and year 'round comfort $110

SINCE 1902
NEW HAVEN * CAMBRIDGE * NEW YORK
J. PRESS INC.
262 YORK ST. NEW HAVEN
82 MT. AUBURN ST. CAMBRIDGE
16 EAST 44TH ST. NEW YORK
COAST TO COAST TRAVEL EXHIBITS

Sample Swatches & Brochure Sent On Request

Regular Exhibits in 33 Principal Cities. Enquiries Invited.



If you'd like to see fire-eaters, belly dancers, animal trainers, acrobats, scribes, herbalists, shoemakers, dyers, brass-smiths, spice merchants, leather workers, antique dealers, singers, dancers, drummers, troubadours, camel drivers, story tellers, and even charming guys like him, take a trip to Marrakesh.

Get on the road to Morocco. Take a ride down to Marrakesh for the National Folklore Festival. Everyone's going to be there dancing, singing, shaking tambourines. It happens every spring in this mad, mixed-up city. People gather from all over the kingdom to re-create the folk arts of their villages. You can read about these merry goings on in the June issue of Venture, a merry, fun-loving travel magazine. In the same June issue, you can see something you've never seen before: a 3-D cover. All of our covers from now on will be in this exciting third dimension. It's something to see.

VENTURE The Traveler's World. 488 Madison Ave., New York City 10022.

from Wheeling? Did they think the police would send out invisible men to search the morgues in Buffalo, to fish for a fresh colored corpse in the streams and coves and brooks in and around Wheeling?

We didn't even hunt for him the way white people would have hunted for their father. It was all indirect. Has he been to the post office? . . . "Oh, oh, oh." Has he been to the railroad station to pick up an express package? . . . "I see, I see, I see."

Between customers, I thought, We've even infected Pedro, who is Portuguese, with this disease, whatever it is. Why did we have to hunt for my father this way? Because there is something scandalous about a disappearance, especially if it is a colored man who disappears. Could be caused by a shortage of funds (What funds? His own?), a shortage of narcotics, unpaid bills, a mistake made in a prescription—scandal, scandal, scandal. Colored druggist, mixed up with police, disappears. Mixed up with police.

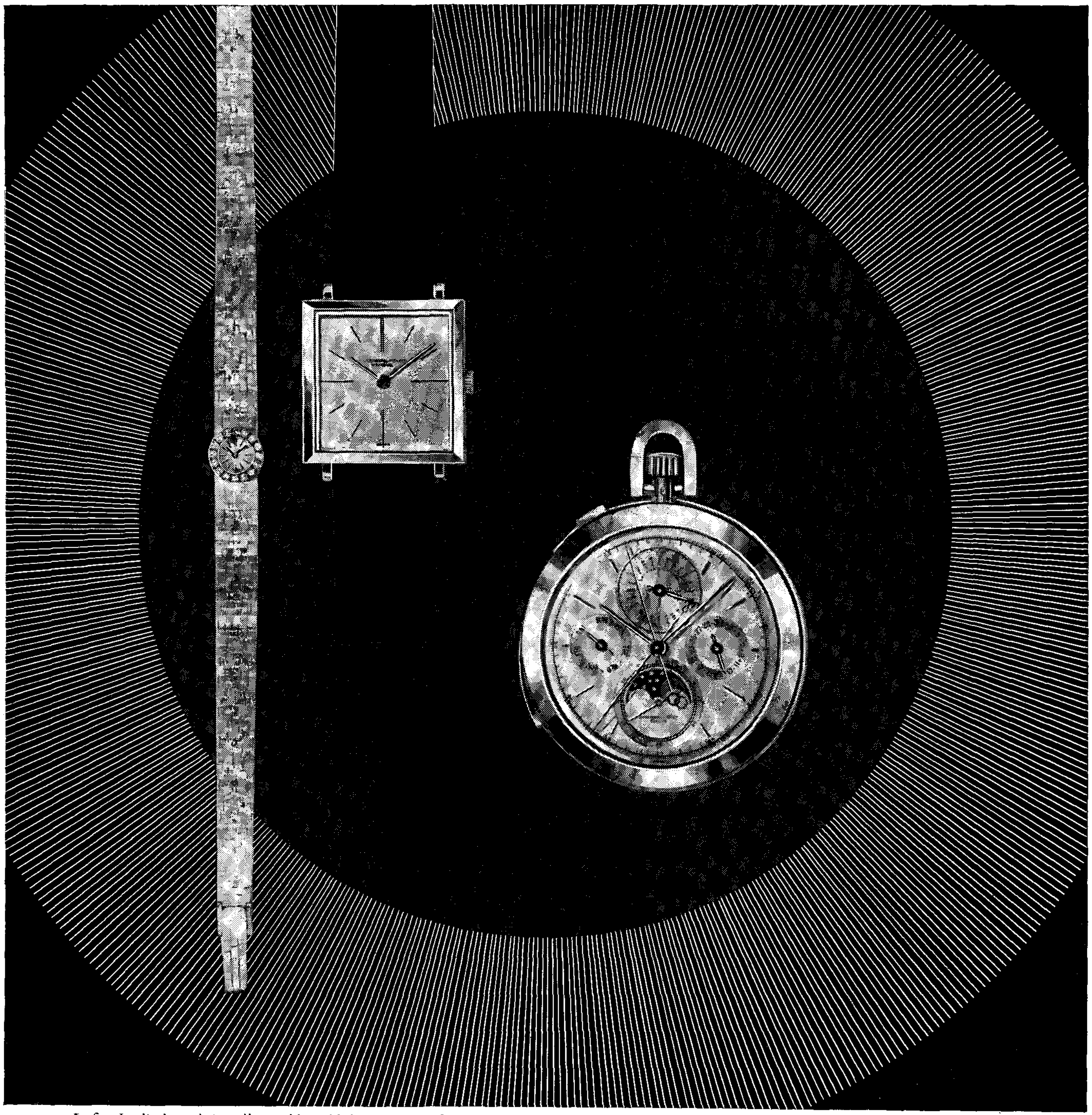
It wasn't until Miss Rena Randolph handed me an empty prescription bottle to be refilled that I realized what my aunt had done. I held the sticky bottle in my hand, the label all over gravy drips, as my father was wont to say, and I thought, Why, I'm in charge of the drugstore and I am only fifteen. The only other person working in the store is Pedro, and he is only twelve. All my life I'd heard conversations about "uncovered" drugstores—drugstores without a pharmacist on the premises. For the first time, our store was "uncovered." Suppose something happened. . . .

Miss Randolph leaned against the counter and coughed and coughed and coughed. "I won't need it until morning," she said, pointing at the bottle that I held. "I have more at home. I always keep two bottles ahead."

My father told me once that he thought she looked as though she had just been dug up out of her grave. She was a very unhealthy-looking old woman. She was tall and very thin. Her skin was gray, her clothes were gray, and her hair was gray. But her teeth were yellow. She wore eyeglasses with no rims. Just last week when my father was refilling this same prescription for her, he said, "I don't know what Doc keeps giving her this stuff for. Perfectly obvious what's the matter with her, and this isn't going to cure it."

"What *is* the matter with her?" I asked.

He shrugged his shoulders and said



Left: *Ladies' watch in yellow gold studded with diamonds.* Centre: *The world's thinnest men's watch, in 18 kt. gold.* Right: *Perpetual Calendar: names the day and the month; remembers whether the month has 31, 30 or 28 days and in Leap Year also remembers that February has 29. Shows the moon phases. Chimes sweetly at hours, quarters and minutes on request. And acts as a stop watch as well.*

For those with the taste as well as the means — timepieces from Audemars Piguet

For generations Audemars Piguet craftsmen have been able to make masterpieces as complex as the perpetual calendar shown above. Today their traditional skill teams up with the latest techniques. The result: the most precious watches in the world.

AUDEMARS PIGUET

Le Brassus & Geneva

Audemars Piguet & Co. Inc., 665 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y. 10022

Golden Bamboo

BAR SET

Richly textured gold plated handles of bamboo design. Each accessory serves a useful purpose

BOTTOMS-UP JIGGER MIXING SPOON
BOTTLE OPENER ICE TONGS

Set $27

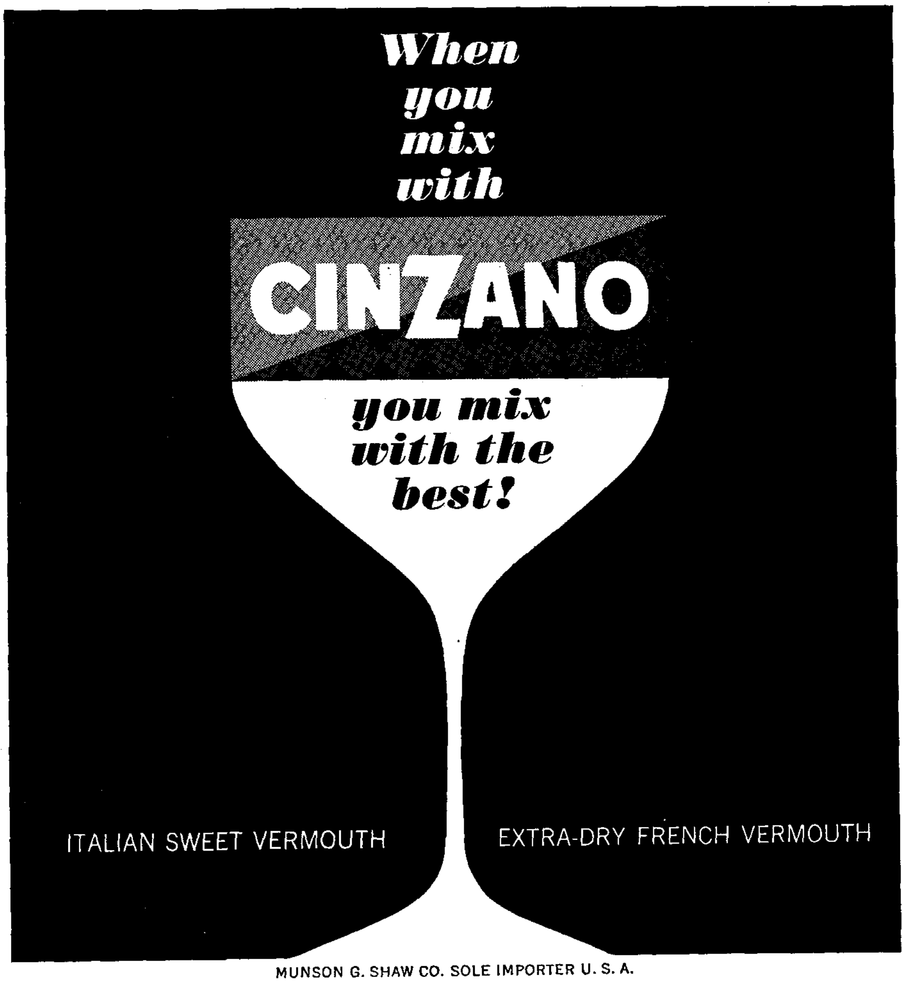
MAY BE ORDERED BY MAIL

**Father's Day
June 20th**

F. R. TRIPLER & CO.

Clothing · *Hats* · *Haberdashery* · *Shoes* · *Established* 1886

MADISON AVENUE AT 46TH STREET · NEW YORK 17



When you mix with CINZANO you mix with the best!

ITALIAN SWEET VERMOUTH

EXTRA-DRY FRENCH VERMOUTH

MUNSON G. SHAW CO. SOLE IMPORTER U. S. A.

evasively, "Your guess is just as good as mine—or Doc's."

"I can get it in the morning," she repeated now.

"Yes, Ma'am. It will be ready in the morning."

"Quiet in here tonight. Where's your aunt?"

"Outside," I said, and the way I said it made it sound as though I meant "transported" or "sold down the river."

She looked around the store as though she were a stranger, seeing it for the first time. She said, "It's a nice night. I suppose she's working in the garden."

After Miss Randolph left, I looked around the store, too. What had she seen that made her say it was a nice night and that my aunt would be working in the garden? You couldn't really see what was on the shelves—just the gleam of bottles and jars inside the dark-mahogany, glass-enclosed cases. The corners lay in deep shadow. It might have been a conjurer's shop, except, of course, for the cigarettes and the candy and the soda fountain. The bottles gleaming darkly along the walls could have held wool of bat and nose of Turk, root of the mandrake and dust of the toad. I went out in the back room and looked into the yard. It seemed to go on forever, reaching into a vast, mysterious distance, unexplored, silent—not even the twitter of a bird. It was pitch black. I couldn't see the blossoms on the cherry trees, I couldn't tell what shape the yard was. But I now knew what was wrong with Miss Rena Randolph. She was crazy.

As the evening wore along, we got fewer and fewer customers. They bought cigarettes and cigars, candy, magazines. Very few cars went past. The town clock struck nine, and this surprised me, because I hadn't realized it was so late. My father always closed the store at nine-thirty. I had never closed it—or opened it, for that matter. I did not know where the keys to the front door were kept. I watched the clock, wondering what I should do at nine-thirty.

At quarter past nine, there was only one customer in the store—a woman who had purchased a box of candy. I was wrapping it up for her when someone pulled the screen door open with an abrupt, yanking movement and Pedro said, "Ah—"

I looked up and saw my father standing in the doorway, swaying back and forth, his arms extended. As I watched,

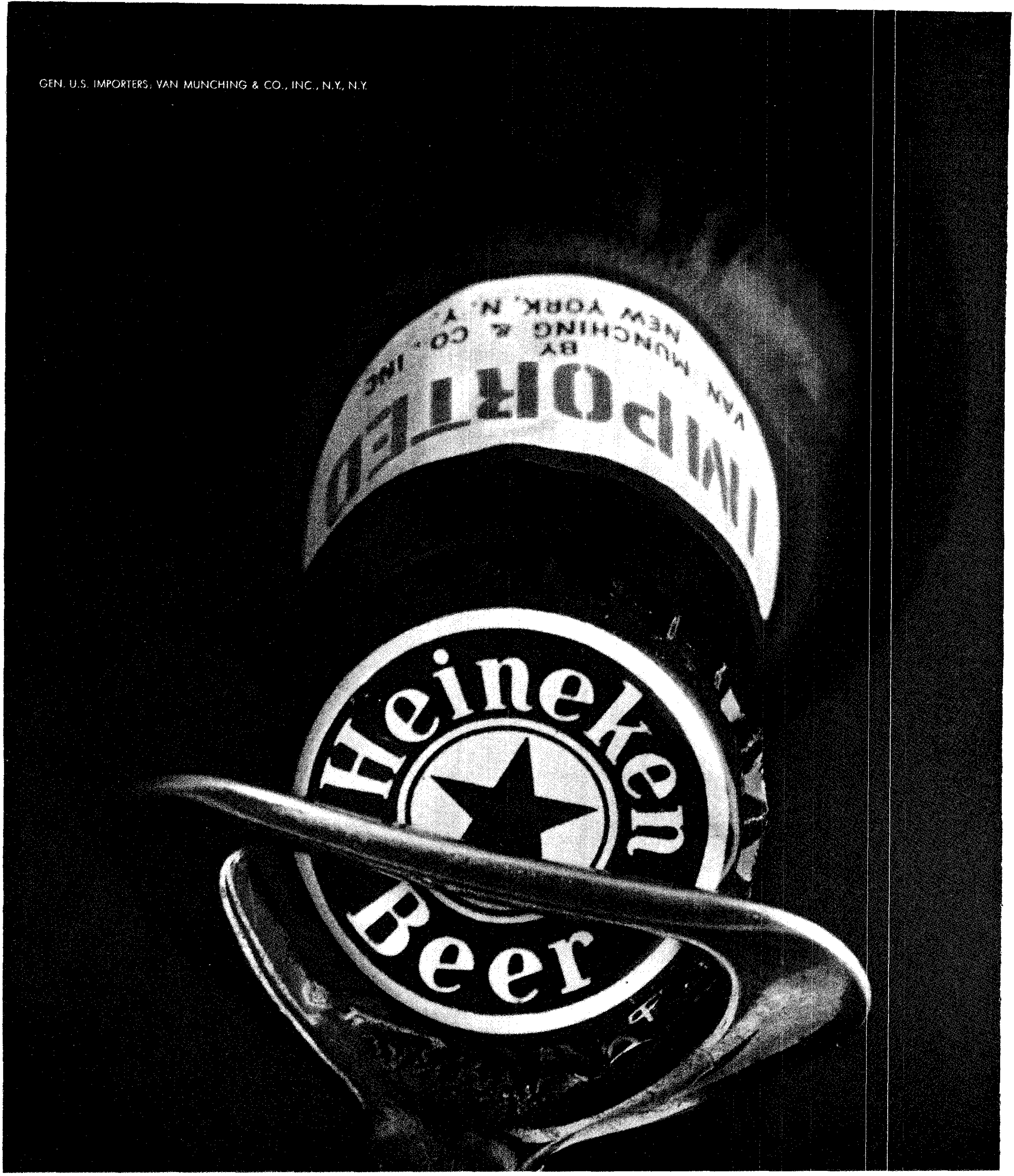
DBRG
CONNECTICUT

Packing for a picnic – photo by Mark Shaw

Unshackle yourself. You have a friend at Chase Manhattan to help you care for your nest egg and act as your trustee. Delegate us at your convenience.

THE CHASE MANHATTAN BANK

Head Office: 1 Chase Manhattan Plaza, New York, New York 10015


GEN. U.S. IMPORTERS; VAN MUNCHING & CO., INC., N.Y., N.Y.
IMPORTED BY VAN MUNCHING & CO., INC. NEW YORK, N. Y.
Heineken Beer

HOLLAND'S PROUD BREW

Everybody should drink it all the time. Or at least once in a while.

For exactly the same reason. You see, better beer just isn't made. We mean it. Heineken goes to extraordinary trouble to get its fine ingredients. Like the kind of hops we use. They grow only in one little section of Europe. And our Dutch brewmasters. Tops. Always being invited to address brewing conventions around the world. (Luckily they can keep secrets.) But the most extravagant step we take is to age Heineken for over three months. That makes for smooth *natural* carbonation. (The smaller the bubbles, the better the beer. And Heineken bubbles are really tiny.) So, if you drink imported Heineken all the time, you know what great beer is. And, if you drink it just once in a while, you know what your regular beer should be. HEINEKEN IMPORTED BEER

Heineken imported handblown goblets, 14-K gold edging. Set of 6, plus opener, coasters: $4. Remit to S.M.D. Company, P.O. Box 1850, N.Y., N.Y. 10017.

he reached out and supported himself by leaning against the doorjamb. His appearance was so strange, he seemed so weak, so unlike himself, that I thought, He's been wounded. I peered at him, hunting for bruises on his face or his hands. As he entered the store, he kept looking around, blinking. He was wearing his light-gray suit, and his newest boater hat, and the bow tie that I remembered. But the tie was twisted around to one side and it was partly untied, and his suit looked rumpled and so did his shirt.

I escorted the customer to the door, held it open for her, and then went to my father and said, "We—we didn't know where you were. Are you all right?"

He patted my hand. He said, "Look," and he smiled, revealing a set of glittering, horrible, wolfish-looking false teeth. There was a dribble of dried blood at the corner of his mouth. "I got my teeth."

I could barely understand what he said. He sounded as though he were speaking through or around a formidable obstruction that prevented his tongue and his lips from performing their normal function. The teeth glistened like the white porcelain fixtures in the downstairs bathroom.

I said, "Oh," weakly.

Pedro patted my father's arm. He said, "I worried—"

"Am I always going to sound like this?"

"I don't think so," I said.

He went into the prescription room and sat down in the chair by the window. Pedro stood beside him. I sat down on the high stool in front of the counter.

"Where's Sophy?"

I jumped off the stool. "They've gone to the police. I must telephone them—"

"Police? Police?" He made whistling noises when he said this. "Jesus Christ! For what?"

"They thought you were lost. I've got to call the Barracks—"

"Lawth?" he said, angrily. "Loweth?" he roared. "Lowerth? How could I be lowerth?" He stopped talking, reached up and took out the new false teeth, and wrapped them in his handkerchief. When he spoke again, he sounded just like himself. "I read about this place in Norwich where they take all your teeth out at once and put the false teeth in—make them for you and put them in all the same day. That's where I was. In Norwich. Getting my teeth. How could I get lost?"

"Oh!" I said and put my hand over

The Caribbean is a falling-in-love-with place ...come and let us show you why.

From Grand Cayman to British Guiana, there are such sea vistas, beachscapes, jungle mountains and island-happy villages, that you can't help but lose your heart to this gay, glorious little sea. You won't be the first. It's been happening to visitors since 1492.

And what fun getting there on a fabulous BWIA 727 Sunjet. Bounteous BWIA service puts you in the mood for this part of the world—relaxed and carefree—from the start. And your travel agent makes planning so simple. Just tell him your heart's desire.

For falling-in-love-with-places vacations on any of the lovely BWIA islands, fly the airline that knows...and serves...the Caribbean best. Ask your travel agent, any BOAC office or, in Florida, BWIA-Miami. Today.

And for free Caribbean Fun-Pak write to BWIA, Dept. N-5, 530 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10036.

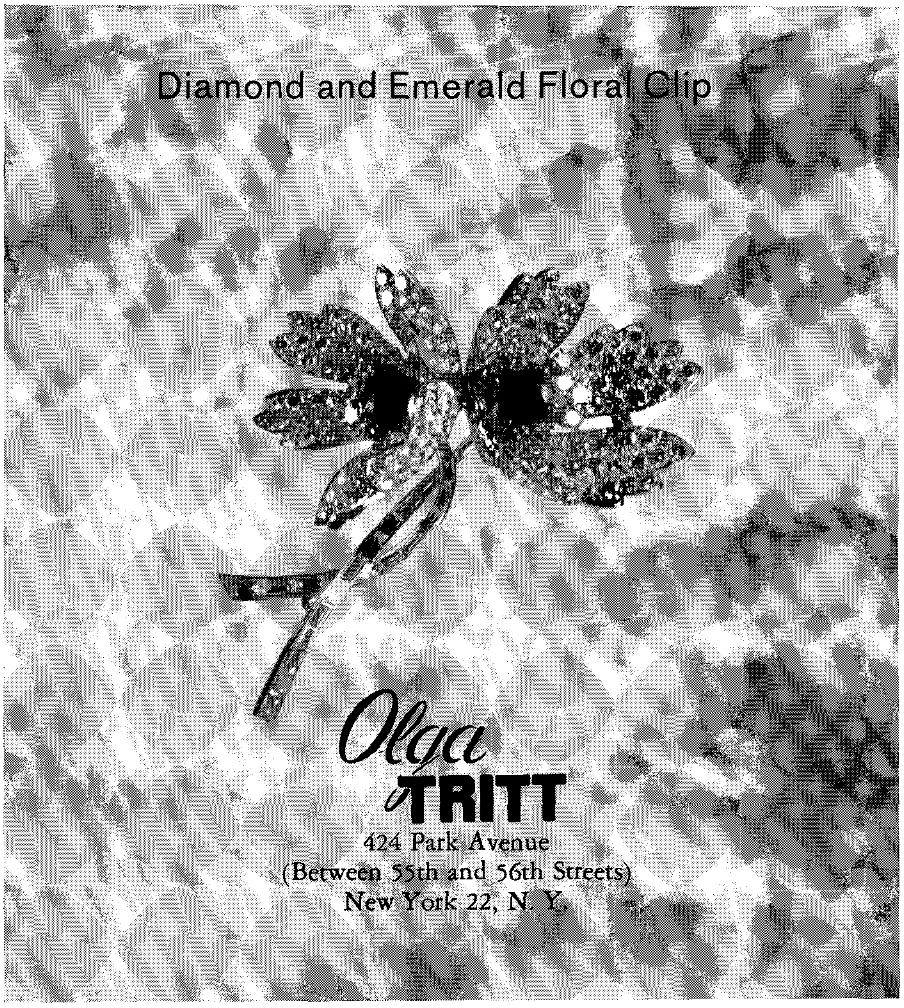
17-day Round Trip Economy Excursion Fares

TO:	FROM N.Y.	FROM MIAMI
Grand Cayman	$155	$ 59
Montego Bay	155*	64
Kingston	155*	64
St. Kitts	161	128
Antigua	161	133
Guadeloupe	180	138
Dominica	173	145
Martinique	190	149
St. Lucia	181	153
St. Vincent	199	165
Barbados	189	161
Grenada	204	168
Trinidad	209	170
Tobago	209	170
British Guiana	247	210

* Via BOAC

BWIA
THE AIRLINE OF THE CARIBBEAN

We've loved the Caribbean for 25 years...come and let us show you why.


Diamond and Emerald Floral Clip

Olga Tritt
424 Park Avenue
(Between 55th and 56th Streets)
New York 22, N. Y.

Swimmers Sunners Swingers Sailors

IT WILL GO TO YOUR HEAD . . . BERMUDA'S LOVELY, LIVELY NEW CASTLE.

SWIMMERS. Olympic pool, two garden pools, unique waterfall pool, ½ mile beach.

SUNNERS. Pool, patio, the private white sand beach, 17 sun terraces.

SWINGERS. Britannia Bar Trio, Castle Night Club, Camelot Calypso Bar, exciting floor shows nightly. Swingers (the other kind): 18-hole, 6450-yard, par 71, championship golf course bordering the ocean, first tee across from lobby entrance, 30 power carts, rental clubs, privileges at Mid-Ocean and St. George Golf Courses.

SAILORS. Full fleet of rental sailboats, waterskiing, snorkeling, island cruises direct from our docks at the hotel yacht club.

For reservations and information, see your travel agent or Leonard Hicks, Inc., New York. MU 8-7333.

The Castle
HOTEL, GOLF AND BEACH CLUB BERMUDA

GEORGE J. STOBIE, PRESIDENT AND GENERAL MANAGER

my mouth, keeping the pain away. "Didn't it hurt? Don't the teeth hurt?"

"Hurt?" he shouted. "Of course they hurt!"

"But why didn't you tell Mother you were going?"

"I didn't think I'd be gone more than two hours. I got on a bus up at the corner, and it didn't take long to get there. They pulled the teeth out. Then they took impressions. They wouldn't let me have the teeth right away, said they had to wait to make sure the jaw had stopped bleeding, and so the whole process took longer than I thought it would."

"What made you finally get false teeth?" I didn't think it was pictures of the Valentino types, with their perfect white teeth, that I'd left around for him to see, and I didn't think it was the sight of Gramps Fender, the old man who took care of the house next door and whose false teeth hung loose in his mouth, or the fact that my Aunt Sophronia and my mother kept talking about the importance of chewing as an aid to the digestion of food. So if it wasn't any of these things, then what was it?

He sighed and said that that morning, while he was shaving, he had run through a solo he was to sing in church on Sunday. He stood in front of that new plate-glass mirror in the downstairs bathroom under all that brilliant white light, and he opened his mouth wide, and he saw himself in the mirror—the open mouth all red and moist inside, and the naked gums with a tooth here and there, and it was the mouth of an idiot out of Shakespeare, it was the mouth of the nurse in "Romeo and Juliet," the mouth of the gravediggers in "Hamlet," but, most shocking of all, it was the mouth of Samuel Layen. This was what the congregation looked at and into on Sunday mornings. He said he couldn't bear the thought that that was what all those white people saw when he sang a solo. If he hadn't seen his mouth wide open like that in the new mirror under that new light . . .

I thought, But the congregation couldn't possibly see the inside of his mouth—he's in the choir loft when he sings, and he's much too far away from them. But I didn't say this.

He said it was while he was standing under the first cherry tree, looking up at the sky and listening to the hum of the bees, that he decided he would take a bus and head for Norwich and get himself some false teeth that very day without saying anything about it to

Fireman's Fund American insures the Imperial Japanese Fleet!

Except the fleet belongs to Otto Preminger—and the warships are miniature replicas. But you'll never know the difference when you see them in Mr. Preminger's new film, *In Harm's Way*. The ships are super-realistic, super-sized (and super-expensive) scale models. To sink one during a simulated battle would be a real disaster. Fireman's Fund American covered that risk by insuring the hulls of the entire fleet with a special policy written by our Entertainment Industry Unit.

If you think that's unusual, you should see the list of other one-of-a-kind risks The Fund has insured. In fact, no other company in America covers as many.

Your own insurance needs are just as special to The Fund and its agents. Your home, your car, your business, your life insurance are personal, individual things. We wouldn't even try to fit you into a mold. Every policy is tailored to your exact size. No hand-me-downs. Just complete, precise protection. And when you make a claim, we're right on the spot. After all, we have a hundred-year reputation to keep up. The point is this: there's no such thing as an "ordinary" customer to Fireman's Fund American. You get the same one-of-a-kind treatment as if you were insuring a battleship. See the Yellow Pages, or write us, for the name of one of our 18,000 independent agents and brokers.

FIREMAN'S FUND AMERICAN INSURANCE COMPANIES

Fireman's Fund American Insurance
Home office: 3333 California St., San Francisco

PRICES SLIGHTLY HIGHER IN THE WEST

Gatherings

In soft monotones, a collection
of all the things you might
bring home in your hands from
a dreamy afternoon's walk.
Mushrooms. Cherries. Wild
strawberries. A zinnia, a pansy,
and some nameless berries.
Dacron polyester and Avril
rayon, with pleats from collar
to sash. Cool Green, Cool
Gold, Cool Pink, Cool Blue,
Apricot. Sizes 6 to 16.
About twenty-three dollars at
good stores and college shops

The Villager®

1407 Broadway, New York 18

©THE VILLAGER, INC., 1965. MANNEQUIN DES. REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

anyone. He put the teeth back in his mouth and turned to Pedro and said, in that mumbling, full-of-pebbles voice, "How do I look?," and he smiled.

Pedro said, "You look beautiful, Mr. Layen," and touched him gently on the shoulder.

I went into the phone booth and closed the door. I started to dial the number of the state police. It was on a card up over the phone, along with the telephone numbers of the local doctors and the firehouse. I hesitated. The phone booth smelled of all its recent users—of cigar smoke, perfume, sweat. I felt as constrained as though all of these people were in the booth with me: politicians, idle females, workmen. I couldn't imagine myself saying, "We thought my father was missing. He's been gone all day and my mother and my aunt have now reported him as missing, but he's back." Why didn't I feel free to say this? Was it the presence of those recent users of the phone booth, who might ask, "Where'd he go?" "Has he done this before?" "Has he got a girl friend?" I dialled the number, and a gruff voice said, "State police. Tenyeck Barracks. Officer O'Toole speaking."

I didn't know what to say to him, so I didn't say anything.

The voice sounded loud, impatient, in my ear. "*Hu*llo! *He*llo? Speak up! Speak up!"

If I said that we thought my father was missing but he isn't, he's found, he's back, then wouldn't this Officer O'Toole want to know where he'd been? I said, "Well—"

The voice said, "Hello? Hello?" and "Yes?" and "What is it?" It was a very gruff voice, and it had a barking quality.

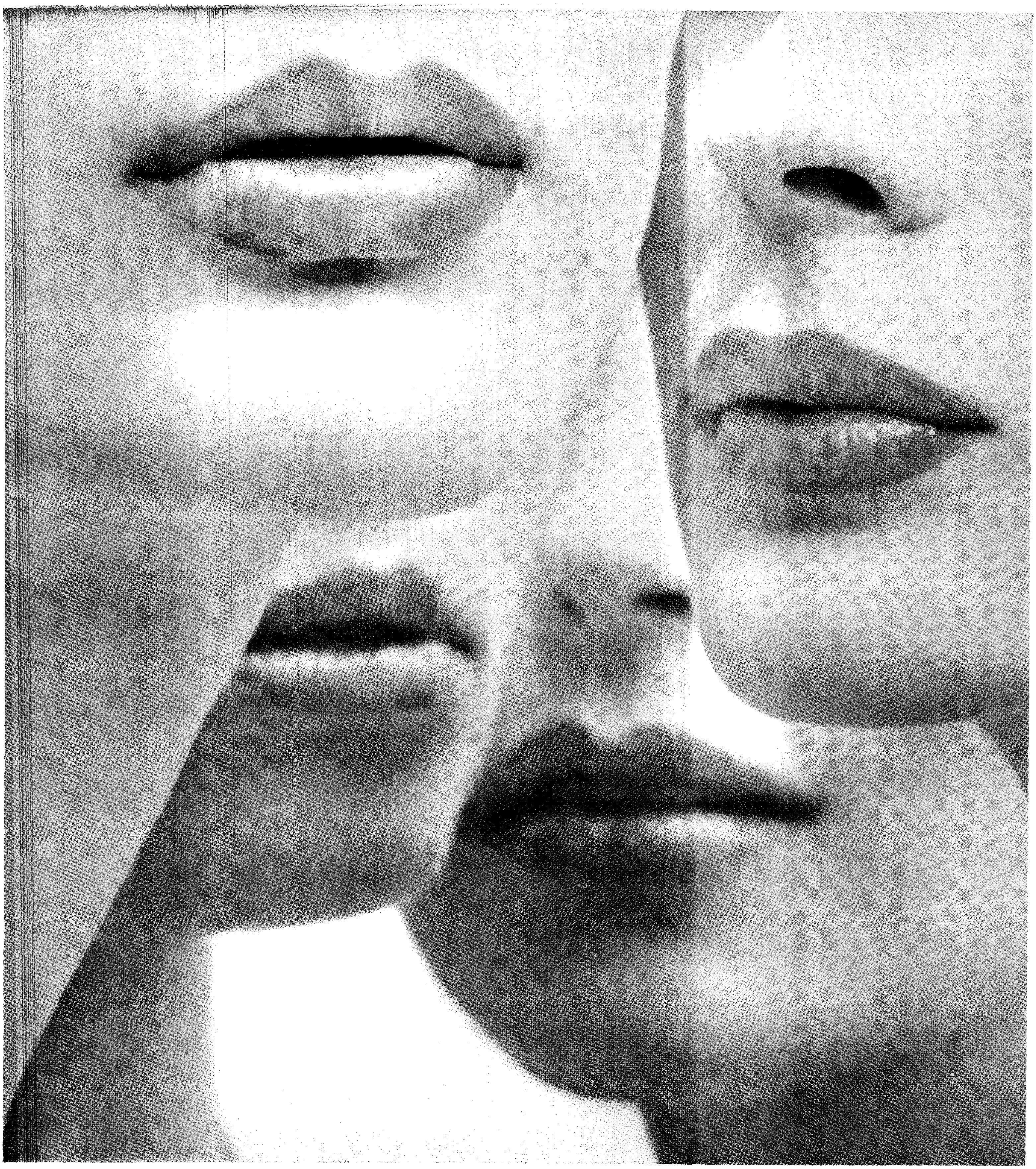
I shook my head at the voice. I was not free to speak openly to that gruff policeman's voice. I thought, Well, now, perhaps the reason my father *hadn't wanted* to replace his teeth was that one of the images of the black man that the white man carries around with him is of white teeth flashing in a black and grinning face. So my father went toothless to destroy that image. But then there is toothless old Uncle Tom, and my old black mammy with her head rag is toothless, too, and without teeth my father fitted *that* image of the black man, didn't he?

So he was damned either way. Was he not? And so was I. And so was I.

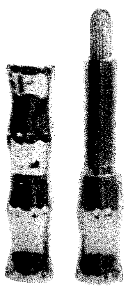
Then I thought, Why bother? Why not act just like other people, just this once, just like white people—come right out and say the lost is found. My hand, my own hand, had in response

The entire collection
of Givenchy Cosmetics
is available at America's
leading fashion stores,
some of which
are listed below:

Albany, N.Y.	Flah's
Atlanta, Ga.	Rich's
Bangor, Me.	Cortell-Segal's
Beverly Hills, Calif.	I. Magnin & Co.
Boston, Mass.	Bonwit Teller
Boston, Mass.	Filene's
Brooklyn, N.Y.	Abraham & Straus
Chicago, Ill.	Bonwit Teller
Chicago, Ill.	Chas. A. Stevens & Co.
Cincinnati, Ohio	Gidding-Jenny
Cleveland, Ohio	Bonwit Teller
Dayton, Ohio	Gidding-Jenney
Detroit, Mich.	Himelhoch's
Hartford, Conn.	G. Fox & Co.
Hempstead, L.I.	Abraham & Straus
LasVegas, Nev.	D. I. Distinctive Apparel
Los Angeles, Calif.	I. Magnin & Co.
Madison, Wisc.	The Perfume Shops
Manhasset, L.I.	Abraham & Straus
Manhasset, L.I.	Bonwit Teller
Minneapolis, Minn.	Young-Quinlan Rothschild
Muncie, Ind.	Ball Stores
Nashville, Tenn.	Rich, Schwartz & Joseph
New Orleans, La.	Maison Blanche
New York, N.Y.	Bonwit Teller
New York, N.Y.	Henri Bendel
New York, N.Y.	Lord & Taylor
Oakbrook, Ill.	Bonwit Teller
Philadelphia, Pa.	Bonwit Teller
Portland, Oregon	I. Magnin & Co.
Providence, R.I.	The Shepard Company
Rochester, N.Y.	B. Forman Co.
St. Louis, Mo.	Stix, Baer & Fuller
San Diego, Calif.	Hafters Haggarty
San Francisco, Calif.	I. Magnin & Co.
Seattle, Wash.	I. Magnin & Co.
Sherman Oaks, Calif.	Bullock's
Short Hills, N.J.	Bonwit Teller
Syracuse, N.Y.	Helmer's
Tulsa, Okla.	Field's
Washington, D.C.	Julius Garfinckel & Co.
White Plains, N.Y.	Bonwit Teller

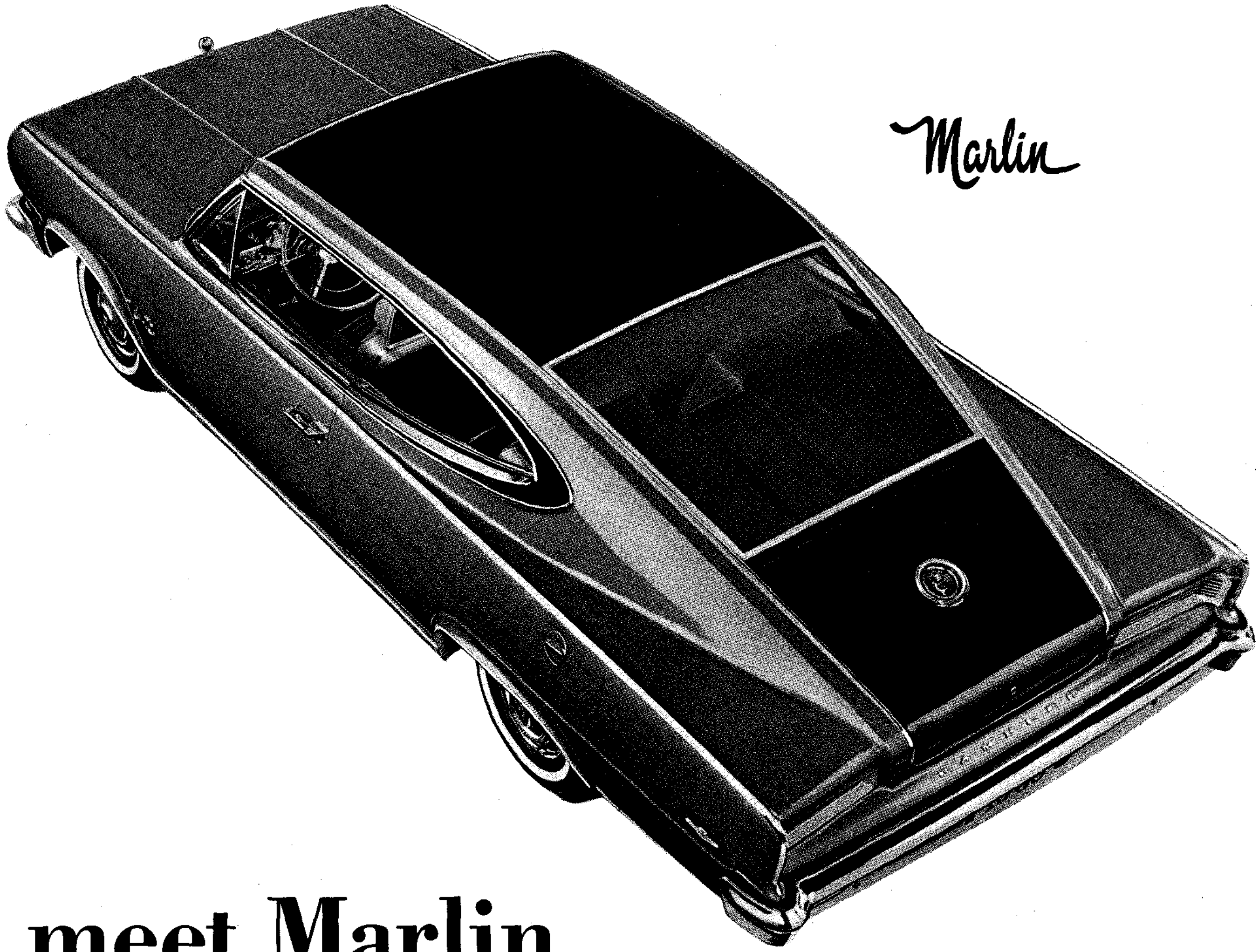


In Paris, the Givenchy mannequins are wearing his latest original.

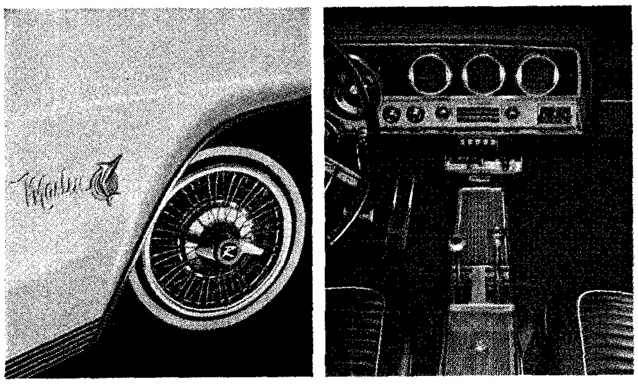


To make everything go together, he designed Plus One,
a sunlit summer lipstick to wear with his new colors in fashion.
And what Givenchy calls fashion, the world does too.
Now. Try it with a melon chiffon embroidered with pearls,
a yellow gown with a shoulder bared, a peach dress belted in white,
a buttonless green coat, a sandy silk wrap and a smile on your face.
In the golden bamboo case $5 or the lipstick egg $6. Nail Colour $2.50.
Plus One is the first new lipstick color of the year
from the Givenchy Collection of Cosmetics.

PRICES PLUS TAX



meet Marlin
the new sports-fastback.
how smart!
how exciting!
how much?
(see your
Rambler
dealer)



Meet the first man-size fastback. Man-size action, spirit, room, luxury. Power Disc Brakes, reclining seats that adjust individually for legroom and seat-back angle, and scores of other glamor appointments are standard at no extra cost. A mighty 327 cu.-in. V-8, buckets, floor shifts, and wire-wheel covers with spinners are among the options. All the famous Rambler extra-value features are included, of course, at no extra cost. See Marlin, the most exciting Rambler ever built. (In limited production, but stepping up fast.) American Motors—Dedicated to Excellence to some order from my subconscious reached for a pencil that was securely fastened to a nail in the booth, tied there by a long red string. The pencil hung next to a big white pad. This was where we wrote down telephone orders. I was doodling on the big white pad. The skin on my hand was so dark in contrast to the white pad that I stared, because that was the second time that day that I had taken a good look at the color of my skin against something stark white. I looked at my dark-brown hand and thought, Throw that baby down to me, you ain't goin' to take us back now, you know; all of us people with this dark skin must help hold the black island inviolate. I said, "This is Mr. Layen's daughter, at Layen's Drugstore in Wheeling. Mrs. Layen and her sister, Miss Bart, are on their way over there. Will you tell them that Mr. Layen found his watch—"

"Found his watch? He lost it, did he? Valuable watch, I suppose. Wait a minute. They're just coming up the steps now, just coming in the door. Wait a minute. I'll let you talk to Mrs. Layen yourself."

Everybody knew us for miles and miles around. We were those rare laboratory specimens the black people who ran the drugstore in the white town of Wheeling, New York, only black family in town except for the Granites, who, ha, ha, ha—

"Wait a minute," the gruff, barking voice said again.

I closed my eyes and I could see my mother and my aunt—two bent-over little colored women, going up the steps of the state-police barracks in Tenyeck, humble, hesitant, the whites of their eyes showing under the irises.

My mother's voice sounded in my ear. "Yes?" Harsh, loud.

I said, "Father is so happy. He found his watch. He thinks he dropped it in Norwich, where he went to get his new false teeth." It sounded as though he'd always had false teeth—or, at least, Officer O'Toole, who was undoubtedly listening in, would think so. —Ann Petry

•

SILVER LINING DEPARTMENT

[*From the Wall Street Journal*]

In an interview earlier at Boston, W. J. Gallagher, vice president, said that the temporary-help company's volume in recent weeks has been bolstered by extra business stemming from tornadoes and floods in the Midwest. "Disaster always means extra business for us, and in this case it is the frosting on an already good cake," he said.

(*Advertisement*)

SS ANDIU
BON VOY
CHIVAS REGAL
Peter Arno

"Now, that's what I call a *real* luxury liner."

Chivas Regal • Blended Scotch Whisky • 86 Proof
General Wine and Spirits Company, N.Y.

THE THEATRE

ENDGAME

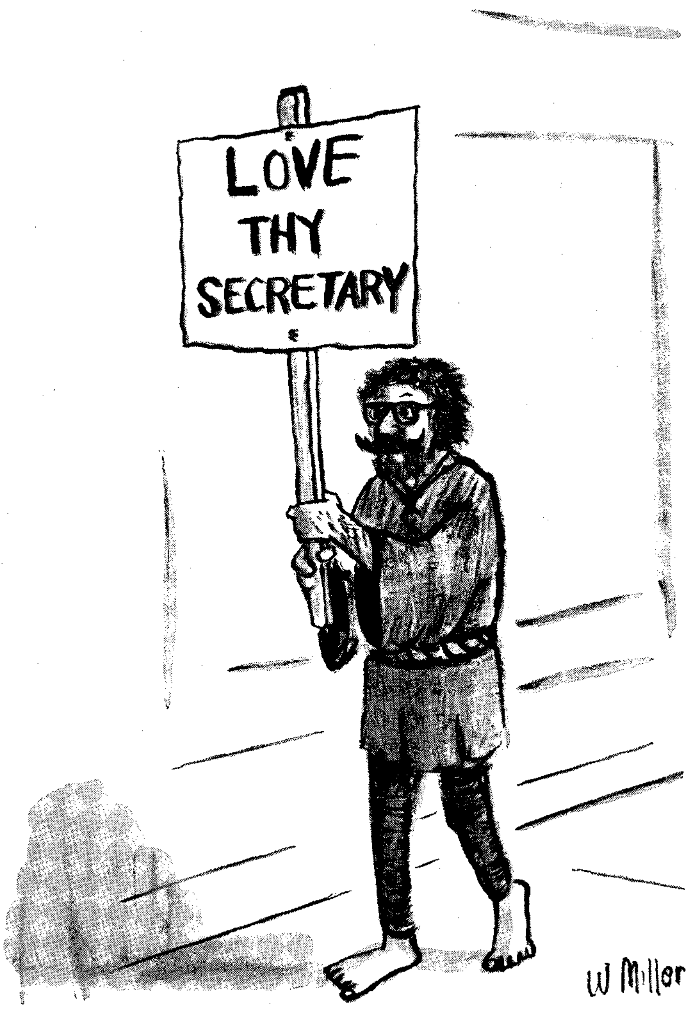
"The Roar of the Greasepaint—The Smell of the Crowd," at the Shubert, is a musical entertainment that makes me not altogether reluctant to put away my scuffed-up tack for the season. Quite a quaint affair, full of wheezy old music-hall jokes—none of which will be quoted here—it offers some turns by Anthony Newley, who with his partner, Leslie Bricusse, put together the book, the music, and the lyrics. Mr. Newley, in his acting phase, seems to want to establish himself as a pantomimist on the order of Marcel Marceau, but in the course of "The Roar of the Greasepaint" his knock-kneed, diffident, crouching maneuvers never get him very far artistically. It is the authors' notion to monkey around with the tradition that the English—upper class, middle class, lower class—must play something called The Game, and in this fandango we have Mr. Newley, all lower-class, sweet, and collapsible, up against an acerb upper-class fellow, Cyril Ritchard. Mr. Ritchard, mincing about in a beat-up top hat and ripped pants—don't ask me why he dresses this way—is the prime mover in The Game, represented on the stage by a gigantic circular contraption that resembles a dart board. Mr. Newley, as a victim of Mr. Ritchard's whims, must roam the dart board. He seldom has a chance to win. Other customary non-winners are some assorted urchins—mostly nubile females, as far as I could see—who keep climbing some ladders in the first scene, "A Rocky Place;" the ladders remain available for the same little ones in the second scene, which also looked like a Rocky Place to me. In the event that you're dying to know what Mr. Newley and Mr. Bricusse call their leading characters, I'll give you their names. We have Cocky, who is Mr. Newley; Sir, who is Mr. Ritchard; and the Kid, who is Sally Smith. If you happen upon this sad event, watch for Gilbert Price, who, as a character known as the Negro, comes along in the second part with a song called "Feeling Good." After all the imitations of far-out theatre, all the hokum, all the lame-brained jokes, this lad compensates for a good deal.

—John McCarten

OFF BROADWAY

Square in the Bull's-Eye

Jack Gelber, whose "The Connection" was one of the best, as well as one of the most successful, plays ever to be done Off Broadway, has written another good one, "Square in the Eye," which opened last week at the Theatre de Lys. (In between, he wrote something called "The Apple," an odd but never dull enigma that was not a success.) "Square in the Eye" is a strong play, funny and scathing and sad. Again Mr. Gelber is theatrically resourceful, and this time he has borrowed a few resources from the movies to tell his story. Actual movies and slides are shown from time to time on a wall at the back of the stage and on panels on either side of the proscenium. These pictures are often accompanied by patches of narration or dialogue over a loudspeaker. The scenes are not always arranged in chronological order—the final scene of the first act takes place six weeks later than the final scene of the second act—but there is nothing disorderly or irrational about the play, unconventional though it may be. In it Mr. Gelber has caught the ring of a place and a time—Greenwich Village in 1962. He has given the audience (this member of it, at any rate) a sense of life being lived onstage, and he has the ability to make the audience (ditto) wonder and care.



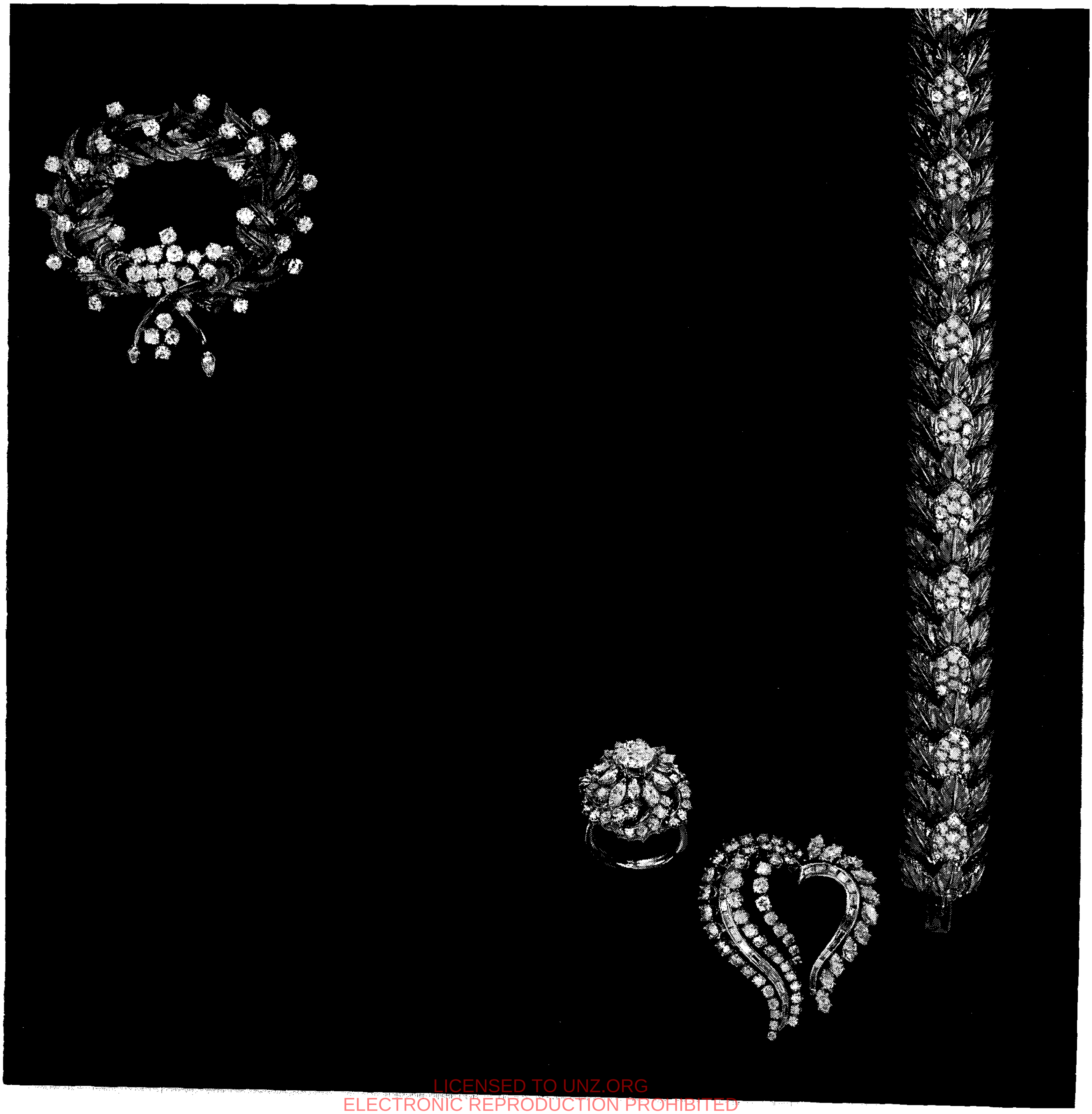
The hero, a painter named Ed Stone, is so distracted by one thing and another that he is barely able to get any painting done. He teaches art in a public school in order to scrape enough money together to support his wife, Sandy, and his seven-year-old daughter and Sandy's son by a former marriage. Sandy is Jewish and he is not, and Sandy's parents are meddlesome and vulgar and antagonistic to him. His and Sandy's closest friends are another painter and his divorced wife. The first scene takes place in the Stones' studio with the four of them present, and much of it is devoted to their quarrels and bald sexual conversation, full of Freudian patter and open comeons, which are carried on in front of an extremely embarrassed Puerto Rican boy, a student of Ed's whom he has invited to dinner. The children come home from school, Sandy's noisy parents arrive, there is a real row, and Ed furiously walks out. The next we hear of Sandy, she is dead of peritonitis, and the scenes that end the first act—in a hospital waiting room, at a funeral parlor, at the funeral itself, and, finally, in a reception room right before Ed's wedding, six weeks later, to an unseen, well-heeled bride—blend into

on the never-ending joys of diamonds

The joy of owning and wearing a diamond grows with each passing year.
A well-chosen diamond jewel will be your most constant accessory, your most admired possession.
Many of today's most creative jewelers work with small, fully cut stones to achieve
pieces of rare beauty and eminent wearability.

De Beers Consolidated Mines, Ltd.

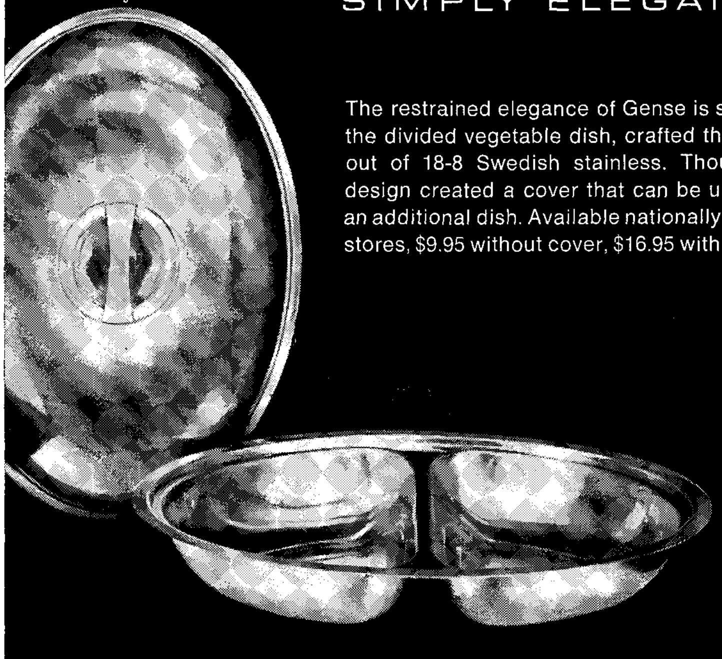
Wreath clip, about $1725; bracelet, about $2860; heart clip, about $2660; ring, about $2310. Your jeweler can show you many such pieces.



GENSE

SIMPLY ELEGANT!

The restrained elegance of Gense is seen in the divided vegetable dish, crafted throughout of 18-8 Swedish stainless. Thoughtful design created a cover that can be used as an additional dish. Available nationally at fine stores, $9.95 without cover, $16.95 with cover.

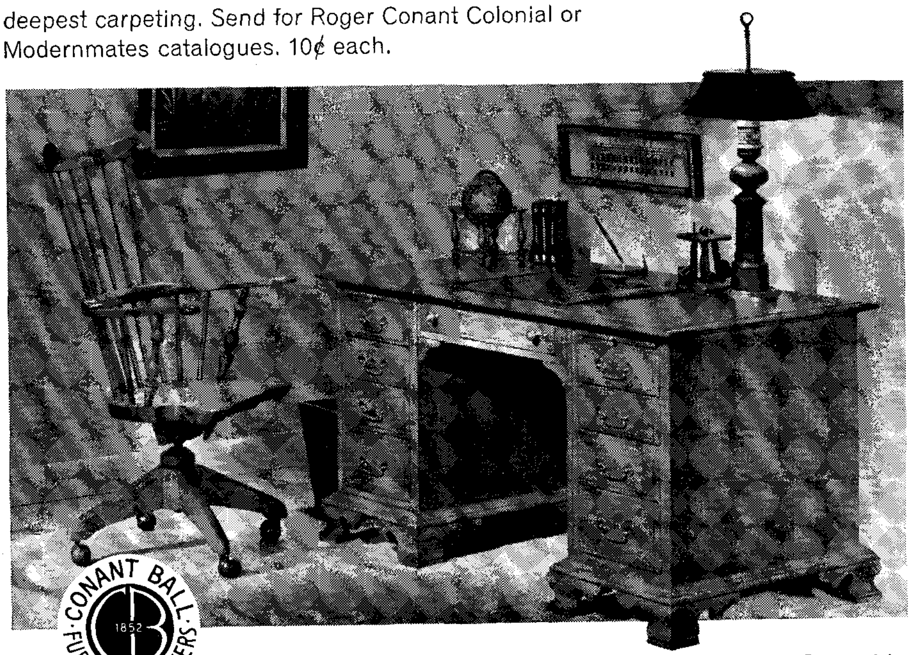


East of the Rockies: GENSE IMPORT, LTD., 252 Livingston Street, Northvale, New Jersey | West of the Rockies: SVENSK DESIGN, 2810 Bay Road, Redwood City, California

The hard rock maple glows richly. (It's been hand-rubbed to a fare-thee-well by Conant Ball craftsmen.) The solid brass hardware glimmers warmly. The S-shaped ogee feet of the desk flow elegantly. And the comb-back arm chair with its tilt-back spring beckons comfortably. But this handsome twosome was crafted for work as well as good looks! The desk top gives you almost a dozen square feet of space. The six drawers (including *two* file drawers) are full size. And the huge casters roll the chair with easy efficiency over even the deepest carpeting. Send for Roger Conant Colonial or Modernmates catalogues. 10¢ each.

Pair with a Flair

(for good looks and hard work)



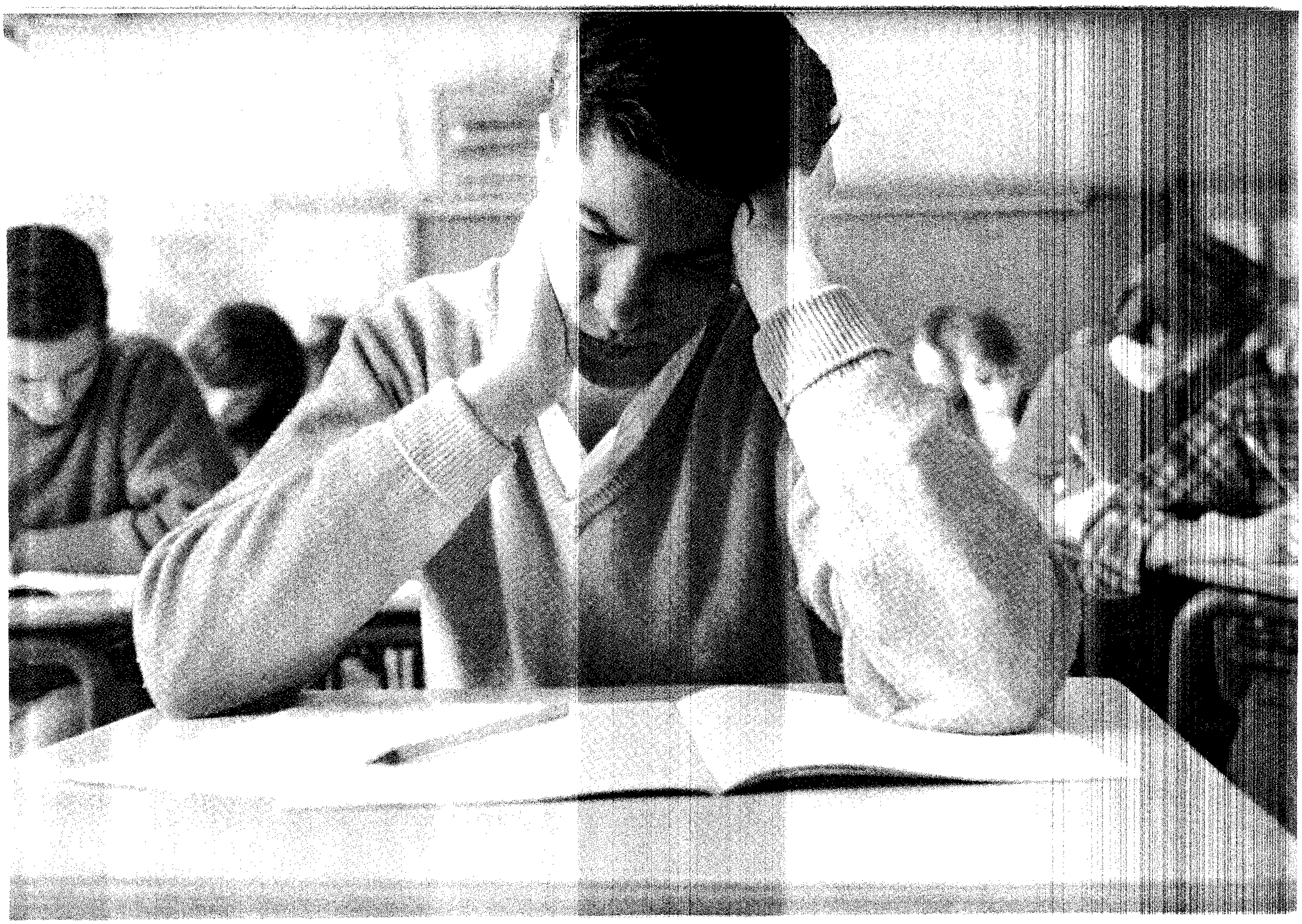
CONANT BALL · FURNITURE MAKERS · 1852

Conant Ball Company, Gardner 42, Massachusetts

one another in a way that is almost cinematic. An actor named Conrad Bain becomes, in turn, a doctor, an undertaker, a rabbi, and a fussy caterer. All these roles are cartoons, by the way, and Mr. Bain handles them with style.

The mood of the first act, in spite of tension and quarrels and death, is essentially comic; the mood of the second act, in spite of a number of funny quips and tricks, is essentially sad and sombre. It opens in the Stones' studio four days after the funeral, and it closes in Sandy's hospital room before she is taken away for the operation that will kill her. There is a touching scene near the beginning in which Ed's father-in-law quietly tells Ed about his family in America and in the old country—the scattered uncles and aunts and cousins and brothers and sisters—and the talk is so indirectly consoling that all the antagonism between the two men melts away and Ed is enveloped in affection and belonging. Mr. Gelber has caricatured a certain kind of Jewish vulgarity with dead-shot accuracy, and has caught just as neatly the peculiarly wry and unsentimental quality of a certain kind of Jewish sympathy. The final scene, a strange mixture of fantasy and realism, is the weakest in the play—the only one that is touched with artiness. Even so, Carol Rossen's lovely performance as Sandy makes it worthwhile. Philip Bruns is extraordinarily good as Ed, the harried, despairing painter who never gets a moment just to sit quietly at his easel—edgy, intelligent, kind, mocking and self-mocking, difficult, and shattered by misery over his wife's death. It is quite a part, and Mr. Bruns is one of the few actors around who can portray and control the emotion it requires. None of the other performers do badly and a few of them do quite well, and most of what goes on onstage seems right, so a good deal of the credit must go to the director. His name is Ben Shaktman, and "Square in the Eye" is his first New York assignment.

A CHEERFUL revue called "That Thing at the Cherry Lane" almost put this theatre and its New Playwrights series—which, with the exception of Joseph Morgenstern's short-lived "Lovey," had been dismal and discouraging—right back in stride. Unfortunately, it closed after eight performances. Jeff Steve Harris wrote most of the songs and sketches for this refreshing, unpretentious, cheeky show. His one other Off Broadway credit is my old favorite "Another Evening with



Your child will have twice the job getting into college that you did. Here's how reading can help.

By 1970, there will be almost twice as many college-age youngsters as there were thirty years ago.

Your child will face fierce competition getting into the college he wants. High test scores alone can't win a place in the Freshman Class. Colleges are also hunting for *hungry readers.*

Experience has taught them that the best readers are the best students.

The average college freshman must read the equivalent of two 300-page novels *every week.* If your son isn't an independent reader when he arrives on campus, he'll be sunk.

Is *your* child a skimmer *or* a digger?

What kind of reader is your child? It can make the big difference between success or failure in college. Does he just skim off the facts from his textbook? Or does he dig to discover as much as he can about a subject?

"We want scholars—not parrots," says one professor. "The student who quotes his textbook as gospel very likely has read no further. He knows *only* one point of view. He can't criticize ideas intelligently."

Give him an early head start

From the time your child first starts school, make reading a *family* habit. Read to him and let him read to you.

Get him a library card. It can become his ticket to the independent reading that will be so important in college.

If your youngster is headed for college next fall, here's an important tip. Most colleges supply lists of books for incoming freshmen to read *before* they get to school. Make sure he sends for one—and sticks to it.

A summer of reading will help get him in step with the tough job ahead.

FOR FREE REPRINTS of this advertisement, write to: Box 300C, International Paper, 220 East 42nd St., New York, N.Y. 10017.

"Send me a man who reads!"

A series by International Paper

International Paper believes the future lies with *men who read.* These are the men with new ideas—I-P's greatest resource.

You'll find these I-P ideas are all around you. They range from paper bags that stretch to printing papers that stay *white* to a new kind of wallpaper that peels off when you're ready to redecorate.

and "Send me a man who reads!" are marks of International Paper Company.

© International Paper Company 1965

INTERNATIONAL PAPER

This is the Canadian you switch to when you get richer.

Seagram's
Since 1857
CANADIAN WHISKY
Seagram's
V.O.
CANADIAN WHISKY
A BLEND
CANADA'S FINEST
IMPORTED

At first, most people drink Seagram's V.O. only on special occasions. Then, as their fortunes improve, they make V.O. their regular whisky. That's because V.O. does what no other whisky can. It defines smooth once and for all. Light? Of course. (If you haven't made it yet, cheer up. You've got something to look forward to!)

Known by the company it keeps.
Seagram's
Canadian V.O.

CANADIAN WHISKY—A BLEND OF SELECTED WHISKIES. SIX YEARS OLD. 86.8 PROOF. SEAGRAM-DISTILLERS COMPANY, N.Y.C.

Harry Stoones," which ran for only one night four years ago, with a cast that included Diana Sands and Barbra Streisand. This time, too, the members of the cast were, for the most part, young, appealing, and terribly elated. They were also quite proficient, and they didn't muff a single number. Their names were John C. Becher (not so awfully young but surely proficient and amusing), Gloria Bleezarde, Conrad Fowkes, Hugh Hurd, Morgan Paull, Evelyn Russell, Jo Anne Worley, and, especially, Ben Kukoff. Mr. Kukoff can clown and act pretty well and sing pretty well. The first part of the show, in which he appeared alone, was called, and was, "The Long Song." It was a musical monologue addressed by a thirty-five-year-old bachelor to his invisible and silent psychiatrist—of all unpromising-sounding ideas! But it turned out to be much more entertaining than one would expect. The song was really an ingenious medley and parody of many kinds of songs, all the way back to Jolson's "Mammy," and was as much a joke on Tin Pan Alley as on the volatile patient.

I offer my indignant sympathy to Mr. Harris and the entire company, and also to Michael McWhinney and Jerry Powell, who contributed a charming song called "The New York Coloring Book," and to Fred Voelpel, whose settings were ingenious and decorative.

LIONEL ABEL'S "The Wives," at Stage 73, is a tough one to keep in mind even for the short distance from theatre to typewriter. It could be described, I suppose, as a partial comedy on the theme of the waning of marital passion—specifically, that of Herakles, husband of Deianeira. A truly partial comedy, that is, for while Anne Meacham, as Dei-etc., stands taut as a bowstring on one side of the stage, lamenting Herakles' infidelity and eventually his murder (by her own hands), the ladies of the Greek chorus mosey around trying for laughs with not awfully wise cracks on connubial matters. Miss Meacham deserves something better than this piece of skittishness.

THE Greenwich Mews, a pleasant, convenient little theatre on West Thirteenth Street, is offering an exciting and stirring production of Langston Hughes' "The Prodigal Son," with an all-Negro cast—singers and dancers, and Joseph Attles, an actor who can sing and dance. The words are Biblical or Hughes; the songs are traditional gospel hymns or Hughes; and the extraordinary dances are the work of a newcomer named Syvilla Fort. Mr.

CONTINENTAL CHINA
R

The new shape "Medallion" has been designed for Continental China by Hans Theo Baumann, Munich and Richard Scharrer, Nuremberg. The cylindrical form, softened by medallion-like disc knobs and graceful handles, simply asks to be decorated. Talented European artists have done just that with a variety of exciting contemporary patterns. ☐ Shown: "Medallion Onyx" $12.95 per five piece place setting... Other "Medallion" dinnerware patterns from $8.50 to $19.95 per place setting...
For CONTINENTAL and other ROSENTHAL color brochures send 10¢ to Dept. N22
Rosenthal China Corporation, 21 East 26th St., New York, N.Y. 10010
Rosenthal Canada Ltd., 40 Wellington St. East, Toronto, Ont.

FIGARO

For external use only.
But Figaro makes a man
feel great inside.

MONSIEUR
LANVIN
FIGARO
COLOGNE

Cologne	3.75	Talc	2.00
After Shave	3.00	Soap	2.00

PLUS TAX

COPYRIGHT 1965, LANVIN PARFUMS

also available in
VETYVER

LANVIN

move out in
Alpine-styled
short shorts

Authentic details right down to the cuffs. Flapped double pockets front and rear, adjustable double ring sash belt. Washable cotton gabardine in olive, light tan, denim blue, black or pewter. Sizes 28 to 38. By Cisco . . . 7.95

wallachs

15 Fine Stores for Men

Mail orders to: 32-36 47th Ave., Long Island City, N. Y. 11101. Beyond motor delivery area, please add 50c

Attles—nimble, spidery, and intense—plays a character called the Exhorter, and it is he who persuades the prodigal son to leave his girl, Jezebel, on her primrose path and return to the ways of righteousness. The title role is danced by a handsome, powerful fellow named Philip A. Stamps; Jezebel is sung and danced by a sinuous beauty named Glory Van Scott. The principal soloists in the choral singing are Dorothy Drake and Robert Pinkston. They are all absolutely wonderful, and so are the other singers and dancers. "The Prodigal Son" was directed by Vinnette Carroll. May it run forever.

Unfortunately, it is preceded by Bertolt Brecht's "The Exception and the Rule," a fable of lumpy Teutonic irony about a wealthy, cruel merchant and a poor, abused coolie. It is a bore in several ways too boring to list, and it is stylized to the point of rigor mortis. You can easily skip it, though, by arriving at the theatre about an hour after the announced curtain time.

—Edith Oliver

•

Paris (NANA) Ever tried to fix a name tag on a sardine's tail? No? Well, it's got to be done—if not by you, by the backroom boys of the scientific world.

Ever tried to fix a name tag on a sardine's tail? No? Well, it's got to be done—if not by you, by the backroom boys of the scientific world.

Eighteen mystified scientists, who have just spent 12 days pondering the question at a conference in Rome, are still baffled but insist a way must be found.

Why? Explained one scientist: "The sardine is of immense commercial importance to the fishing nations of the Mediterranean. The tags are needed to determine the growth, migration habits, mortality rate and population size of the fish."

One of the sexiest girls in France is getting married—and disappearing from view.—*Washington Star.*

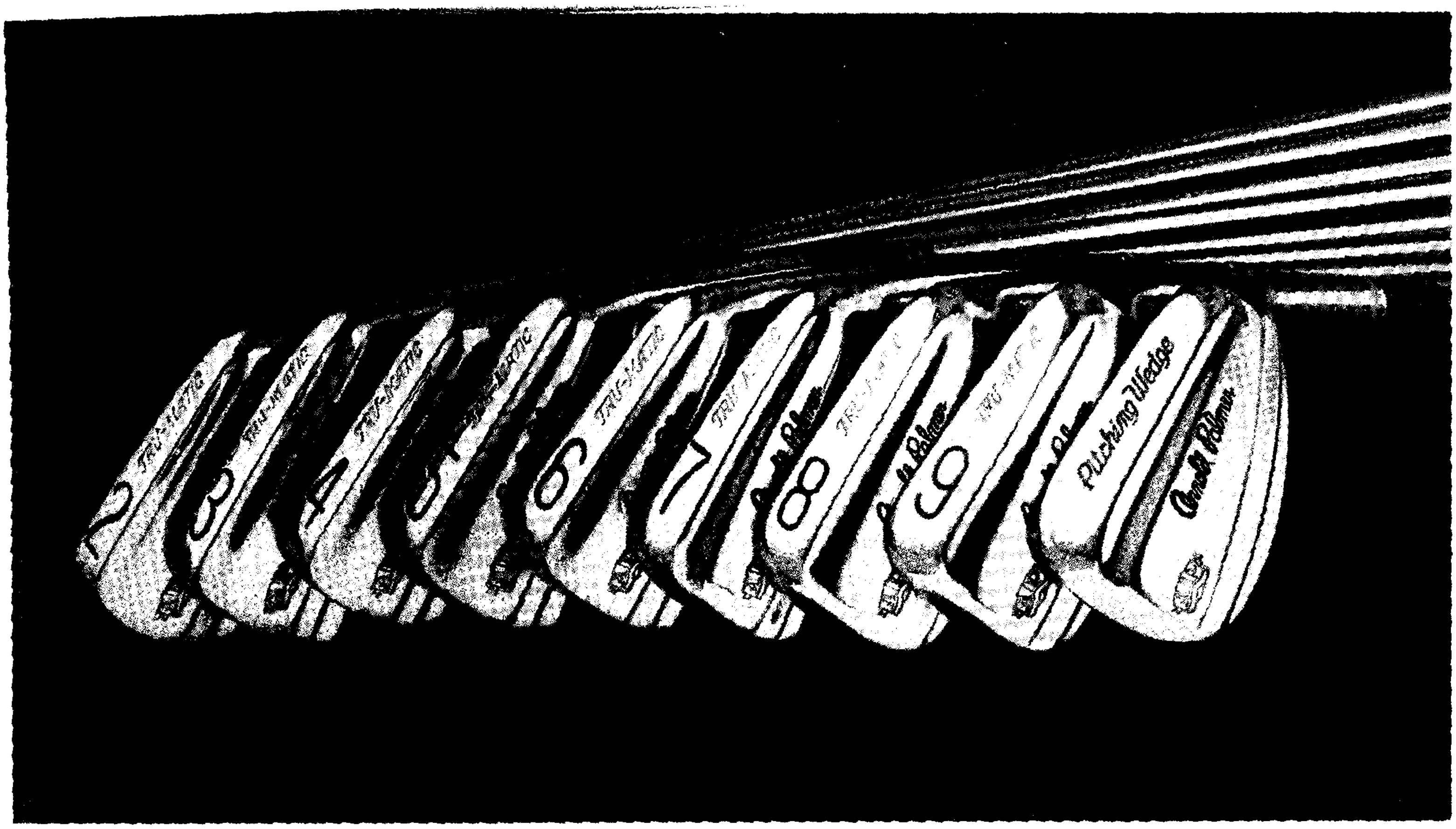
She have any tags with her?

•

Only Tour in Key West
That Will Take You to the Following Points of Interest

Monument of Cesar Romero's Grandfather—Gold Star Mothers' Monument—Home of Tennessee Williams—May Sands Elementary School—The Tree That Bears the Fruit on Its Trunk—The Oddest House—Or the Most Artistic House in Key West—The Unique Cigar Makers Home—The Miracle Tree—A Visit to the City Cemetery—Maine Monument—The Gun Turret of the Maine.—*Throwaway card advertising a Key West sightseeing bus.*

Well, it's a many-splendored fling, all right.



9 ways to cure an iron deficiency.

YOU'D NEVER suspect these sleek and shiny beauties are actually miracle drugs. But they are.

Arnie developed them to put new blood into ailing golf games. And to make healthy games even healthier.

Pick up a set of these irons at your golf professional shop and fiddle with them a bit. You'll soon discover a remarkable thing.

All nine Palmer clubs feel and swing *exactly* alike.

That's Tru-Matic* balance. It's a blessing. It relieves you of the hopeless burden of having to re-adjust your swing to every variation of a poorly matched set.

You simply concentrate on keeping your swing grooved and uniform. And the club does the rest. *Infallibly.* (Every Palmer club has a flight pattern as predictable as that of a guided missile.)

It took Arnie about 10 years to perfect this miracle of balance and design. Now, with his own company, under his personal supervision, he sees to it that every set meets the most exacting tournament standards.

Arnie's whole idea is to place in your hands a set of tools so mechanically flawless you can forget about everything except your form.

Want some health-giving iron in your game? See your professional for the prescription. While you're there, let him check you for a wood deficiency. Arnie has medicine for that, too.

Arnold Palmer Company,
Chattanooga, Tennessee.

SOLD BY GOLF PROFESSIONAL SHOPS ONLY
MANUFACTURED AND DISTRIBUTED IN CANADA BY CAMPBELL

Arnie's own.

*T.M.'s of Arnold Palmer Co.

Hunting the Sun

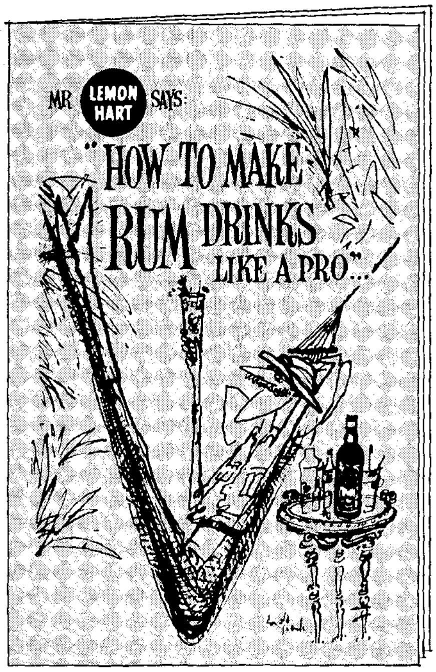
all summer long is the specialty of this impeccably finished desert shirt. It's sand-colored Dacron®-polyester-and-cotton poplin, tailored with crisp good looks that will find favor with any man, whether he's the active-sports type, or more inclined towards refreshments-on-the-lawn. By Izod. Sizes S-M-L-XL, Regulars and Longs. Regular, $12. Long, $14.

On mail or phone orders, add 65c beyond delivery area.

Men's Shop, Street Floor

BERGDORF GOODMAN
5th AVE. at 58th ST. NEW YORK 19
ON THE PLAZA

DEMERARA RUM – smooth in taste and not pungent. 86 and 151 proof.



MR. LEMON HART SAYS:
"HOW TO MAKE RUM DRINKS LIKE A PRO"...

JAMAICA RUM – dark or golden, both 8 years old. 86 proof.

MR. LEMON HART'S BROCHURE

tells you how to make rum drinks like a pro. It is illustrated with cartoons by Ronald Searle, and shows the fun you can have making the most unusual rum drinks. Write to: Julius Wile Sons & Co., Inc., 320 Park Ave., N. Y. 22, N. Y.

THE RACE TRACK

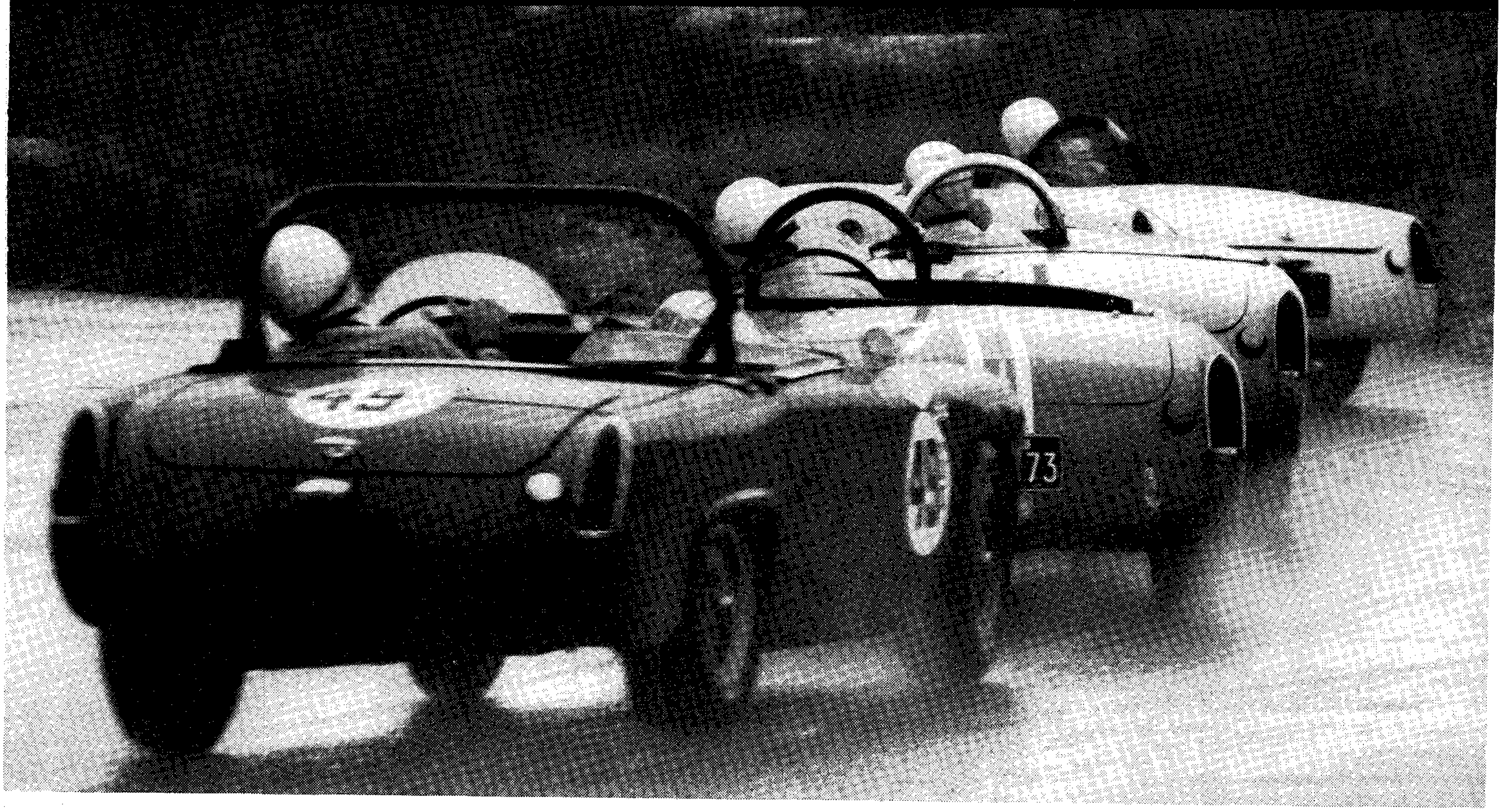
Top Girl

NEVER underestimate Affectionately. When she came out for the Top Flight Handicap at Aqueduct last Saturday, I was one of a number of race-trackers who were almost too astonished for words. Only three days before, she had finished a poor third in the Roseben Handicap, and, besides, the mile and a furlong of the Top Flight was a bit farther than it was thought she liked to go. Just for that, she led by lengths all the way and won with consummate ease. Eight lengths behind her, Steeple Jill, winner of her last three starts, beat Old Hat, one of the top race mares in the country, by half a length. Among the seven also-rans were Snow Scene II, a runner from the Argentine, and Batteur, a star at Santa Anita last winter, who refuses to raise a good gallop at the Big A.

Like most unexpected events, the victory of Affectionately seems reasonable enough when you look back on it. A crackerjack sprinter, she is certainly seconds faster than any of her opposition, and her impost of 120 pounds was the lightest she'd carried in six months. Moreover, she looked particularly fit—ever so much better than she did when she paraded for the Roseben, which, incidentally, was her first start in a month, and which I'm sure wound her up for the race last Saturday. In the Roseben, carrying 127 pounds—an unusually high weight for a mare, especially in a race with members of the opposite sex—she led for the first quarter, which she ran in a snappy 0:22⅕, and then followed close behind National, a speedster himself, to whom she gave eleven pounds, while he stepped off the half mile in 0:44⅕ and six furlongs in 1:08⅘. In the stretch, Affectionately tired, and National went on to win by a couple of lengths from Chieftain. The Top Flight was a different story. Taking the lead from the first jump, Affectionately ran the first quarter in 0:23, the half in 0:47, and six furlongs in 1:11⅕. At this point, nothing behind her had a chance, and she coasted home. It was her fourth victory in five starts at Aqueduct this season, and although I don't suppose she'll ever have the following that Stymie had, Hirsch

IF HE DRIVES A SPRITE,
HE'S A BACHELOR . . .

OR ELSE HE'S MARRIED AND WANTS A
SECOND CAR HE CAN RACE



Or else he's a tightwad: wants a genuine sports car for under $2,000.*

Sprite has won more races than any other sports car in its class. It's a flat-cornering, 90-mile-an-hour, sweet-handling champion.

At the same time, it offers more conventional virtues: side-vented roll-up windows, comfortable foam bucket seats, and padded dash, plus fade-free disc brakes forward and big drums aft.

Sprite gives you both worlds—girdled in lines that dazzle the eye.

Married?—perhaps.

Smart?—no maybes about it.

THE ONLY TRUE SPORTS CAR UNDER $2,000.

AUSTIN
HEALEY **SPRITE**

FOR OVERSEAS DELIVERY AND OTHER INFORMATION, WRITE: THE BRITISH MOTOR CORP. / HAMBRO, INC., DEPT. Y-31, 734 GRAND AVENUE, RIDGEFIELD, NEW JERSEY

*STATE TAXES AND OTHER LOCAL CHARGES EXTRA.

These are the Design Research butcherboard tables, made in our own workshop. Light maple or dark walnut coffee and dining tables, $98—$215. Please write for complete list. Design Research, 57 Brattle St, Cambridge; 53 East 57th St, New York; Ghirardelli Square, San Francisco.

D|R

Going to Puerto Rico?

Discover an undiscovered Spanish town, unspoiled beaches and the colorful Mayaguez Hilton.

First thing to do is discover manager Philippe Gerondeau. Have him show you the view of the harbor from his hilltop hotel . . . his beautiful guest rooms, great big pool . . . and, comparably speaking, his very small rates. Then discover the unspoiled beaches, quaint old Spanish city and colorful sugar-cane countryside —all so near his serene, get-away-from-it-all hotel. For reservations, see your travel agent or call any Hilton hotel or Hilton Reservation Office.

Mayaguez Hilton

Go international—
with all the comforts of Hilton

Jacobs, who trains her and trained him, says she is one of the best.

THE fleetest two-year-old out at Aqueduct last week was Gerard Smith's filly Duende, who won her first start by six lengths the other afternoon, doing the five furlongs in 0:59. She's the smallest racer I've seen in many a day, being no bigger than a child's pony, but she is beautifully made and has the smoothest of actions. She comes well by her speed, too, being by Swoon's Son, who used to mow down all opposition on the Chicago tracks. It was no secret that she was a good one, and she went off at odds of 11 to 20—about the shortest price to date at the meeting.

PLENTY of racing this holiday weekend: At Aqueduct, the Mother Goose Stakes will be run off on Saturday and the Metropolitan Handicap on Monday; there will be the Jersey Derby at Garden State Park on Monday; and on Saturday Delaware Park opens its long summer meeting. I expect that most of the three-year-old fillies who were in the Acorn Stakes a fortnight ago will be in the Mother Goose. If you're good at guessing games, try your hand at the Metropolitan. As this is written, no decision has been made by Gun Bow's stable on whether he will run for it or for the Californian Stakes at Hollywood Park on June 5th. If he opts for the Metropolitan, it won't have many starters. However, looking over the list of probables, I'd say that Choker, who beat Meeting Place, First Family, and three others in the Lochinvar Purse at the Big A last Saturday, incidentally running the mile in 1:35⅗, would be one of them. It would be interesting, too, if Tenacle, Smart, and Point du Jour, who finished one, two, three in the Camden Handicap at Garden State Park last Saturday, came up and tried their luck. I caught the Camden on TV, and it was a thriller.

—Audax Minor

•

10. To while away sunny hours, a set that mass-produces sand castles. Colored plastic sections; with shaping tool, mortar board, and carrying case. $5.50, postpaid. F. A. O. Schwarz.—*List of items for children in Vogue.*

Watch out, little dreamers; there'll be labor disputes.

•

Memorial Day. See Decoration Day. —*Encyclopedia Americana, 1957 edition.*

Decoration Day. See Memorial Day. —*Ibid.*

Have a nice holiday!

This browbeater makes her husband rent cars from National to get S&H Green Stamps.

NATIONAL
CAR RENTAL

He does.

Consider him henpecked.

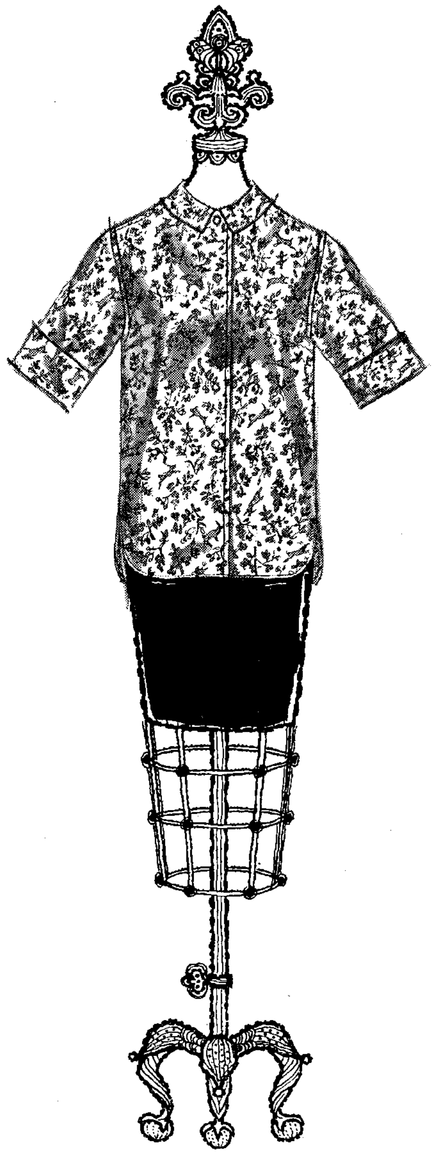
Of the three major car rental companies, he rents from National because he gets S&H Green Stamps absolutely free. This next trip will give him enough to get her that new set of Lenox china. But *he* gets lots more too. Speedy, courteous attention at over 1000 U. S. locations—coast to coast. And a brand new '65 Ford, or other fine car. Why not rent from National?

Rent from National and get S&H Green Stamps. That's not being henpecked. That's being shrewd.

National Car Rental

In Canada it's Tilden Rent-A-Car.
All major credit cards honored.
Even Hertz & Avis.

PRICES SLIGHTLY HIGHER IN THE WEST.



Deer

Very small, and half-hidden among small sprigs of leaves and cherries . . . gentle deer, leaping or standing. The cotton, too, is gentleness itself, light and of a delicate smoothness. And the shirt is the VILLAGER® collector's pan-collared shirt . . . gentle and simple as sun and air. Green, Pink, Blue, or Brown. Sizes 8 to 16.

About seven dollars at good stores and college shops

The Villager®

1407 Broadway, New York 18

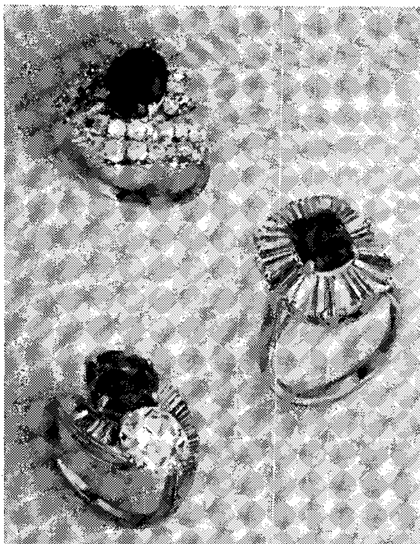
©THE VILLAGER, INC., 1965. MANNEQUIN DES. REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

THE CURRENT CINEMA

Counterfeits

I WAS about to say that "The Amorous Adventures of Moll Flanders" signals to us at every turn that it means to follow in the footsteps of Tony Richardson's joyous movie version of Fielding's "Tom Jones," but "footsteps" is too genteel a trope in this context. I'm sure that Daniel Defoe, who loved writing about money and took care to account for every ha'penny his characters gained or lost, would prefer me to use a more fiscal metaphor, so let me say instead that the picture, which is rather too loosely based on Defoe's celebrated novel, tries with all its might to hit the same enormous jackpot as its predecessor (cost of "Tom Jones," $1,300,000; estimated gross to date, $19,648,937.02) by aping it in time, place, circumstance, cast, costume, language, and photographic special effects, even to the point of calling attention to these "coincidences" in a mocking disclaimer tucked away among the credits. If imitation isn't really the sincerest form of flattery, and is often, indeed, the sincerest form of disparagement—"Anything you can do, I can do"—it's also a traditional method of earning a quick buck, and "Moll Flanders" has been stitched and gusseted and gored and patched together in so obvious an attempt to make millions of us feel as good as we did at "Tom Jones" that it almost succeeds in making us feel good for another reason altogether. The candid impurity of its motives gives us something like the rueful pleasure we may feel in the transparency of a child's first lie; when that pleasure passes, we are left with little more than a policeman's tired professional interest in a prolonged, complicated, but not very ingenious burglary.

The heroine of "Moll Flanders" is played by Kim Novak, out of whose pretty face shines, to my taste, an invincible incorruptibility. Defoe's Moll was truly a moll, while Miss Novak's is a grown-up Brownie, much more likely to be found baking tollhouse cookies than picking pockets and bargaining over the price of her body. Her consort, Jemmy, is played by Richard Johnson, who makes a fine figure of an eighteenth-century highwayman. (Though



Emeralds and diamonds
curve in brilliant beauty from
our collection of
precious jewelry rings.
Top to bottom: 6,600.00;
4,000.00; 11,000.00.
Prices incl. fed. tax. Shown actual size

Neiman-Marcus

Dallas • Houston • Fort Worth

"...félicitations"

GASTON DE LAGRANGE

VSOP

VSOP

COGNAC

Fine Champagne

CELEBRATED AMONG CONNOISSEURS
FOR GENERATIONS

COGNAC GASTON DE LAGRANGE

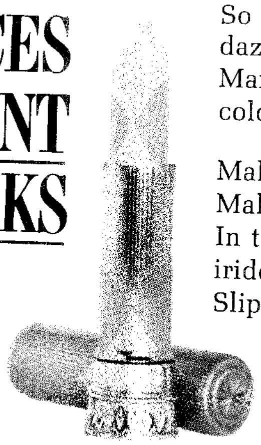
84 PROOF

IMPORTED BY
PARK, BENZIGER & CO., INC. NEW YORK

TODAY'S CHIC IS CREAMY-SLEEK

(why settle for "little-nothing" lips!)

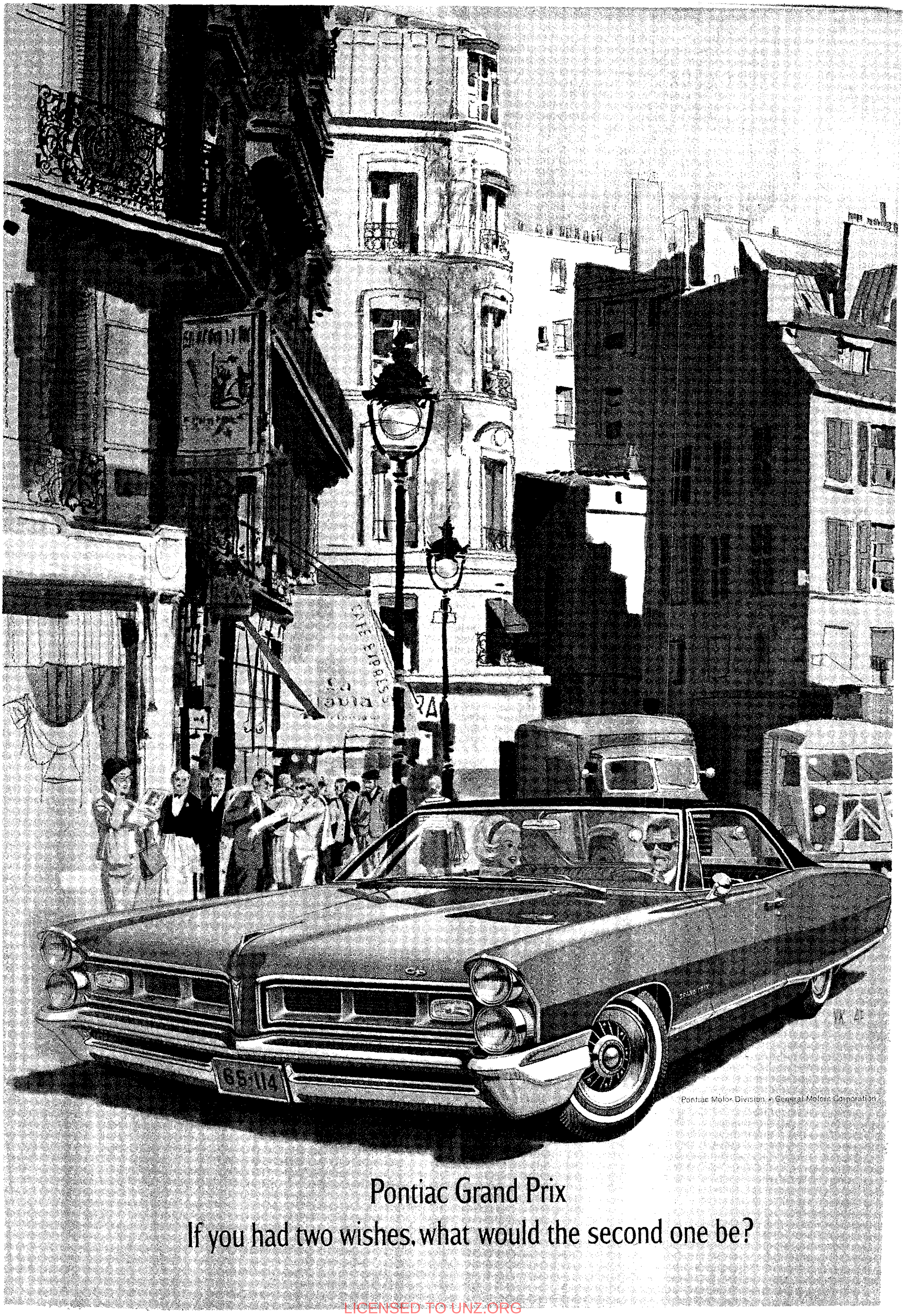
MAX FACTOR INTRODUCES ULTRALUCENT CREME LIPSTICKS



Discovered: a lipstick that knows no dryness—Max Factor's remarkable new UltraLucent Creme. So rich it slithers on like a lick of cream, so dazzling you'd think it was done with mirrors. Max Factor does it with an incredibly creamy new color base that's pure gloss (yet soft and un-greasy!).

Makes your lips feel different (much yummier). Makes color look different (dewier, *deluged* with glow). In twenty-one colors (eight in a sumptuous new iridescent) that make fashion sit up and purr. Slip into a few. (It's like making up with a kiss.)

© 1965 MAX FACTOR & CO.



Pontiac Motor Division • General Motors Corporation

Pontiac Grand Prix

If you had two wishes, what would the second one be?

the novel was set in the sixteen-eighties, the time of the movie has been pushed forward to 1720, making Moll and Tom Jones contemporaries.) Also on hand to convey bawdry and venality by prodigies of huffing and puffing and prinking and pranking are Angela Lansbury, Vittorio De Sica, George Sanders, Lilli Palmer, Leo McKern, and—as if plucked from the nearest haycock in "Tom Jones"—Hugh Griffith, who rolls his Welsh eyes and "r"s with conventional abandon. The director of the picture, Terence Young, was the director of "Dr. No" and "From Russia with Love." I've a feeling that Mr. Young is more at home in the twentieth century than in the eighteenth. For that matter, so am I.

THE first of the movies about Jean Harlow that we may expect this season is called "Harlow" and, thanks to the use of TV cameras and techniques, was shot in a scant eight days, in the light of what appears to have been a single sixty-watt bulb. It stars Carol Lynley as Jean Harlow, Ginger Rogers as her mother, Barry Sullivan as her stepfather, Hurd Hatfield as her husband, and Efrem Zimbalist, Jr., as her one true, if distinctly belated, love. The actors must have put in an astonishingly busy eight days, but the result, for us, is an astonishingly languid two hours. Miss Harlow is one of the most interesting figures in Hollywood history, and it's irritating to watch her brief and troubled life being rifled in this slipshod fashion. —BRENDAN GILL

•

BARBER AND I

Barber and I have come here
For shrimp of the inlets.
But the shrimp are babies,
Pacific in their basins.

Barber is the know-all,
But tires me.
He scrapes a shrimp shell
Empty with a shrimp key.

But he doesn't have my ear.
I listen for sea in the nets,
For the high shrimp of babies
In the blue laps of waves.

—ROBERT DAVID COHEN

•

Dr. Phillips, associate professor of political science at Western Michigan University, will speak on "The Achilles, Heel of American Education."—*Kalamazoo Gazette.*

And all-round bum.

There's more
to good sun glasses
than meets the eye!

Sun glasses for good looks? Ray-Bans come in dozens of flattering styles for men and women.

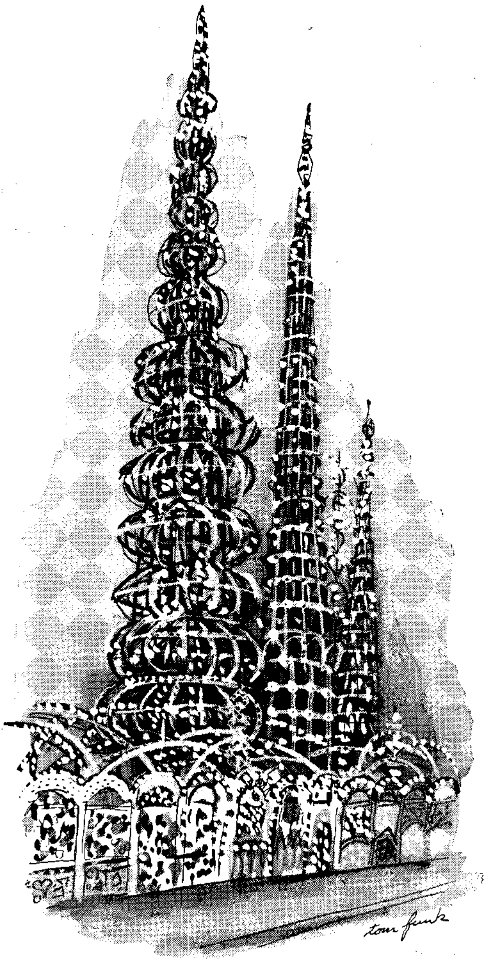
Sun glasses for your eyes' sake? Ray-Bans, certainly, for *scientific* eye comfort and protection all day long. Look before you buy. Then choose Ray-Bans—the most distinguished name in sun glasses. At optical offices and better stores. For free style catalog, write Bausch & Lomb, Rochester, N.Y. 14602.

BAUSCH & LOMB Ray-Ban® SUN GLASSES

Wear glasses? You can have Ray-Ban lenses ground to your prescription.

A REPORTER AT LARGE

I KNOW I WANT TO DO SOMETHING



IF a man who has not labelled himself an artist happens to produce a work of art, he is likely to cause a lot of confusion and inconvenience. Working from 1921 until 1954, Sam Rodia, an uneducated Italian immigrant who had settled in a district of Los Angeles called Watts, constructed a dreamlike complex of openwork towers and other structures in his yard and encrusted them with a sparkling mosaic composed mainly of what had once been refuse. The result is almost certainly a work of art—though the fact that it is not only unlabelled but unique has made it difficult for art critics to decide precisely what *kind* of work of art—and it has certainly been an inconvenience. For one thing, Rodia's work is large—the tallest of his towers, a lacy spire that looks something like a bizarre, multicolored model of the Eiffel Tower, is ninety-nine and a half feet tall—so the question of what it might be takes on a practical as well as an academic significance. City building officials who might treat most works of art with deference, if not always with sympathy, tend to treat a large, unlabelled one the same way they would treat an office building, a house, or, most damaging, a structure that fits into no category at all. Moreover, Rodia's work of art has proved to be something of an inconvenience to the artist himself. Any work of art demands explanation as well as classification; large numbers of people will want passionately to know how the artist did it, and, even more passionately, why he did it. Such curiosity is only increased if the artist happens to be a man like Sam Rodia, who would rather talk about almost anything than his work of art, is likely to give conflicting facts and opinions when he does talk about it, and, when pressed for some explanation of why he created it, has said, "I had it in my mind to do something big and I did."

While there is no evidence that Rodia's attitude represents a conscious attempt to compound the confusion he has caused, such an attempt would not be out of character. By all accounts, Sam Rodia (who is sometimes called Simon and whose last name is sometimes spelled Rodilla) has never been a man who conformed to what was expected of him. For instance, he could hardly have gone through the ordinary procedures of submitting a plan for a building permit, because he had no plan, and, to judge by pictures taken at various times over the thirty-three years he was working on his towers, he actually tore down sections of them and started over when he felt that they did not match his image or when that image changed. In his thirty-first year of work on the towers, he was asked why he had hired no help, and he said, "I did it all by myself. I never had a single help. One thing, I couldn't hire any help, for I no have-a no money. Not a thing. If I hire a man, he don't know what to do. A million times, I don't know what to do myself. I would wake up all night, because this was my own idea." Despite his poverty, Rodia was not concerned with any profit he might make from the towers—in fact, he spent most of what money he did have on materials for their construction—and eventually he was not even concerned with the towers themselves. In 1954, when he was about seventy-nine years old, he deeded his property to a neighbor for nothing, announced that he was going away to die, and disappeared. Five years later, when it seemed almost certain that the City of Los Angeles was going to tear down the towers as a safety hazard, Rodia was discovered living in Martinez, a small city not far from San Francisco. Upon being informed of the demolition threat, he told a Los Angeles reporter, "I don't want to have any more to do with them." He has not been back to Watts since.

During most of the years that Rodia devoted to the Watts Towers—as his creation is now known—practically nobody else had anything to do with them; in fact, practically nobody else knew anything about them. If Rodia had set out to pick a place in which to build a huge work of art and avoid having it recognized as one, he could hardly have picked a better place than Los Angeles. In Los Angeles, a bizarre structure may not even be seen; for the city is, of course, a vast sprawl in which practically nobody walks anywhere and few people drive without having a particular objective in mind. Even if it is seen, it is likely to attract little attention; people in southern California accept a profusion of lawn sculpture and miniature castles with moats as a natural product of a large retired population and a climate that permits outdoor hobbies. For many years, a train from downtown Los Angeles to Long Beach, part of a rapid-transit system commonly called the Big Red Cars, passed within twenty yards of Rodia's property, and during the thirties and forties the towers were mentioned in print as a curiosity two or three times. Not until 1951, however, did it occur to anybody to think of the Watts Towers as art. That year, Jules Langsner, an art critic who wrote a West Coast column for *Art News* and other magazines for a number of years, was told by a friend about the unusual structures in Watts. Though Langsner was a native of Los Angeles and was as close to the city's art scene as anyone, he had never heard of the towers, so he drove to Watts to see what they looked like.

Watts is in the south-central section of Los Angeles, not far, as Los Angeles distances go, from the Los Angeles International Airport, but not really on the way to anywhere. It is, by practically any statistical yardstick, a slum. Los Angeles, however, is one of the rare cities in which a slum is easier to identify by statistics than by walking

"Dacron"®... a man's way to look great, stay neat!

WASH AND WEAR suits with "Dacron" are a summer must. For business and otherwise, they give you a very special combination of cool comfort, crisp good looks and built-in neatness. You can have them drycleaned if you like. And you can easily wash out most spots.

Your wardrobe is not complete without at least one. Like this classic poplin of 65% "Dacron"* polyester, 35% combed cotton. Your favorite store has many more styles and colors, about $45.00. Stop by soon and ask for a wash and wear suit with "Dacron".

*Du Pont's registered trademark.
Du Pont makes fibers, not fabrics or clothes.

Better Things for Better Living ...through Chemistry through it. Watts has little resemblance to the slums of Eastern cities, lacking the crowded-together buildings, the narrow, choked streets, and the constant noise. Many of the houses, which are mostly white bungalows or the tiny stucco houses that abound in southern California, are run down. But often after three or four tumbling houses—one of them, perhaps, almost a shack—there may be a neat, well-kept pink stucco house with a closely cropped lawn, a white picket fence, and window boxes full of bright flowers. Even the shacks have yards. While there are some visible signs of poverty—skinny, sick-looking dogs; a surprising number of second-hand stores; a doctor's sign on the Avalon Professional Building (itself a white stucco bungalow) that says in large letters, "COUNTY PATIENTS ACCEPTED"—most of Watts's troubles are disguised by the space and the sun. The dominant impression is not of poverty but of dreariness.

Except for an occasional two-story apartment house, Watts is no higher than a one-floor bungalow, and telephone poles and electric-line poles are visible for blocks. To anyone driving toward East 107th Street—a short street that begins at one railroad track and comes to an end at another—it gradually becomes apparent that one of the poles up ahead is not a pole at all but an ornate, slightly leaning structure that seems to be a tower, and then, as one gets closer, two towers, and then three, and then, at the dead end where Sam Rodia lived, an entire garden of forms. A scalloped wall that is completely covered with mosaic runs along the street, and from outside it half a dozen spires are visible. Inside it, on the triangular piece of ground that was formerly Rodia's yard, a visitor can see three large towers, four smaller towers, two or three fountains, some birdbaths and decorated pathways, a model of a ship, and an openwork gazebo.

Etched in awkward letters on the outside of the main gate in the wall—and repeated three or four times on the tallest tower—is Rodia's name for his garden, "Nuestro Pueblo." This has usually been translated as "Our Town," although some of Rodia's former neighbors, many of whom are Mexican-Americans, translate it as "Our People," and it could even be a reference to El Pueblo Nuestra Señora la Reina de Los Angeles de Porciuncula, which was the original name for Los Angeles. Rodia has said that it means "lot-sa things, lot-sa things." Thus given a choice, people who have spent a good deal of time in Rodia's

CANADIAN PACIFIC AIRLINES
SERVES 5 CONTINENTS

• TORONTO/HAMILTON • CALGARY • WINDSOR/DETROIT • MONTREAL • SANTA MARIA • AMSTERDAM • LISBON • MADRID • ROME • LIMA •

• VANCOUVER • HAWAII • FIJI • AUCKLAND • SYDNEY • BUENOS AIRES • MEXICO CITY • WINNIPEG • EDMONTON • HONG KONG • TOKYO •

CUT OUT AND JET AWAY WITH CANADIAN PACIFIC AIRLINES

Jet tour Round the Orient

21-day escorted tour, only $424.50, plus air fare. Visit Japan, Hong Kong, Taipei, and Hawaii. Local carriers arranged from your home town to Vancouver where you'll fly away non-stop to Tokyo via the short "great circle" route—daylight all the way. Tour includes English-speaking guides, sightseeing, all hotels and local transportation abroad.
☐ Return via Hawaii.
IT/HLL/65

Jet tour 7 Wonders of South America

Fully escorted 21-day tour. Join Canadian Pacific Airlines in Mexico City. You'll visit Lima, Santiago, Buenos Aires, São Paulo, Rio de Janeiro—with English-speaking guides, sightseeing trips, local transportation, first class hotels provided throughout, for only $379, plus air fare. Return via any U.S. Gateway city.
☐
IT/ITP/CP/2165

Mail to:
Canadian Pacific Airlines
581 Fifth Avenue
New York 17, N.Y.

Please send free descriptive folder on Canadian Pacific Airlines Jet tours I have checked.

NAME__________
ADDRESS__________
CITY__________
STATE______ZIP #______
MY TRAVEL AGENT IS:
____
NY-3

FLY Canadian Pacific

CANADIAN PACIFIC AIRLINES
SERVES 5 CONTINENTS

Chipp
Clothiers Furnishers

CHIPP CHIPP CHIPP CHIPP CHIPP CHIPP CHIPP CHIPP CHIPP CHIPP

TAILORED SWIM TRUNKS

. . . include a Chipp innovation: two-tone S-T-R-E-T-C-H, *one leg, one color; the* other, another. Plain front tailoring, adjustable side straps, interlocking front buckle.

TWO-TONE STRETCH* $19.50
(red/green or port/starboard, navy/denim, khaki/banana, green/yellow, coral/cranberry)

STRETCH* POPLIN SOLIDS 17.50
(natural, coral)

PATCHWORK COTTON MADRAS 15.50

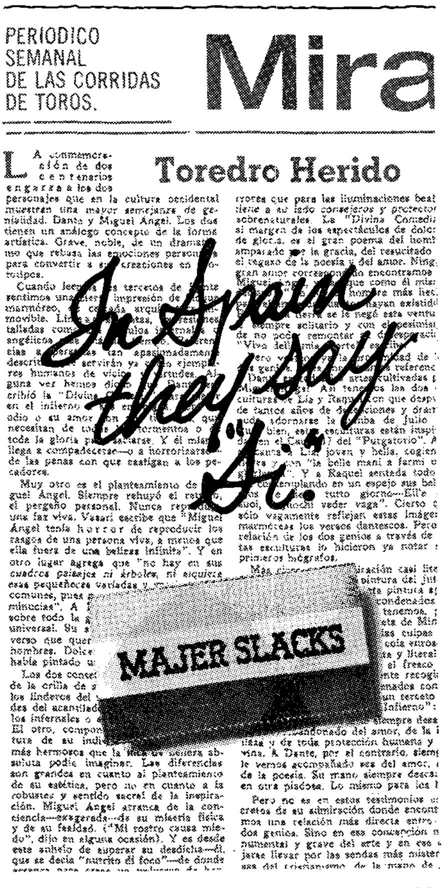
STANDARD DACRON® POLYESTER 13.50
(natural, navy, dark or light grey, denim blue)

REGULAR COTTON MADRAS 13.50
(bright shades)

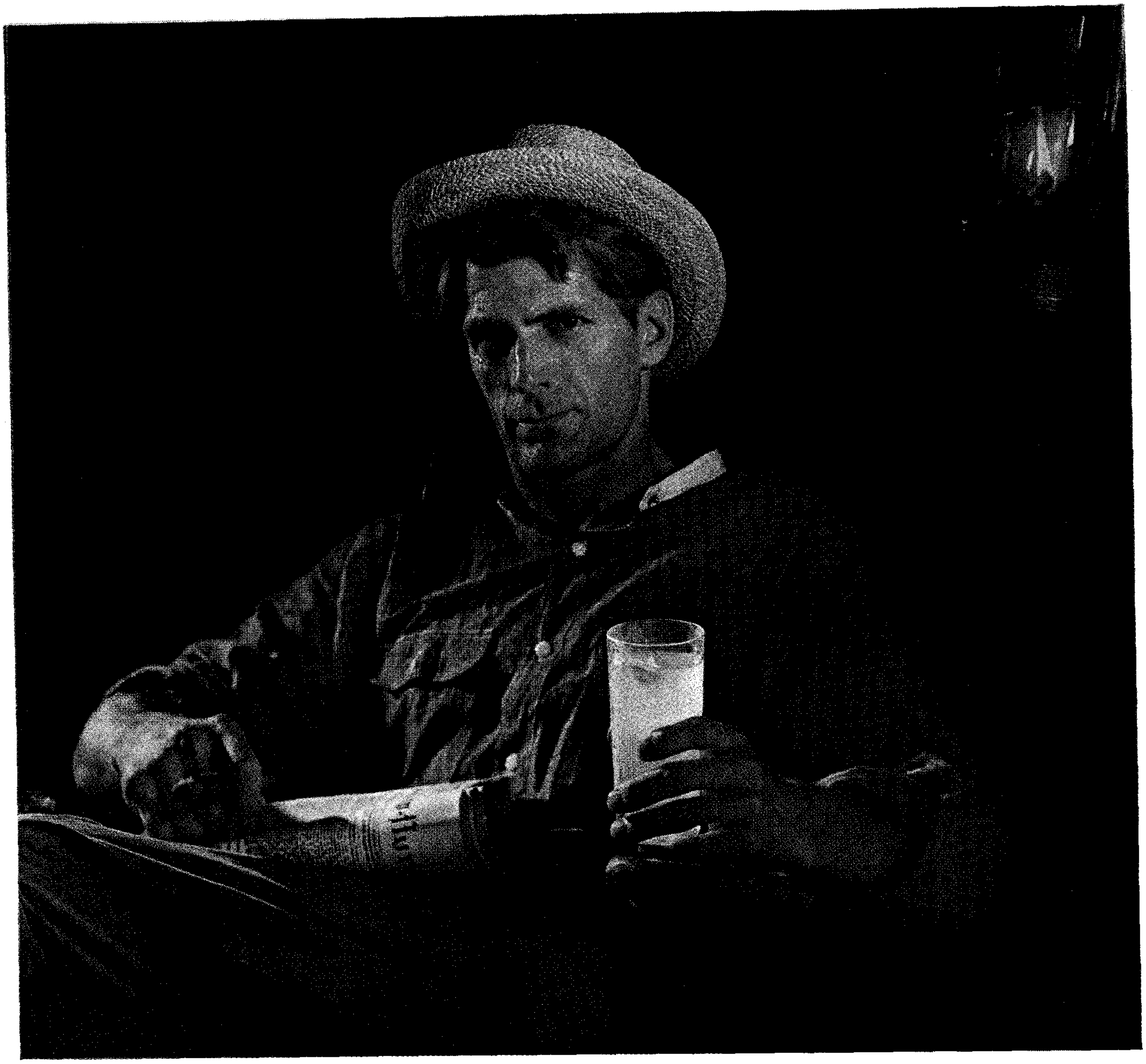
*Dacron® Polyester/Cotton/Lycra® Spandex

Even waist sizes 30–42 Add 75¢ for postage
Mail orders accepted No C.O.D.'s

14 E. 44th Street
NEW YORK, N.Y. 10017


PERIODICO SEMANAL DE LAS CORRIDAS DE TOROS.
Mira
Toredro Herido
In Spain they say "Si."
MAJER SLACKS

You will, too...when you see the impeccable fit and fabric that distinguish these gentlemen's slacks. Equally at home in arena or balcony, Majer Slacks rate an "ole!" from the most critical aficionado. From $25.
The Majer Co., 1290 Avenue of the Americas, N.Y. 10019



This is how the Daiquiri was invented

An American mining engineer used to end his day with a tall thirst until he finally quenched it (in 1896) with a tall, cold, good-tasting drink he invented with lime juice, sugar and Bacardi rum. He named it after the place where he got the thirst—the Daiquiri Mines! Times have changed, and now Daiquiris come in assorted sizes and shapes. But three things stay the same: (1) the original Daiquiri was made with Bacardi, (2) the best still are and (3) people still quench thirst with their frosty smoothness. Buy some Light Bacardi and do a little thirst quenching yourself! (The recipe's on the back label.)

DRINK **BACARDI**® RUM

LIGHT DRY
BACARDI
DARK DRY
BACARDI
BACARDI
AÑEJO
151
BACARDI

ENJOYABLE ALWAYS AND ALL WAYS

All Bacardi rum is smooth, dry, light-bodied. **Light** is for Daiquiris and when you prefer subtle flavor or light color... **Dark** when you want more Bacardi flavor, or amber color... **Añejo** for the ultimate smoothness of "sippin' rum"... **151** for Mai-Tais, flaming dishes and exotic cookery. ©BACARDI IMPORTS, INC., MIAMI, FLA. RUM 80 & 151 PROOF.

© HERTZ SYSTEM, INC. 1965

Suddenly more and more executives are flying to Hertz.

How do they manage to have a pretty Hertz girl waiting to meet you wherever you land?

REVEALING question: who *else* but Hertz is *big* enough to greet you at *every* airport you're likely to land at? Now you begin to know why more and more flying businessmen *depend* on Hertz rent a car.

Local phone call starts things

One local phone call makes a Hertz reservation anywhere in the world. And when you land, a pretty Hertz girl will be waiting with a key to a shiny Chevrolet, or other fine car. A lordly feeling. And look what else you get from Hertz.

World's only rent a car guarantee

Only Hertz has the *size* and *experience* to give really great rent a car service. And Hertz gives you *Certified Service*—the plan that pays you $50 in car rental certificates in the unlikely event that Hertz should fail you. Can you *afford* to settle for second best?

Let Hertz put you in the driver's seat.

HERTZ
RENT A CAR

garden are tempted to think of it as Our Town, or even Our World, for they have found that the place gradually takes on the aspect of a world that has no relation to the drab row of bungalows across the street. Practically nothing inside the wall—including the inside of the wall—has been left without either a mosaic or an etched design. The yard has been floored with slabs of red, brown, and green cement, all bearing elaborately etched patterns of flowers, hearts, and grillwork. Photographers who have climbed to the top of the highest tower have found that the mosaic is as thick ninety feet off the ground as it is lower down. Spokes connect some of the towers to each other and to the wall, and these are everywhere overhead, forming an arbor that is a ribbon of white seashells, or red, white, and blue tiles, or red and green bottles, or assorted tinted glass, or 7-Up bottles, or a combination of glass, shells, and pottery, in which the handles of cups loop out into the air. The walls—which run about a hundred and fifty feet from the base of the triangle, where Rodia's house used to stand (it burned down a few years ago), and meet in a point near the tracks of the Big Red Cars—are higher than eye level, and, with Rodia's mosaics stretching in every direction, the garden sooner or later takes on a reality of its own. A birdbath covered entirely with pieces of 7-Up bottles no longer looks strange; the "cactus gardens" of cement "cactus" covered with bits of colored glass become cactus gardens; the Surrealistic model of a ship, whose mast forms another tower, seems to be a ship; and the concrete bench inside the gazebo, which has a superstructure dome with still another tower rising from the center, is a logical place to sit. After one has spent some time within the walls, what seems strange is not Rodia's world but the shouts of children that can be heard from the street, or the rock-'n'-roll music coming across the railroad tracks from a garage that has been turned into what seems to be a shoeshine parlor.

Langsner drew attention to Rodia's garden through an article that appeared in the July, 1951, issue of *Arts & Architecture*. "The impressive quantity of material used amounts approximately to seven thousand sacks of cement, seventy-five thousand seashells, hundreds of broken dishes, thousands of pieces of broken tile, and several truckloads of broken bottles," he wrote. He added a few facts about the builder, noting that Rodia had some volumes of an old Encyclopædia Britannica, that

Stubborn George and his freestone water

100 years ago George Dickel stubbornly searched out every nook and cranny of Tennessee's bluegrass till he found the finest freestone water in the world. Born in the mountains, it was, and then filtered by nature for hundreds of miles underground till, as if by miracle, it danced out through paper-thin crevices in the rocks around the falls.

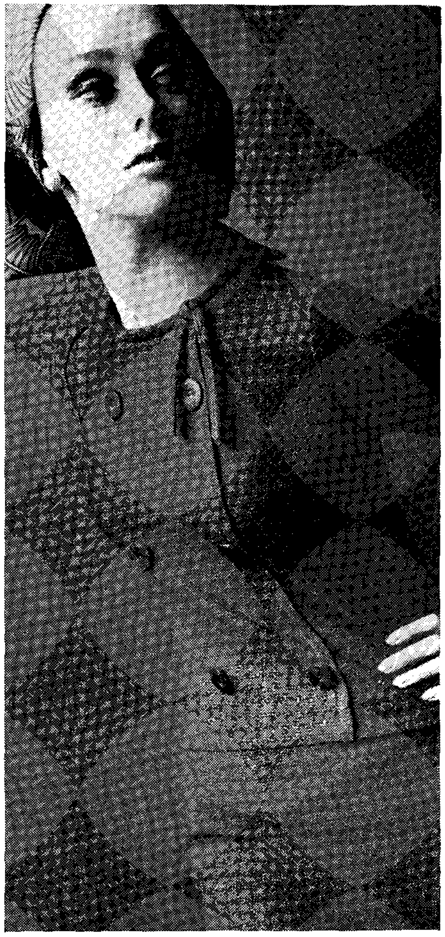
George Dickel is the only whisky still made with this freestone water. It always was the lighter, smoother Tennessee Sour Mash Drinkin' Whisky.

Still is.

George Dickel
Tennessee Sour Mash Whisky
Estd. 1870
George Dickel
Tennessee Sour Mash Whisky
Old No 12 Brand
90 Proof
Distilled and bottled only by Geo. A. Dickel & Co. Tullahoma Tennessee

Celanese® Arnel®

There is only one Arnel.
It lets a knit travel lightly.



Whether wearing or packing this knit-about-town, expect Arnel to keep it light, comfortable and color fresh from summer to fall. A two-piece costume by Susan Thomas in Atlee's knit of Arnel triacetate and linen. Brown, green, blue, red. 8-18. About $40†. At Best & Co., New York; I. Magnin Co., West Coast; Neiman-Marcus, Dallas, Houston & Ft. Worth.

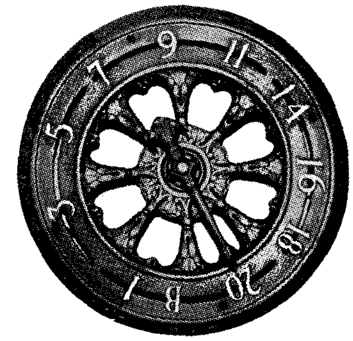
†Slightly higher on the West Coast.

Celanese
CONTEMPORARY FIBERS

he talked constantly of Alexander the Great, Julius Caesar, Amerigo Vespucci, Buffalo Bill, and other heroes, and that upon being asked his reason for building the towers he had said, "A man has to be good good or bad bad to be remembered."

Recently, in recalling his visit to the towers, Langsner said, "I went to talk to the neighbors, and not many of them really knew him. He was friendly enough—he'd say hello—but he spent all his time working on the towers. He was completely indifferent to his appearance. I remember going out there once in the summer, and he had on an old shirt with the sleeves cut off at the shoulders, and his arms were just covered with bits of glass, dust from the chipping, all embedded in his arms as they were in the towers. It would have taken weeks of steam baths and scrubbing with wire brushes to start to get it off. He didn't seem to notice it. He lived in a self-enclosed world, and he had a fantastic obsession—a monument. He wanted to be remembered. It was a marvellous obsession. Most of us want to be remembered, but we're embarrassed to think about it. He confronted it head on."

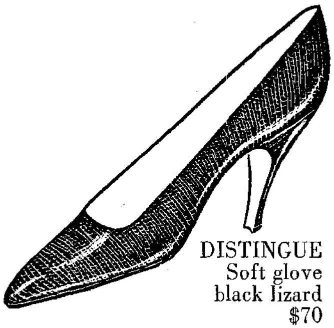
In 1952, a year after Langsner's article appeared, William Hale, who was then studying film-making at the University of Southern California, produced a short color film on the towers that provided by far the best record available of Rodia at work. Basically, Rodia built the towers out of steel rods, covering them with cement that was reinforced with wire, and covering that with the tiles, pottery, tinted glass, seashells, broken bottles, and almost anything else that would make a pattern or catch the glint of the sun. In the film, Rodia, a tiny, wiry-looking man, walks along the dusty bed of a railroad track picking up bits of glass and rock, and later returns to wedge one end of a steel rod under the tracks and bend it into shape. He is also shown picking out pieces of tile from a workbench on which various types of tiles and pottery are carefully arranged in separate piles, and climbing with agility up the gigantic main tower, a bucket of cement held over his arm. Rodia, who was a tile setter and laborer by trade, held a regular job of some kind practically all the time he lived in Watts, but in the evenings and on weekends he would often take the Big Red Car to Long Beach to gather shells in an old cement sack, or to rummage around in junk yards for tiles and bottles. Then he would go home and decorate his towers—often, according to his neighbors, stringing



THE ST. REGIS ROOF
OPENS JUNE 17TH

Reserve your own special cloud on the St. Regis Roof. Here, in this posh pink paradise, you can dine and dance in a very special way. The stars are always out and the orchestra of Charles Turecamo seems to know just what to play. So, put on your dancing shoes and come to the Roof at the St. Regis, Fifty-fifth and Fifth, New York. For reservations, telephone PLaza 3-4500

De Busschere
Belgian Shoes
HAND MADE · HAND SEWN ·
MR. HENRI BENDEL
Owner-President



DISTINGUE
Soft glove
black lizard
$70
Other colors to order.

Classic, timeless styling.
Brochure on request

BELGIAN SHOES
60 East 56 St., New York 22, N.Y.
CALIFORNIA: I. MAGNIN & CO.

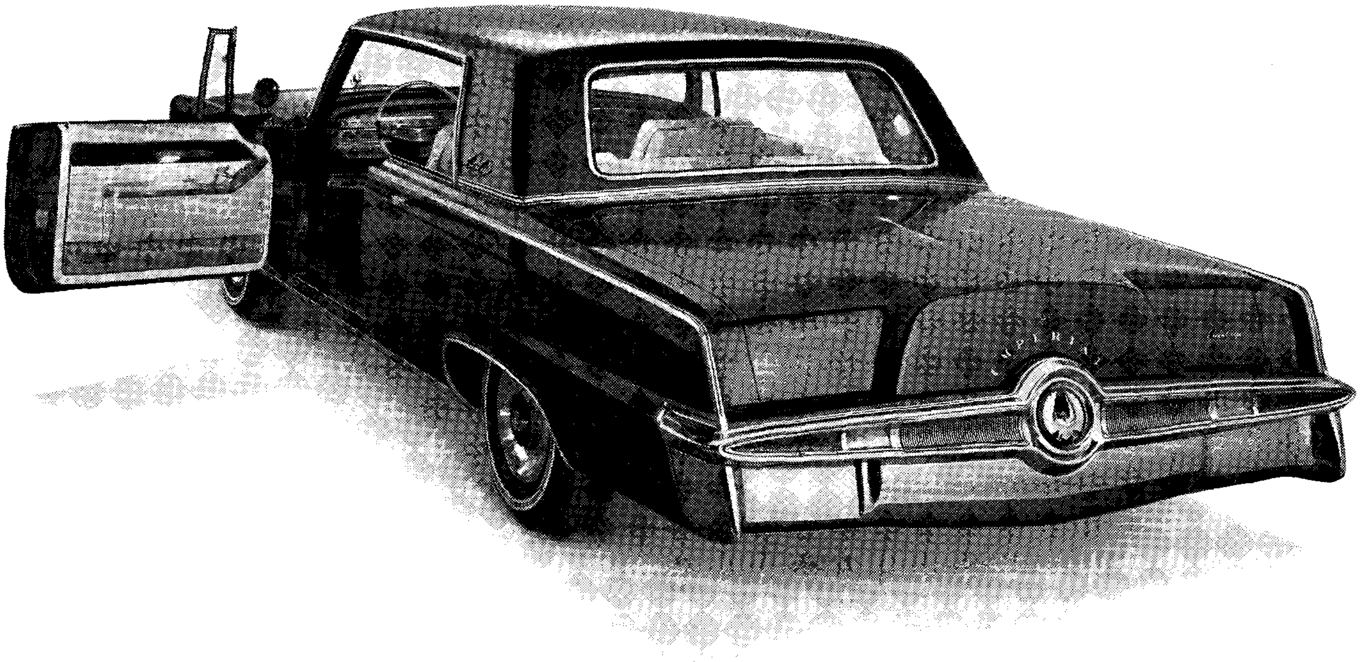
IMPERIAL DIVISION **CHRYSLER** MOTORS CORPORATION

Younger people today no longer believe luxury cars are the private preserve of an older generation.

They are impatient with mere status symbols. Which is why more and more often, the luxury car they choose is Imperial.

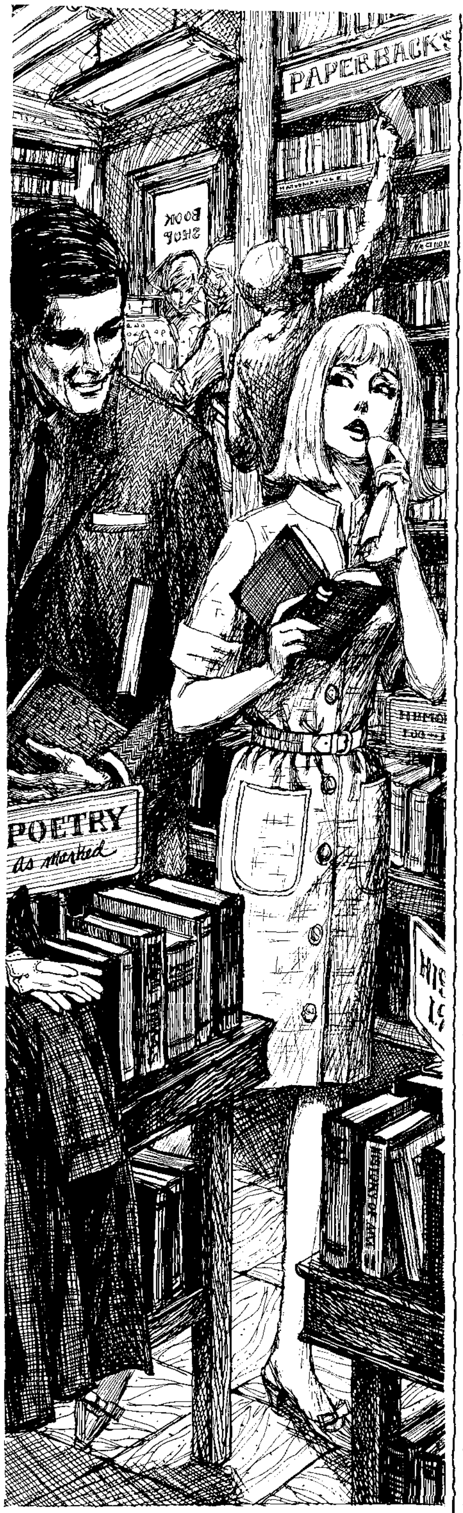
Imperial is the quietest in motion. Its space advantages are clear. And virtually every power assist is standard.

Add to these this timely advantage: purchase of an Imperial in the spring is a particularly wise and rewarding investment. See your Imperial dealer today.



Why are so many younger people driving Imperials lately? Could it be they know something you ought to?

THE INCOMPARABLE IMPERIAL



She sneezed violently as the old volume sent up a cloud of dust. "Gesundheit!" said a voice, "and never mix musty poets with a dust allergy." Through her tears she saw a young man with mischievous eyes. "Musty poet!" she said indignantly. "If you think that Byron..." But now she began to sneeze again, desperately pulling a handkerchief from the pocket of her Cos Cob dress, a belted shift in Fortrel® polyester and cotton. Red, Navy, Yellow or Green. Sizes 7/8-18.

COS COB

1407 BROADWAY, NEW YORK 18, N.Y. • A DIVISION OF
OXFORD MANUFACTURING COMPANY, INC.

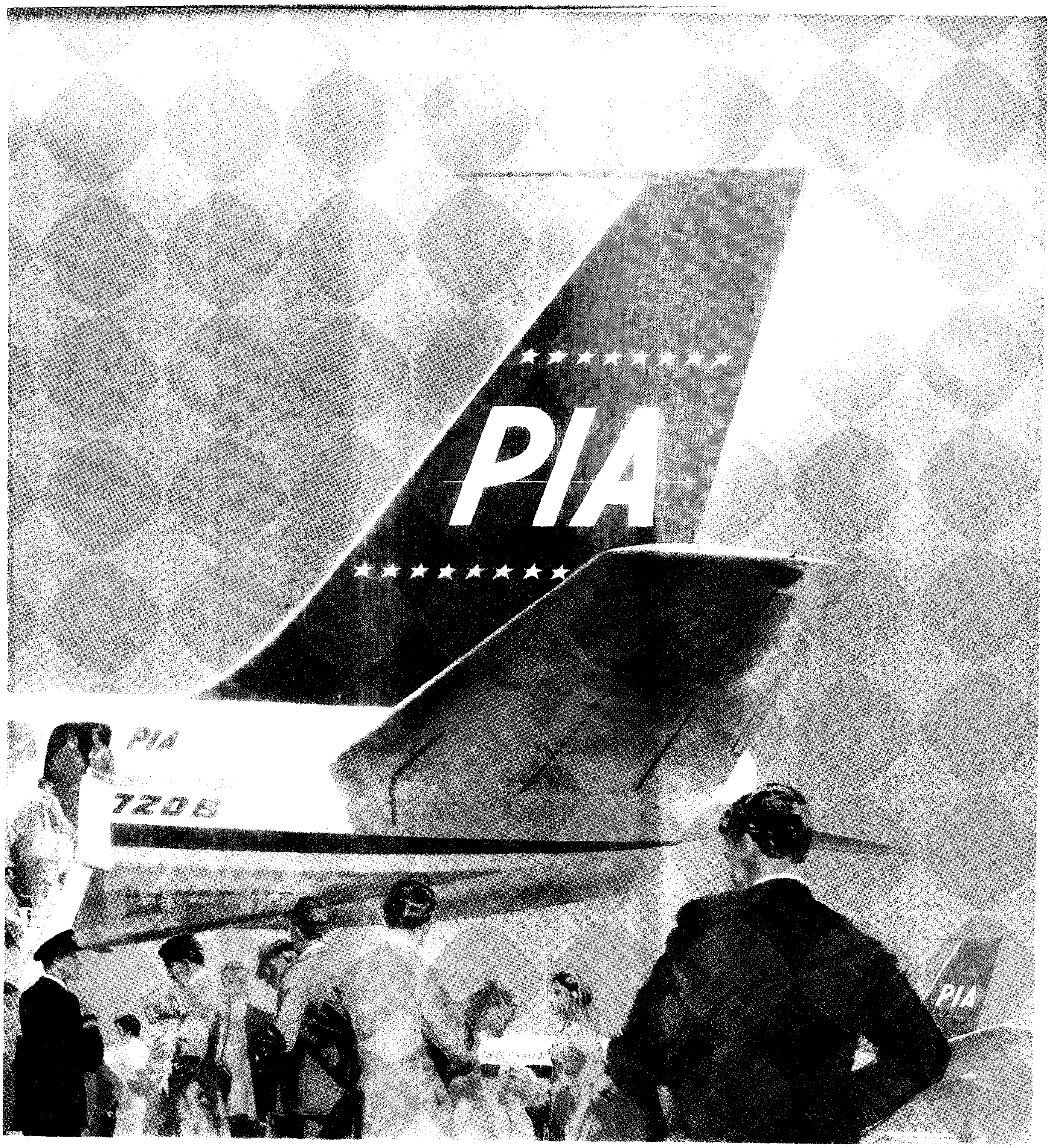
lights so that he could work after dark. In a few panels of the wall, Rodia has left, along with his initials, imprints of the tools he used—hammers and files of several kinds, a pair of pliers, a screwdriver, a pair of calipers—and it is apparent that the form the towers took was decided partly by the limitations of his equipment. Since he had no scaffolding, for example, he had to provide his own as he went along. It took the form of horizontal spokes and circles ringing the tallest spires, and the dense spider-web effect they produce results partly from the fact that no ring is farther from the one below it than a short man can reach.

Although Rodia used the same materials again and again, there was nothing either monotonous or haphazard about the way he used them. Sometimes he mixed his materials—perhaps combining pottery and tinted glass for a design on the wall—and at other times he separated them as carefully on the towers as he did on his workbench. In some places—on the steps of his house, for instance—he set uniform tiles, as if for a patio; in others, he fitted scraps of the tiles into a crazy-quilt design. The base of one of the smaller towers is covered almost entirely with printed tiles that have a Mexican look, the base of another mostly with seashells, and the base of a third with chopped glass. One of the tall towers has a cage of scaffolding covered entirely with bits of green glass, and that cage is surrounded by a cage covered entirely with seashells. There is as much variety in the construction as in the mosaic, and no two of the towers are built alike. Some of them seem to consist of a stack of progressively smaller drums covered with ornamented bird cages; others are spires that, halfway up, suddenly begin to take the shape of a series of pots; one rises from among the cactus of the garden.

Rodia has said that he bought his cement and, sometimes, his steel rods and his wire, but for the rest he relied mostly on things that other people no longer had any use for. The constantly repeated imprint of a rose in the cement of the walls, the deck, and the gazebo bench turns out to have been made from the rosette-shaped handle of an outdoor water faucet. The inside of one wall shows imprints of what appear to be the top of an old-fashioned sewing machine, a bunch of wax grapes, a straw basket, the gears of an automobile, and a stem of wheat. Bulging from the wall are cement casts of corncobs and of two or three boots. In Hale's film, a bowling ball can be seen resting between two scallops of the south wall, which runs along East 107th Street, and one of the towers is finished off with an upside-down bottle. (Both the bowling ball and the bottle later fell to vandals.) Most of the found objects that Rodia used in his mosaic have lost their origins in the design, but the eye still stops to read bits of printing left on pieces of bottles. A piece of a brown jug says "forbids sale or reuse of this bottle;" a red bottle says "berry julep;" a green bottle says "Arrowhead Pale Dry Ginger Ale;" a blue one says "Blue Coral has no equal;" and dozens have one part or another of the writing on a 7-Up bottle, which seems to have been Rodia's favorite type of glass.

The sound track of Hale's film is made up partly of answers that he and his associates were given when they asked Rodia's neighbors about the towers. As the camera plays on the labyrinth of the largest tower or follows the paths between the fountains and the gardens, a woman's voice says, "I've often wondered what it is," and a boy's voice explains that it is something "to make a pretty scenery, I think, so people would come and make that place famous, at least around here." Rodia's voice—heavily accented and rhythmical—is also heard on the sound track, explaining why he couldn't hire help, and describing the reactions of his neighbors. "Some of the people they was-a thinkin' I was crazy and some of the people say 'He's gonna do something,' " the voice says. "I know I want to do something. I say, 'I'm gonna do something. I'm gonna do something. I'm gonna do something.' "

Not many people came to see what Rodia had done until the middle of 1959, which was when the controversy started over whether or not to destroy it. Since then, it has had a growing reputation in the art world, despite the fact that a few art critics still consider it only a curiosity and others have not been able to make up their minds what it is. As a gigantic work of fantasy created by an untrained man, the Watts Towers have often been compared to the Palais Idéal, an elaborate mausoleum in Hauterives, in France, built by Ferdinand Cheval, a postman who, as it happened, also labored for thirty-three years on his masterpiece. Today, however, attempts to describe the Watts



Every fifth PIA passenger a new one

While growth in passenger traffic for all airlines averaged 11% over the past five years, PIA's passenger traffic has gone up 25%. These results reflect not only PIA's dramatic expansion, but also PIA's own high standards of operation—again, well above the industry average. It is this sort of vigorous growth and imaginative enterprise which last year brought to this consistently profitable airline over 14% more passengers, and explains why travellers say PIA are great people to fly with.

LONDON FRANKFURT MOSCOW GENEVA ROME BEIRUT TEHRAN KABUL
KARACHI BOMBAY DELHI CALCUTTA DACCA KHATMANDU RANGOON CANTON SHANGHAI

PAKISTAN INTERNATIONAL AIRLINES

GREAT PEOPLE TO FLY WITH

608 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 20, NEW YORK
323 GEARY STREET, SAN FRANCISCO
1 PLACE VILLE MARIE, MONTREAL
1028 CONNECTICUT AVENUE, N.W., WASHINGTON D.C.

LÖWENBRÄU
MUNICH
Light Special
MUNICH
ENBRÄU

IMPORTED BY HANS HOLTERBOSCH, INC. OF NEW YORK IN BOTTLES AND BARRELS FROM MUNICH, WHERE LÖWENBRÄU HAS BEEN BREWED SINCE 1383.
ENJOY A FOAMING STEIN IN ITS NATIVE BAVARIAN SETTING...BE SURE TO VISIT THE BEAUTIFUL LÖWENBRÄU GARDENS AT THE NEW YORK WORLD'S FAIR.

Which tastes better...bottled or draught?

(now you've got us over a barrel)

Towers are not limited to comparisons with the work of "primitives." As architecture, the towers are compared to the ornate buildings of the Spanish innovator Antonio Gaudí and to Gothic church towers and to the stupas of Bangkok. In discussing Rodia's mosaic, critics have mentioned the Pointillist paintings of Georges Seurat and the designs in the temple of Angkor. Whatever the towers are compared to, it is not unusual to hear them called the most important piece of architecture in California—or the most important piece of sculpture in California. A photographic exhibit of the Watts Towers has been presented by the Los Angeles County Museum of Art and other museums, and a book based on the 1962 "Art of Assemblage" show at the Museum of Modern Art in New York devoted five pages to the towers, calling them "a unique creation of inspiring power and beauty, a masterpiece of assemblage."

Even in bringing fame to Los Angeles, Rodia has been an irritant. A curator of the Los Angeles County Museum of Art has said, "The towers are Los Angeles's only art monument; we usually suggest that visitors go there, because they are really Los Angeles's Parthenon. Los Angeles has a reputation for being crazy anyway—Hollywood and all that—and I think that's why the city might have been a little slow in recognizing the towers. Here is a city whose only art monument is a group of towers built of junk by 'some nut.' They'd rather have St. Patrick's Cathedral."

ONE of the most popular theories about the towers is that Rodia, having worked on them for thirty-three years, left them when they were finished because he was the purest of artists, interested only in the act of creation, not in the product. However, there is no reason to believe that the towers were finished (or that pure artists behave that way). The inside of the north wall has several blank panels that might be filled with mosaic, and the outside of it, running along the railroad tracks, is almost completely without mosaic. Many people who have met Rodia believe that if he had lived in Watts during the past few years, he would have still been sorting out glass and tiles of different colors and climbing around the towers, his bucket of cement over his arm.

Though Rodia has often been asked why he left Watts, he has never mentioned being finished with the towers. On the other hand, he has often men-

Charles H. Kaman, President, Kaman Aircraft Corporation

First Family
of Photographers

Bachrach

Fabian Bachrach, photographer of men
Bradford Bachrach, photographer of women
48 East 50th Street, New York • PL 5-6233
Chicago • Boston • Philadelphia • Washington • Short Hills, N. J. • Baltimore

take a $160 lesson from your pro...

MAXFLI KANGAROO BAGS

To handcraft the most patrician of golf bags, Dunlop chose the most elegant of the world's fine leathers. You'll marvel at the suppleness of kangaroo. The lightness. And withal — the strength.

Ask your professional. He has Dunlop Maxfli Kangaroo Bags from $135.00.

Dunlop
Sports Division
500 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

tioned harassment and vandalism by the children of the neighborhood. Some of the people who lived on 107th Street while the towers were being built recall that when they themselves were children they used to bring Rodia bottles and bits of tinted glass; others say that children used to swing in the towers and that baptisms were held in the fountains. But then—as Rodia got older and more cantankerous, perhaps, or as children who had not grown up with the towers moved into the neighborhood—the atmosphere changed. "He worked all the time on the towers," recalls Mrs. Angelita Marin, who lives next door to Rodia's property. "He always kept to himself pretty much. He used to wash the towers a lot and clean them up—take care of them. But then the new kids in the neighborhood started bothering him. They'd throw rocks at him and call him crazy. I don't think he's crazy if he built that."

When Rodia left, he mentioned two or three different states to two or three different people as the place he was going to to die—he has always been fond of geographical names—and he signed all his property over to Louis Sauceda, a neighbor. Whatever plans Sauceda had for the towers were never realized; he eventually sold them, and, for all practical purposes, they were abandoned. The tallest towers became targets for rocks regularly hurled by neighborhood boys walking home from school, and Rodia's carefully designed mosaic was attacked with just about every weapon available. There had always been a certain number of neighborhood rumors about the towers (during the war some people thought the highest one was a Japanese radio tower, somehow connected with Tokyo Rose, who was said to have been from Watts), and most of them clustered around hidden money. There was said to be money behind some of the plates embedded in the wall, and the breaking of plates apparently led to the breaking of objects much too small to hide any money. Soon a great many of the plates were smashed, some of the bottoms of bottles that Rodia had used in parts of the wall became empty circles of glass, and where many of the seashells had been, especially on the ship, there remained only bulges in the cement, with scraps of white at their rims. Either through vandalism or, according to one story, through sparks from fireworks that the neighborhood children enjoyed throwing from the highest towers on the Fourth of July, Rodia's house was burned

English Leather®

English Leather

. . . the SHOWER SOAP on a cord, packed in a redwood box, **$2.00.** Paired with ALL-PURPOSE LOTION, **$4.00** for the set, plus 20¢ tax.

©M.C. MEM COMPANY, INC.
347 Fifth Avenue, New York

DEDICATED TO YESTERDAY'S CHARM
. . . AND TOMORROW'S CONVENIENCE

Hampshire House
150 CENTRAL PARK SOUTH, NEW YORK 10019
DISTINGUISHED RESTAURANT, BAR
and BANQUET FACILITIES
LUXURY HOTEL ACCOMMODATIONS
Dial (212) CI 6-7700

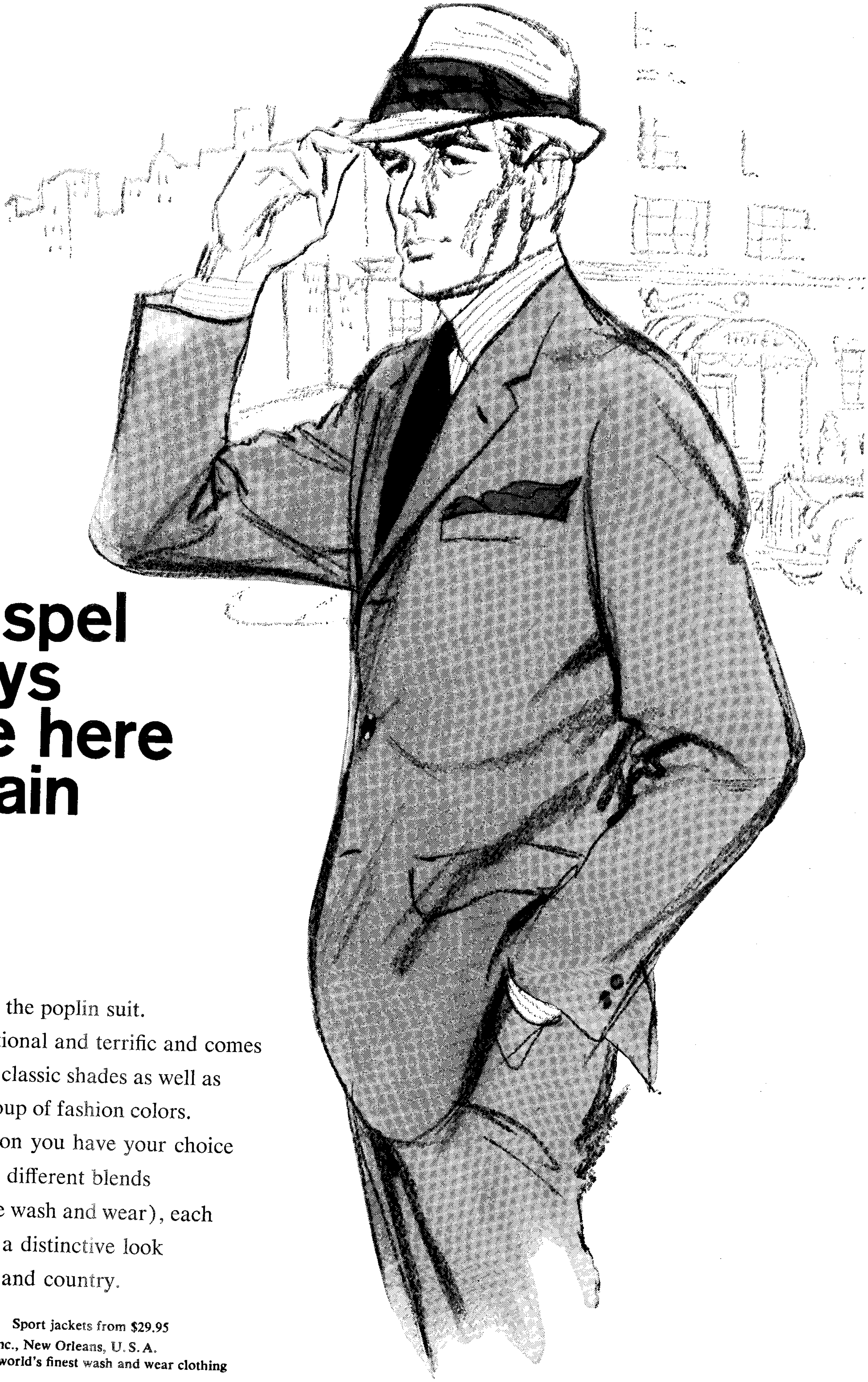
TAKE YOUR PLACE IN THE FUN!

Harborside Inn
ON THE STORYBOOK ISLAND OF
MARTHA'S VINEYARD

Complete vacation activity, sailing, swimming — ocean and pool, fishing, dancing nightly in the Boat House Bar. Regattas, near-by golf. European Plan, comfortable rooms. Fine food in our new Navigator Restaurant. Special Honeymoon rate folder.

WRITE FOR COLOR FOLDER P
N.Y. TEL.: CH 4-1997
OR SEE YOUR TRAVEL AGENT

HARBORSIDE INN
EDGARTOWN 8, MASSACHUSETTS



Haspel days are here again

Time for the poplin suit.
It's traditional and terrific and comes
in all the classic shades as well as
a new group of fashion colors.
This season you have your choice
of several different blends
(some are wash and wear), each
affording a distinctive look
for town and country.

Suits from $45 Sport jackets from $29.95
Haspel Bros. Inc., New Orleans, U. S. A.
Makers of the world's finest wash and wear clothing

ENJOY PLEASURE IN TAHITI

BEFORE BUSINESS IN AUSTRALIA

Only on UTA French Airlines can you fly to Sydney with a stopover in Tahiti—and you're in Tahiti in only 8½ non-stop jet hours from Los Angeles! This legendary, unspoiled isle of Gauguin is still much the same as he painted it. You'll see beautiful Bora Bora, too ...we take you there at no extra charge on a 1½-hour trip in a flying boat. Then on to Fiji and Sydney. For reservations, see your travel agent or any office of AIR FRANCE, our general agents.

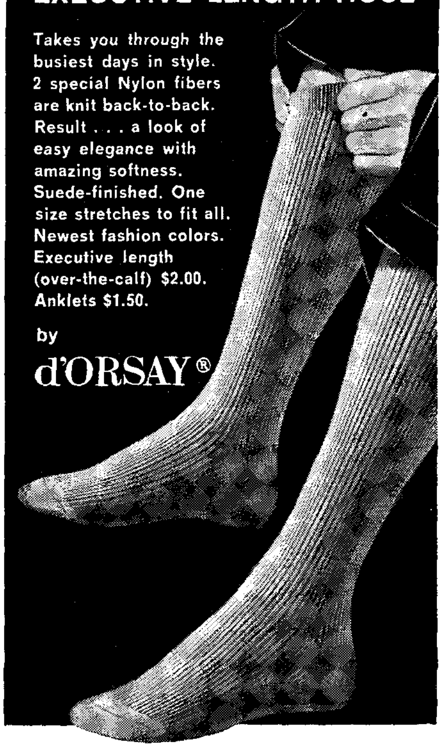
UTA
FRENCH AIRLINES

15-7

down in 1955, leaving an elaborate gate, an entrance awning of mirrors and tiles, and beautifully tiled steps leading only to a charred ruin.

By 1959, Rodia's cement garden, having been recognized briefly as art and then forgotten, was being treated as a dump—a place to toss refuse into or to stop off in to drink wine and then smash the bottle against the wall. In the spring of 1959, William Cartwright, an earnest young film editor and art enthusiast who had seen Hale's film while both men were students at Southern California, happened to be visiting in a nearby neighborhood, and went to see the Watts Towers for the first time. He was appalled at their condition. He returned the following weekend with a friend, Nicholas King, who was then an aspiring actor. Agreeing that something should be done about the condition of the towers, Cartwright and King began to tape interviews with people in the neighborhood, thinking that they might make a radio tape, or perhaps even a film, to draw attention to what was happening. In the course of their interviews, they came across Joseph Montoya, who had bought the towers from Sauceda. Recalling the meeting, King, a lively, informal young man who is now living in San Francisco, says, "This guy worked as a milker in a dairy. He had bought the towers with the idea of putting up a taco stand there, using them as a kind of attraction to customers. We were saying on the way over to see him, 'What if he wants to sell them?' We were just fantasizing, really. Then we asked him if he wanted to sell them, and he said yes—three thousand bucks. We said, 'Sold.' We wrote out a twenty-dollar check for the deposit right there, and we walked out of that building fifteen feet off the ground. We couldn't get over it—we *owned* those damned things."

The first thing that Cartwright and King did was to clean up the area around the towers. Soon after that, they asked a hard-working, somewhat philosophical architect named Edward Farrell, a friend of Cartwright's who had spent some time designing a community art center in the San Fernando Valley, to draw up a plan for a caretaker's cottage on the site of Rodia's house, so that somebody could be stationed there to protect the towers. When Farrell went to the Los Angeles Building and Safety Department to apply for a building permit, he found out why Montoya had never built his taco stand. A demolition order had been issued, saying that Montoya had

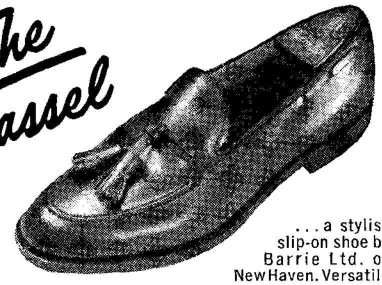


"DEBONAIR"
EXECUTIVE LENGTH HOSE

Takes you through the busiest days in style. 2 special Nylon fibers are knit back-to-back. Result . . . a look of easy elegance with amazing softness. Suede-finished. One size stretches to fit all. Newest fashion colors. Executive length (over-the-calf) $2.00. Anklets $1.50.

by
d'ORSAY®

At HUGHES & HATCHER, Pittsburgh
HUGHES HATCHER SUFFRIN Stores, Detroit
and better stores everywhere



The tassel

. . . a stylish slip-on shoe by Barrie Ltd. of New Haven. Versatile enough for wear in town or at the country club. Made of one piece of Antiqued Alpine Calfskin over a medium shaped last • full leather lined, with Flexible leather soles and snug fitting heels. In hand polished Antiqued Golden Tan grained calf.

ORDER BY MAIL, state shoe size—$26.95 postpaid! ADDRESS orders to BARRIE LTD., Booters, Dept. N9. 260 York St., New Haven, Conn.

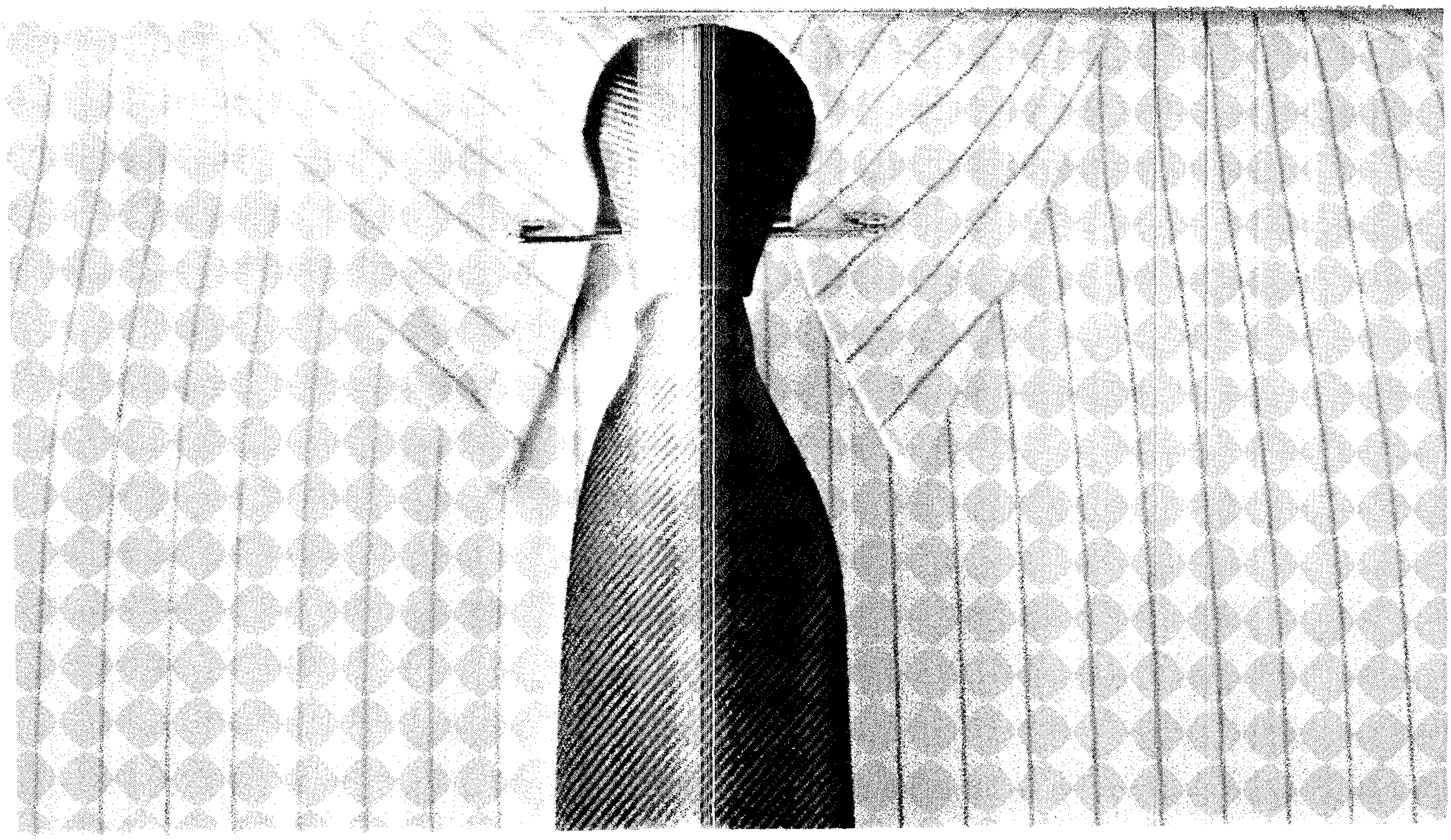
Barrie Ltd. Booters NEW HAVEN HARTFORD

NEW YORK'S BELOVED
Algonquin

Superb pre-theatre dining . . . and just a stroll to your theatre.
After-theatre drinks and Supper Buffet with "the talk of the town"

HOTEL Algonquin
59 WEST 44th ST., NEW YORK • MU 7-4400

Indoor parking (no charge) for dinner guests and weekend visitors.

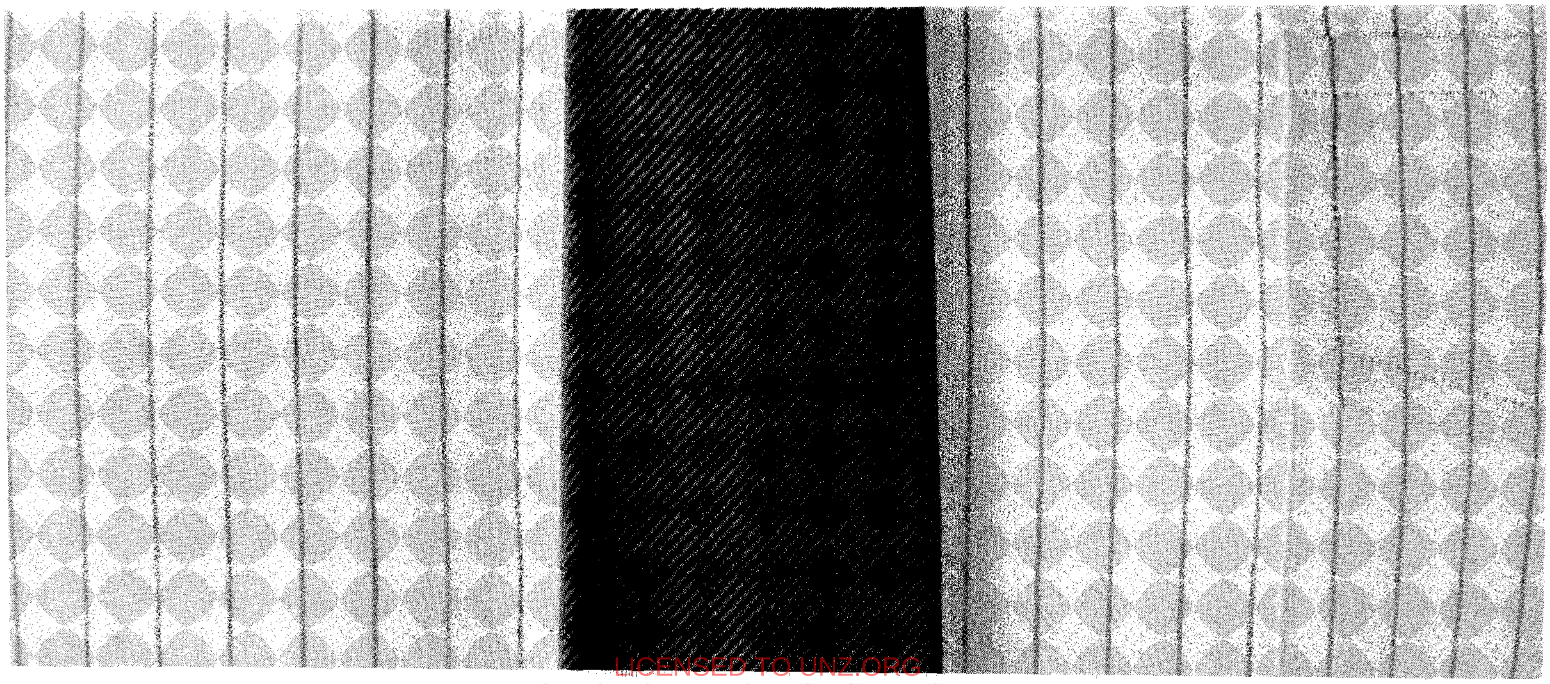


[Another Eagle First: The Buttonless Button-Down]

IF YOU WANT TO LOOK AS SUAVE AS A 1935 BAND LEADER HERE'S YOUR CHANCE!

THE first major button break-through since the laundry! Yet it looks so simple. ★ It's simple, all right. All we did was take all the buttons off our beloved, button-down collar. You may be asking why. Because the Buttonless Button-down in our Snuff stripes looks extremely well with a collar pin; which in turn looks extremely well with the great, gatsbyesque, gabardine suit now making its comeback in putty, clay, pearl, buck, and other good earth colors. ★ The Snuff stripes —here on George Scandals' White—also come on Lost Horizon Blue and Front Beige (really Journalism Yellow); in Batiste Madras with short sleeves for about $7.00. If you don't know where to find Eagle Shirts in your town, write Miss Afflerbach at the address below.

© 1965. EAGLE SHIRTMAKERS, QUAKERTOWN, PENNSYLVANIA



BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY • 86.8 PROOF • THE FLEISCHMANN DISTILLING CORPORATION, N.Y.C. • SOLE DISTRIBUTORS

PRODUCT OF SCOTLAND
"BLACK & WHITE"
BUCHANAN'S
BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY
100% SCOTCH WHISKIES
BLENDED & BOTTLED IN SCOTLAND BY
SCOTCH WHISKY DISTILLERS, GLASGOW SCOTLAND
SOLE DISTRIBUTORS FOR U.S.A.
THE FLEISCHMANN DISTILLING CORPORATION
NEW YORK, N.Y.
EXTRA LIGHT
PRODUCT OF SCOTLAND
"BLACK & WHITE"
BUCHANAN'S
BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY

One good Scotch deserves another!

Blackie: Some people like traditional Scotch.
Whitey: And some prefer the light.

Blackie: Two different tastes.
Whitey: So how could any one Scotch satisfy both?

Blackie: That's why we have two Scotches. "BLACK & WHITE," the Great Traditional...
Whitey: And Extra Light "BLACK & WHITE."

Blackie: Both have the character of Scotland in every drop.
Whitey: Equal in quality...

Blackie: Identical in price.
Whitey: Yes, one good Scotch deserves another.

"BLACK & WHITE"

TWO SCOTCHES OF EXCEPTIONAL CHARACTER

BY APPOINTMENT TO HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN
SCOTCH WHISKY DISTILLERS
JAMES BUCHANAN & CO., LTD.
GLASGOW, SCOTLAND

to "demolish and remove the fire damaged dwelling and dangerous towers from the premises on or before March 5, 1957." Inquiries about the order eventually led Farrell to Harold L. Manley, the chief of the Building and Safety Department's Conservation Bureau. "He kept saying they wanted a 'bare lot' there," Farrell said later. "I said, 'Look, can't we get together on this thing?' We didn't want any trouble; if it was unsafe, we wanted to repair it. But he wouldn't accept any calculations on its safety. I offered to get the guy at Cal Tech who simulates earthquakes to set up his machine in the towers, but Manley wouldn't even accept that."

When it became apparent that if the owners refused to tear down the towers, the city would do so, Cartwright and King looked around for help. Finally, with the aid of the curators of the Los Angeles County Museum of Art, they established a non-profit corporation called the Committee for Simon Rodia's Towers in Watts, which bought the towers from Cartwright and King for what they had paid, elected Cartwright its chairman and Cartwright and King permanent directors, and began to investigate ways to save the towers.

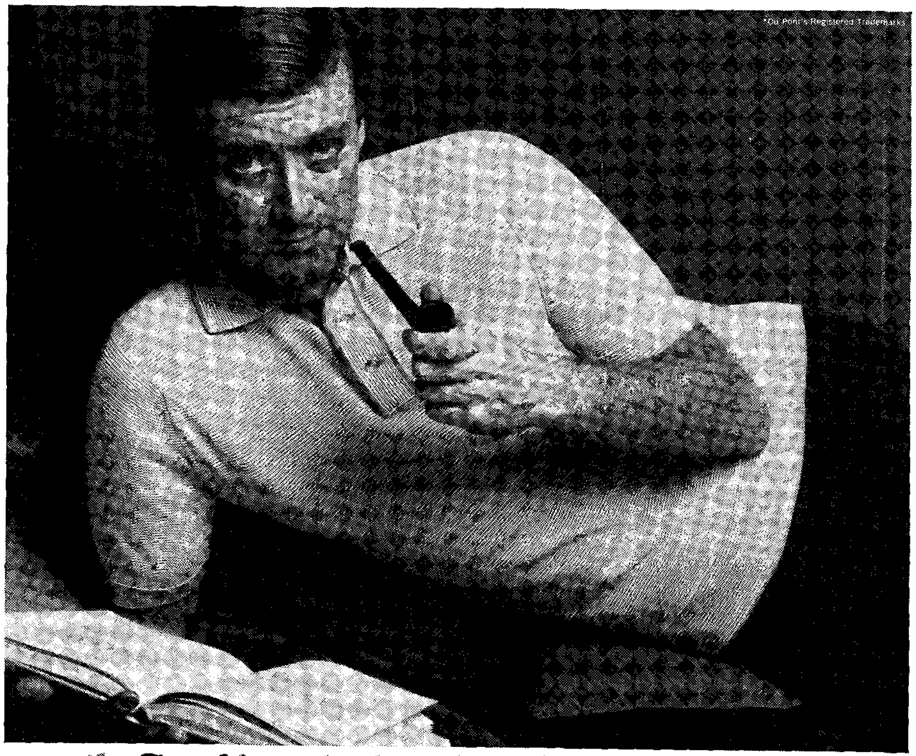
Attempting to preserve a work of art in the United States is often a frustrating undertaking. Whereas local governments in many other countries put a good deal of time and money into the task of preserving structures that are thought to be of historic or artistic value, our local governments sometimes seem to expend almost as much energy trying to destroy them—a paradox that the Watts Towers committee did not fail to point out during the controversy with the city. Los Angeles has a Municipal Art Department, but its chief duty is to approve plans for structures on or over city property. In 1962, a state law was passed creating a Cultural Heritage Board, empowered to delay a demolition permit for three hundred and sixty days on any building that it has declared a Cultural Heritage Monument—a delay that is designed to enable interested citizens to buy the monument from whoever wants to demolish it—but no provision was made for the Cultural Heritage Board itself to buy an endangered monument, and there is still nothing to prevent the city from destroying a structure that the Building and Safety Department considers unsafe, whether the owners want it destroyed or not. Kenneth Ross, the director of the Municipal Art Department, doubts wheth-

Cartier

FOR FATHER'S DAY
A CARTIER WATCH OF 18KT GOLD

Only at Cartier, these fine 17 jewel watches. The movements and 18kt gold cases are ours alone, representative of Cartier quality and exceptional value. Ultra-thin dress watch, $125. Sports watch, automatic, shock and water resistant, $145.

Fifth Avenue and Fifty-Second Street, New York · PLaza 3-0111
Cartier, Inc., Palm Beach | Cartier, S.A., Paris | Cartier, Ltd., London



*Du Pont's Registered Trademarks

the Trend is to horizontals in 'Dacron'* & 'Antron'*
(even if you're an upright citizen)

Fine horizontal stripings of alternating 'Dacron' polyester and 'Antron' nylon set the trend in this crisp seersucker pullover with set-in sleeves. Completely full-fashioned, where individual knitting to each size achieves perfection of fit. Masterful detailing includes a matching striped rib collar and placket. In choice of smart colorings. No wonder the trend is to Trend.

Trend® fashions
by Huntley of York
at Sakowitz

Et tu, Brut?

Bold new
Brut
for men.
By Fabergé.

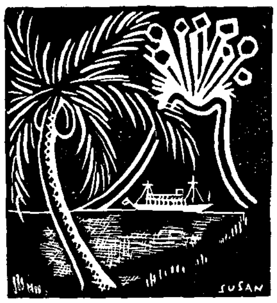
For after shave, after shower!

FABERGÉ
BRUT
FOR MEN

er the Building and Safety Department would be anxious to demolish a building that had been officially named a monument by another city commission; however, he has no doubt at all about what would happen if the department decided that such a step was necessary. During the argument over the safety of the Watts Towers, Ross asked an official of the Building and Safety Department what would be done about the Leaning Tower of Pisa if it were in Los Angeles. He was told, with no levity, that it would be torn down.

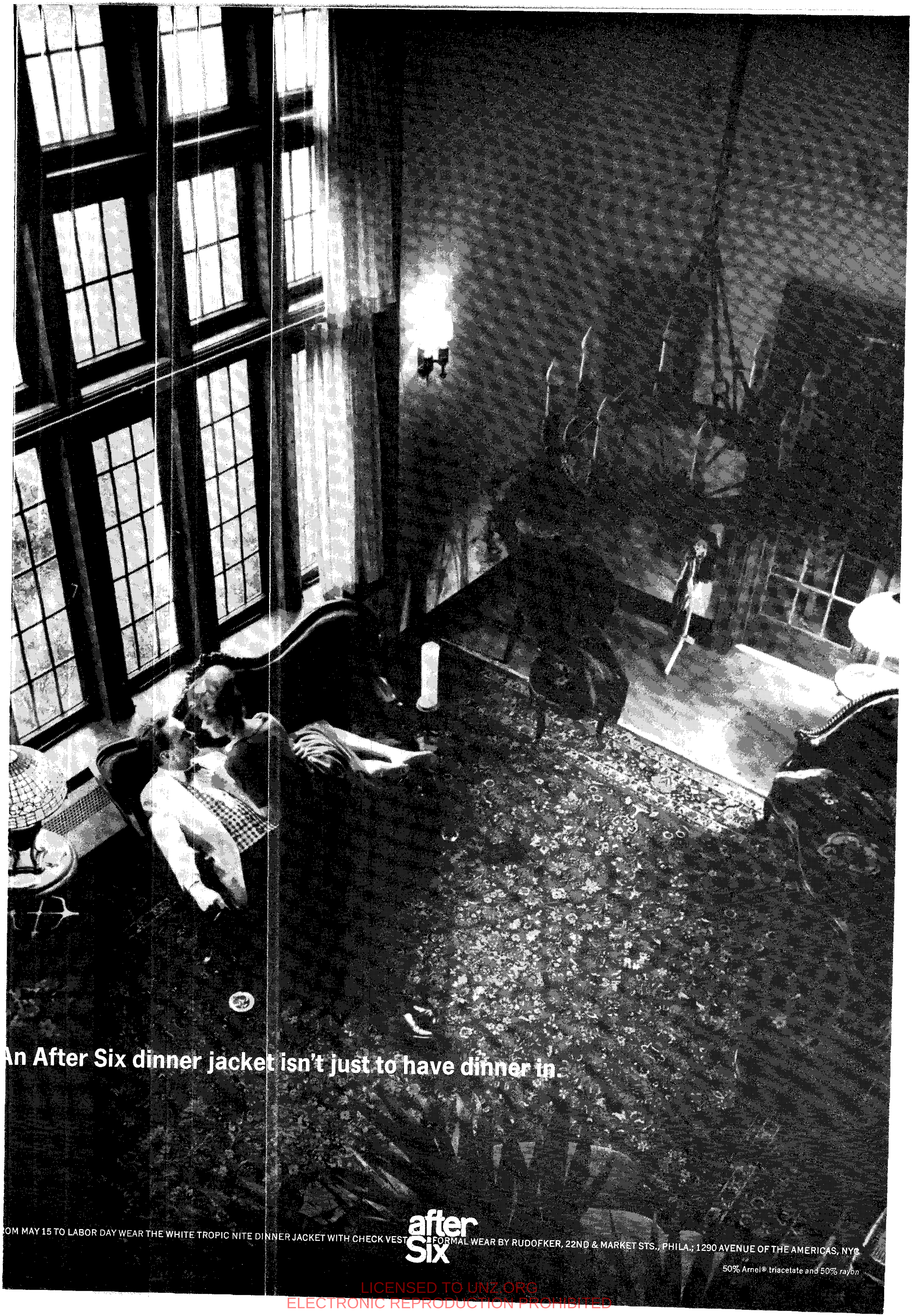
The Watts Towers committee did have one advantage in its fight with the city: the committee itself owned the towers, and therefore was not forced to battle an owner who might have been as eager to tear them down as the Building and Safety Department was. Five years after the controversy ended, a woman who wanted to save a house that the county had scheduled for demolition asked a member of the Watts Towers committee for advice. "I told her the first thing to do was to buy it," he said later. "This is free enterprise; ownership is the critical thing. When she said she couldn't possibly afford to buy it, I said, 'Skip it, because in that case they'll demolish it for sure.' And they're going to."

One disadvantage that occurred to committee members was that there was still some question about whether or not the towers were art, and they set about trying to clear up any doubts about the matter. An advisory committee was formed that included Buckminster Fuller, the inventor of the geodesic dome; the architect Philip Johnson; Richard Brown, the chief curator of the Los Angeles County Museum of Art; the well-known New York art critic Clement Greenberg; and Carl Sandburg. The Museum of Modern Art provided a telegram reading, "We urge private and public agencies to unite in taking all possible steps to save these works of great beauty and imagination, which are part of our cultural heritage." Philip Johnson showed slides of the towers to the members of the International Association of Art Critics, which was then meeting in New York, and the art critics wired the mayor of Los Angeles, "We wish to voice strongest possible protest against this most regrettable act, which actually amounts to vandalism. Hope every possible measure will be taken for preservation and upkeep of this remarkable structure, a unique combination of sculpture and architecture and a paramount achievement of twentieth-century folk art in the United States." James Johnson Sweeney, then the director of the Guggenheim Museum, visited Watts that summer, and afterward called Rodia an "intuitive construction genius."



If such lobbying had any effect, it was indirect. Recalling the controversy in a San Francisco radio broadcast, Jeanne Morgan Rogalin, an artist who was an active member of the committee, said, "The point was, the person who had the power to make or break the towers was the head of the Building Department, and he had never *heard* of James Johnson Sweeney." The head of the Building Department—or, more precisely, of the Conservation Bureau—at times seemed to look upon the destruction of the towers as a personal crusade, but the passion with which he went about his business did not surprise Mrs. Rogalin or some of the other committee members, whose own feelings about the towers sometimes approach the mystical. "The towers evoke immense emotional responses," Mrs. Rogalin said in the same broadcast. "The powerful negative attitude comes from people who find them a real threat to their carefully built little world. The towers are so nonconformist, so inventive, so creative, so grand that they just can't be fitted into the slots of a pigeonholer's mind, and people who need those pigeonholes to survive will be just infuriated by the presence—the very being—of the towers." (King believes that the destructive drive of the people in the neighborhood had a similar origin—rage at being faced with something obviously extraordinary but, to them, baffling. He points out that the vandalism included not only gratuitous destructiveness but also systematic attempts to demolish the towers.)

H. L. Manley, who is a very businesslike engineer with a gray crew cut and a gray mustache, has said that he was only doing his job by ordering down a structure that could fall on the nearby houses any day and that a child could fall from before it fell itself. Unlike the tower enthusiasts, he saw nothing ironic in a destruction campaign by the Conservation Bureau, explaining that the bureau conserved buildings by maintaining their safety standards through inspections and ordering them repaired


An After Six dinner jacket isn't just to have dinner in.
OM MAY 15 TO LABOR DAY WEAR THE WHITE TROPIC NITE DINNER JACKET WITH CHECK VEST
after Six
FORMAL WEAR BY RUDOFKER, 22ND & MARKET STS., PHILA.; 1290 AVENUE OF THE AMERICAS, NYC
50% Arnel® triacetate and 50% rayon

Have you looked into Waterford?

Every facet on this page was cut by hand with love in Waterford, Ireland. Glenmore goblet, $7. For complimentary brochure, write to Waterford Crystal, 225 Fifth Avenue, New York.

Wm. Smith & Sons Ltd., Toronto Canada

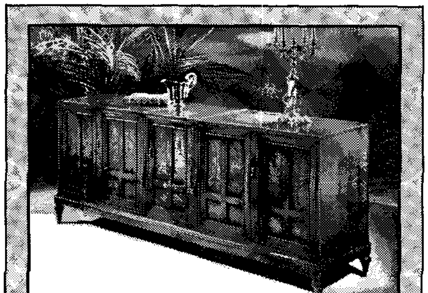
or, when necessary, torn down. Although Manley insisted that he did his duty without regard to his own aesthetic opinion of the towers, he never attempted to hide his personal distaste for them or his disdain for the idea that they might be art. "Pile of junk" seems to have been his favorite phrase for them during the controversy, but he also called them "a giant three-dimensional doodle." The word "pigeonholer" would probably not appeal to Manley, but he has never denied being a man who is interested in having each building under his jurisdiction properly identified and sanctioned, and part of his objection to the towers was that they were built "without a permit, without inspection, and without approval of the design." (Ed Farrell has asked, "How does a man get a building permit for a half-seen image?") As a young engineer, Manley said, he had asked his seniors why such a structure was allowed to stand, and he asserted that only the press of other business had prevented him from having it demolished between 1954, when he took over the Conservation Bureau, and Farrell's visit five years later. (The 1957 order had been ignored by Montoya—perhaps because, like thousands of other Mexican-Americans in Los Angeles, he could not read English—and had apparently become lost in the bureaucratic shuffle.) Whatever Manley's personal feelings about the towers, a more important factor, in the opinion of many of those involved in the dispute, was the inability, or unwillingness, of the city bureaucracy to retreat once a decision had been made. Certainly Manley had had no idea of creating such a stir when he condemned some abandoned towers. "I couldn't conceive of anybody wanting to spend any money to save them," he recently told a visitor to his office at the Conservation Bureau. "We were about to demolish them when these people—I can't remember their names—came out of the bushes and started calling us vandals."

Manley was called a vandal by a good many people once the controversy got into the newspapers, and one woman from San Gabriel, in a letter to the Los Angeles *Times*, called him a nihilist. The threatened demolition seemed to inspire lyricism as well as anger. An architect wrote Manley that "to destroy the towers would be to establish a policy of complete public indifference to the aspirations and goals of the individual in our society," and, in writing to Cartwright about Rodia, a woman who had grown up in Watts said, "That sweet

The salad dressing made with Champagne

This dressing is best appreciated
by people who pride themselves on
mixing their own.
It is that good.
So exquisitely subtle its taste
beggars description.
Oh, it's *smooth, tangy* and *delicately spiced* all right, but those
are words for common
garden-variety dressings.
This one you must taste for yourself.
If you can find it.
But if you care enough about the
good life, you'll manage.
Ask for CHAMPAGNE DRESSING*
by Stanley Demos.
If all else fails, you can always
write to Quality Foods Corp., Cinn.,
O., 45209 and crank at them.

*TM Reg.



LITTLE PICTURE! BIG BROCHURE!

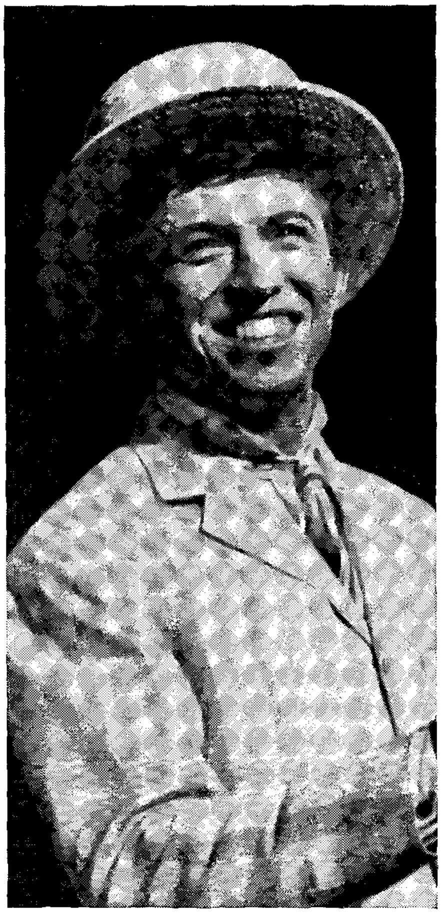
SEE BIG PICTURES in our brochure, "Furniture for Gracious Living" ■ Permanent displays may be seen through your dealer or decorator at Decorator's Mart, 425 E. 53rd St., N.Y.C. ■ Also at leading stores everywhere ■ For brochure send 30¢, Department N, **UNION-NATIONAL, INC., JAMESTOWN, N.Y.**

HOUSE BUYERS..

Know how to find the best house,
for your price, to your specifications,
in another community, anywhere?
Ask

HOMERICA INC

New York: 200 Park Avenue, 661-3111
Chicago: Marina City, 6023 East Tower, 527-3111
Los Angeles: 3460 Wilshire Blvd., 387-3111



"A Big Blooming Musical Hit!"

—McClain, Journal American

"A fully delightful evening. Tommy Steele shines as Broadway's new star."
Leonard Lyons

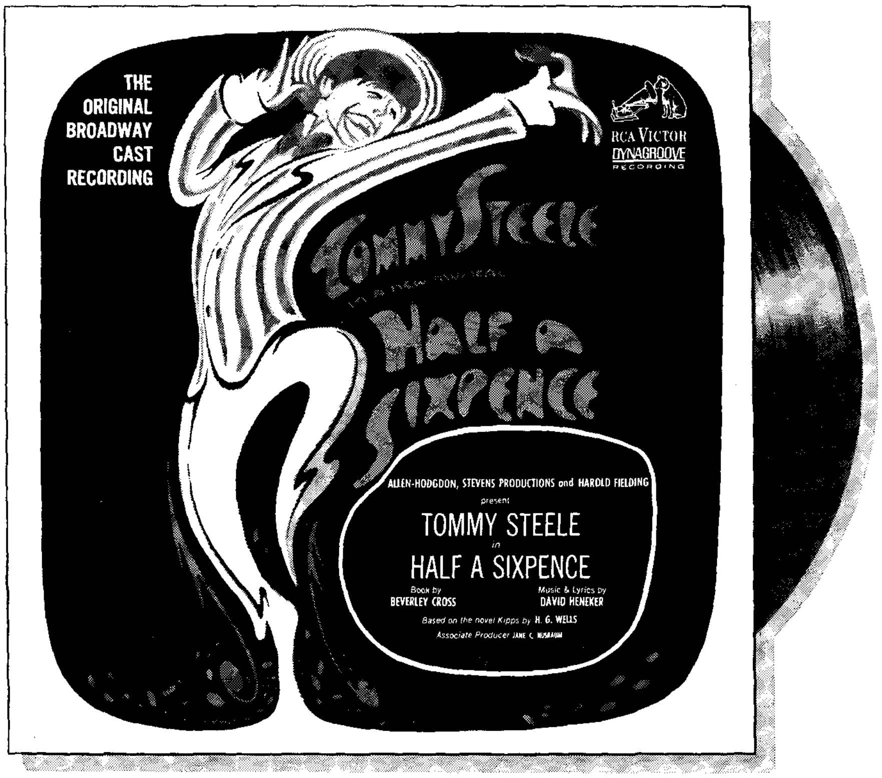
"Broadway has a new smash hit musical. It is a captivating, rousing song and dance fandango that wins the audience with its opening number."
Morrison, Variety

"A delightful song, story and dance celebration ... should lighten anybody's heart."
Chapman, News

"A tuneful, foot-tapping beguiling exercise in nostalgia ... captivating."
Lewis, Cue Magazine

"Glows with good humor ... it radiates a kind of decorous exuberance."
Taubman, Times

NOW PLAYING AT THE BROADHURST THEATRE


THE ORIGINAL BROADWAY CAST RECORDING
RCA VICTOR
DYNAGROOVE RECORDING
TOMMY STEELE
in a new musical
HALF A SIXPENCE
ALLEN-HODGDON, STEVENS PRODUCTIONS and HAROLD FIELDING
present
TOMMY STEELE
in
HALF A SIXPENCE
Book by BEVERLEY CROSS
Music & Lyrics by DAVID HENEKER
Based on the novel Kipps by H. G. WELLS
Associate Producer JANE C. NUSBAUM

Original Broadway Cast Album Available now!

RCA VICTOR

The most trusted name in sound

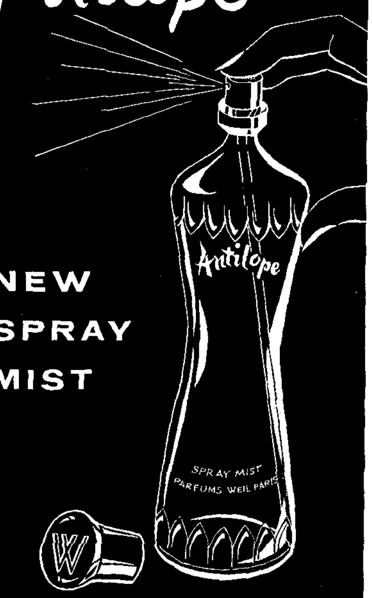
A GOOD PLACE TO GO FOR YOUR BONNIE CASHIN CASHMERE BY BALLANTYNE IS DEBENHAM & FREEBODY IN LONDON

Wigmore Street, London W1

soul no doubt suffered at the mercy of ignorance and lower-class faults the same as I did as a child in Watts. I graduated from Watts Grammar School in 1923, oppressed and unhappy. To get away from Watts in 1929 was like crawling out of a cave, and all these years since I never ventured back until today. The streets still hold that oppressive feeling, yet I looked up into that group of towers from those tracks with dust and tin cans at my feet and my soul could fly to clean beauty like clouds hold."

The only point legally at issue, however, was the safety of the towers. It remained Manley's contention that at any time they could fall of their own weight, without even the help of a high wind, and a demolition hearing was scheduled for early July by the Building and Safety Department. Several weeks before the hearing, Norman J. (Bud) Goldstone—a young engineer for North American Aviation, Inc., who was then working on the problems of stresses in aircraft structure and is now working on the Apollo spacecraft—read about the towers in the newspaper and immediately doubted the conclusion that they might fall of their own weight. From the picture in the paper, Goldstone could see that Rodia's method of building spokes and circles out from the spires had given the high towers strength from what engineers call "redundancy." It seemed to him that if the towers had stood for thirty years, undamaged by the daily rumble of the Big Red Cars, and even by the Long Beach earthquake of 1933, which had cracked the foundation of the Los Angeles City Hall, five miles farther from the center of the shock, they would probably continue to stand. He visited the towers a few days later, crawled around for a while making measurements, and decided they were safe. Like most engineers who have studied the towers, Goldstone finds them even more remarkable as a feat of engineering than as art. "It's not supposed to work but it does," he said not long ago. "We uncovered joints later, and they're just two pieces of steel laid together and packed around with cement until they would hold. There's not a bolt or a weld or a rivet in the towers; Simon didn't have the equipment for anything like that. How did he know it would work? He just did. An engineer would call it a gut-level feeling, a sense. The city says Simon's columns aren't columns, because columns have to be at least ten inches wide at the narrowest point. Some of Simon's are three inches

Antilope



NEW SPRAY MIST

... now this beloved French fragrance can be right at your fingertips in a gentle mist of toilet water. 3 full ounces of this subtle, sophisticated scent .... $5. plus tax

at fine stores everywhere

PARFUMS WEIL PARIS

Cafe Pierre

LUNCHEON • COCKTAILS • DINNER • SUPPER

BEN CUTLER MUSIC
under direction of
STANLEY WORTH
featuring
DEBBIE BROWN

Dancing
from six to closing
No Cover,
No Minimum
until 10 P.M.
TEMPLETON 8-8000

Hotel Pierre
FIFTH AVENUE AT 61st STREET

Child in Chair by McCauley Conner

COUNTRY ART GALLERY

Westbury, Long Island

You can drive across this country in five days now. Bring the kids. No problem. It's done all the time. You can stay within the speed limits, eat, sleep, bathe, see REAL INDIAN RELICS and LIVE REPTILES, break for a mid-morning and mid-afternoon snack.

And there are places all along the way with interchangeable rooms, menus, swimming pools and rates. They're usually less than 1500 yards from the off-ramp, so you can get an early start.

And every room has a television set and local phone book so that the kids can find out where they are.

The Great American Family Vacation. How to get it back:

Sun Valley is strategically located near Ketchum, Idaho, between Highway 93 and Alternate Highway 93. It's not supposed to be on the way to somewhere else. When you get to Sun Valley, you're there.

Catch a trout and let the Chef at the Ram prepare it the way you want it.

Ride a horse. Yes, you. We handle all sizes and shapes.

Play 18 holes, but don't hurry your second shot. There's nobody behind you.

Or don't do anything. Some of our most regular guests don't.

It's your vacation. Remember?

For further information, write Reservations Manager, Sun Valley, Idaho, or see your local travel agent.

ACTIVITIES

golfing × dining
horseback riding
fishing × tennis
hiking × ice skating
hunting × dancing
bowling × ice carnivals
trap, skeet, pistol & rifle shooting
music festivals
swimming

boating
sketching & painting
bike riding × shuffleboard
hayriding × croquet
barbecuing × chairlift riding
mountain climbing

va-ca'tion (vā̇-kā'shŭn), *n.* [F., fr. L. *vacatio* freedom from a duty, etc.] **1.** Freedom, release or rest from some occupation, business or activity. **2.** Without constraint. **3.** A time of rest or leisure, a holiday. **4.** A period during which there is a formal suspension of employment.

wide. According to the city building code, they can't carry any load, but they do. It's right, and Simon knew it was right."

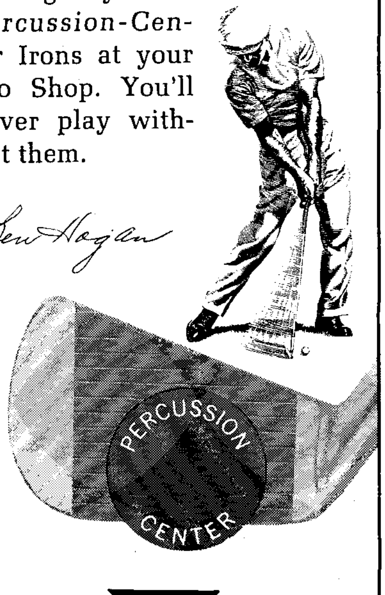
Goldstone studied the city building code, prepared calculations to support his contention that the towers were safe, and, when the hearing began, took a leave of absence from North American in order to advise Jack Levine, the lawyer who had volunteered to represent the committee. In some respects, the hearing was in the southern California tradition; one spectator, prematurely mourning the towers, attended the sessions dressed entirely in black, and composed daily prose-poems with such titles as "License They Mean When They Cry Liberty" and "We Accuse!" One morning the hearing was postponed so everybody could watch the Jack Linkletter television show "On the Go," which presented interviews with Manley and Cartwright and a song composed by a classical guitarist in honor of Rodia. For the most part, though, the hearing amounted to an exchange of technical engineering opinions. It soon became apparent that the city had been rather hasty in its conclusions—much of its evidence was based on a calculation that was sufficiently incorrect to throw some of the rest of its calculations off thirty-seven per cent—but the Building and Safety Department presented a procession of inspectors, all with impressive qualifications, who testified that the towers were in imminent danger of collapse. Jack Levine at first argued that the towers were not within the jurisdiction of the Building and Safety Department because they were not buildings, but he was overruled when they were judged to be "miscellaneous structures"—a category that a city ordinance had entrusted to the Building and Safety Department. Although the committee had difficulty finding a certified engineer who was willing to testify publicly against the department that had to approve all applications for building permits—Goldstone could not testify as an expert witness at this point because he did not have a structural-engineering certificate from the state—Levine eventually managed to get into the record about as much engineering testimony declaring the towers safe as the city had presented to show that they were unsafe. The hearing dragged on for thirteen days. Then, suddenly, the city for the first time indicated that a compromise might be reached. After a meeting, the two sides agreed that the towers should undergo a test devised by Goldstone—to withstand a

I believe this is the greatest set of irons we have ever built. why?

My new *Percussion-Center*™ Iron design is based on my proven principle of *muscular guidance by weight balance.* This new technique coordinates your own full power with the clubhead weight, to give you consistently more distance and much better control.

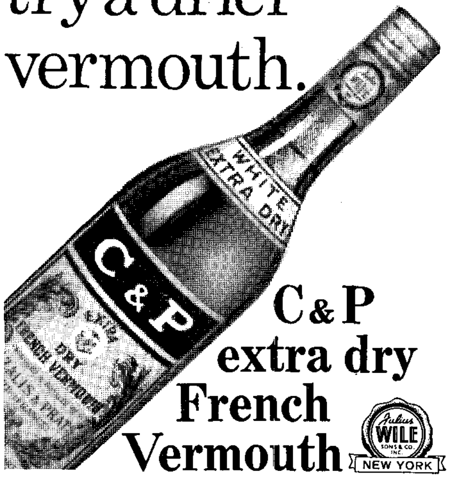
Swing my new Percussion-Center Irons at your Pro Shop. You'll never play without them.

Ben Hogan



BEN HOGAN SALES COMPANY
Subsidiary of AMERICAN MACHINE & FOUNDRY COMPANY
2912 W. Pafford Street, Fort Worth, Texas

Are you still looking for the perfect dry martini? Instead of switching gins try a drier vermouth.



C & P extra dry French Vermouth
Julius WILE SONS & CO. INC. NEW YORK

SAYS WILLIE THE WHALER: "Turn to, mates. When we're all-a-taunt-o, we'll crack the Wanderer's Gloucester Grog".

Whaler Bar
HOTEL LANCASTER
(formerly Midston House)
MADISON AVE. AT 38th ST.

WORLD FAMOUS—
AND NO WONDER
Lüchow's
RESTAURANT
THE GOURMETS' RENDEZVOUS
Since 1882
110-112 EAST 14th STREET
GR-7-4860
We park your car at dinner

ten-thousand-pound load, the equivalent of a seventy-mile-an-hour wind, for five minutes—and that if they held up under such stress, they would be considered safe.

Both sides had reason to be relieved by the compromise. The city was fighting for an unpopular cause; enough flaws had been found in its calculations to make it likely that a demolition order, even if one were granted by the hearing judge, would be reversed in a court appeal; and, in any event, Manley was confident that the towers he had said would fall of their own weight could not withstand a ten-thousand-pound load. The committee felt that it had gained a victory in forcing the city to retreat from its original position, and Goldstone was confident that the towers could withstand the load. Kenneth Reiner, a wealthy industrialist and inventor who was having a dispute with the Building and Safety Department over a house he was building, had offered to defray the costs if the committee chose to fight the case through the courts, but Cartwright and the other members were not eager to have the towers mixed into another crusade. "Also, we were exhausted," Cartwright said recently. "We had all about had it. Bud Goldstone had taken three weeks off work with no pay, and his company wasn't really very happy about his getting involved in the controversy. Ed Farrell had just walked away from his architectural office, and Jack Levine had done nothing else for a month. Nobody was getting a penny for his services. We were poor, and we were worn out. And if the towers really weren't safe—if they couldn't hold up under the worst conditions—we felt it was our responsibility to find out. After all, there are people living around there."

Between the hearing and the test, three months elapsed, during which arguments against testing continued to be advanced. Engineers warned Goldstone not to stake his reputation on something as unpredictable as Rodia's towers; Reiner sent committee members a stream of letters arguing that the battle should be continued in court, plus a stream of statements from engineers asserting that the towers would probably be destroyed by a test. There were philosophical as well as practical arguments against testing. One of the committee members who were most vocal in opposition to the idea was Mrs. Kate Steinitz, a diminutive, remarkably energetic art historian and bibliographer in her seventies, who is curator of the Elmer Belt Library of Vinciana at the

'Arden for Men' is the greatest thing Elizabeth Arden has done for women.

ARDEN for MEN
HAND and BATH SOAP
MENS Arden HAND SOAP
MENS Arden BATH SOAP

Elizabeth Arden's princely Hand and Bath Soap for men, with the Sandalwood scent women remember; 1.50 to 6.00, plus tax; at

Arden for Men
1 East 54th Street

proud possession
WITTY BROTHERS
at fine stores coast to coast

play it cool... in blissful blends of Dacron*-wool-mohair
WITTY BROTHERS, ROCKEFELLER CENTER, 1290 AVENUE OF THE AMERICAS, N. Y. 19, N. Y.
*DU PONT POLYESTER TRADEMARK

From mighty, little
AM portables...

Pocket Mate $9.95

to superb
FM/AM portables...

Vagabond $34.95

to magnificent
multi-band portables.

Mariner $79.95

Magnavox is the best way to carry a tune ...inexpensively.

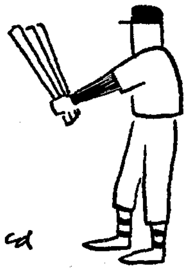
Here's the superb sound you expect from Magnavox...in portables with all the powerful performance, long-range reception and rugged reliability Magnavox is famed for. Choose from a wide variety at your Magnavox dealer (listed in the Yellow Pages) and save middleman costs.

the magnificent
Magnavox
270 Park Ave., New York 17, N.Y.

University of California at Los Angeles and is a highly regarded expert on da Vinci. Mrs. Steinitz called the test "a barbaric measure comparable to a witch trial of the Middle Ages." She has explained her position by asking, "If in the Cologne dome something is cracking, would they go and shoot it to see if it comes down? If something is cracked on a Greek vase, would you throw it to the ground to see if it broke?"

Edward Farrell had been convinced from the start that Goldstone's test would work. "I never felt really worried," he said later. "Bud had whiskers taped on to the tower as a sensory device, so he could tell if something was giving, and could stop in time. At one point, though, I was going over all of his calculations again and it suddenly occurred to me that he was a missile-and-aircraft engineer. The kind of things he worked with didn't have foundations; they were supposed to take off. So maybe the towers would hold together but just topple over. We checked the foundation, and we couldn't see that it was more than fourteen inches deep, but we figured out that the mass of the base was just enough to offset tip even if fourteen inches was all the foundation there was. The night before the test, the committee was still arguing about it. Some members said that if we tested, they'd be out the next morning picketing. They weren't, of course, but the feeling was that strong. I think the final vote was something like nine to eight to go ahead and test. I guess I *was* worried that morning. On the Freeway, I found myself doing sixty, then fifty, then forty, and I think I finally almost turned around."

The test cost some seven thousand dollars, which the committee paid, and was so sophisticated that it has been the subject of several articles in technical journals and of a paper before the Society for Experimental Stress Analysis. By stipulation, a test of the tallest tower was to serve as a test of all the structures. It was surrounded by scaffolding, which was heavily padded to avoid damage to the mosaic. A thick cable led from the scaffolding to a truck across the railroad tracks, and the pressure on the cable was gradually increased. Several sensory devices permitted Goldstone to see the measurement of horizontal deflection on a large instrument panel; another panel showed him the pressure of the load. The test took place on a Sunday morning, and while it was in progress, 107th Street looked like the site of a missile launching. A crowd of two or three hundred people stood across the street from the towers; television crews interviewed committee members and played their cameras on the towers and on two signs in front of them, one an appeal for donations from the committee, reading, "The Watts Towers Belong to the People of Los Angeles," and the other a city sign reading, "Unsafe;" Farrell climbed around the scaffolding checking instruments; and Goldstone, looking very young in his safety helmet but sounding as confident as ever, directed the whole operation over a loudspeaker. In the television newsreels, Goldstone's voice can be heard saying, "Thirty per cent load, everybody back... Heading for forty per cent load, everybody please clear the area... We are now at forty per cent load; read all instrumentation...." At a hundred per cent load—ten thousand pounds—Goldstone's instruments showed a horizontal deflection of the tower amounting to only one and a quarter inches. The only perceptible effect on the tower was that one sliver of concrete or mosaic tinkled to the deck. But the machinery of the test was not as strong as Rodia's tower. After a minute and a half of the full pressure, a giant beam that was supporting the cable began to bend, and the test was stopped. Manley, who was there overseeing the test for the city, agreed that a minute and a half was sufficient proof of strength. The crowd cheered as he gave the "Unsafe" sign to Goldstone as a token of surrender and said, "I'm on your side now." The Los Angeles newspapers, which had theretofore offered the committee only lukewarm support, ran banner headlines announcing the victory.



A few days later, both sides were again in the hearing room, and the lawyer for the city was stating that the tests had not proved the towers safe after all. The Building and Safety Department would not relent until considerable repair work was promised, and after several hours this was arranged for. Then Levine, summing up a hearing that had accumulated more than twelve hundred pages of testimony and enormous costs for both sides, wearily concluded, "My main point is that this is something different from an ordinary structure and that the city should have recognized that this is

Have You Settled Your Own Estate?

(mentally, of course)

It's an enlightening experience—to analyze your Will and determine what the human and tax implications would be if you were to die in the near future.

We are often invited to meet with attorneys and their clients to study the practical aspects of administering an estate under future conditions. As a result, we are able to work more effectively as executor and trustee in the years ahead—all to the benefit of the heirs.

Try this mental exercise—or better yet—call on us with your attorney.

UNITED STATES TRUST COMPANY
OF NEW YORK
45 Wall Street • Telephone 425-4500

JUSTERINI & BROOKS

Compare your brand with the Rare one

J&B
Rare scotch whisky
PENNIES MORE IN COST · WORLDS APART IN QUALITY

J&B is a product of the two-centuries-old house of Justerini & Brooks whose patrons have included, along with the immortal Charles Dickens, many of history's great.

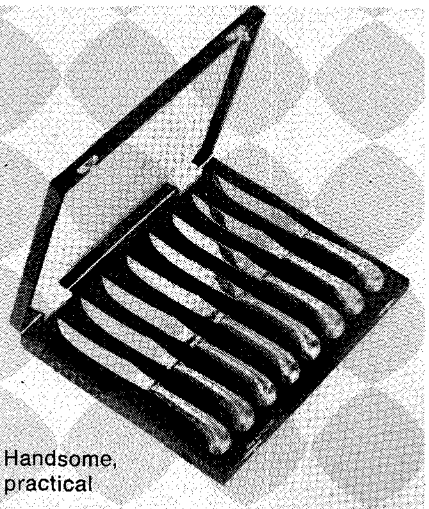
"WORLD'S FINEST" 86 PROOF BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY
SOLE IMPORTERS: THE PADDINGTON CORP., NEW YORK

something different from an ordinary structure.”

THE Watts Towers committee never considered disbanding after the hearing. Its bylaws declared the purpose of the organization to be “the preservation and maintenance of the towers of Watts to serve as an educational, cultural, and art center for the community as a whole.” As a start, the committee had to make the repairs demanded by the city (mainly filling some cracks in the cement and spraying the towers with a weatherproofing compound), employ a caretaker, and find the money to pay these expenses, as well as to clear up the considerable deficit left by the test. Even during the height of the controversy, the Watts Towers had never quite become a fashionable cause—perhaps, it was thought, because they were a tough forty-minute drive from Beverly Hills, or because they could provide nothing for a collector’s living room—and the only large donation that the committee was offered came from a real-estate man who was willing to move the towers, piece by piece, to the safety of his real-estate development in the Mojave Desert. When the towers were finally opened to the public, an admission donation of fifty cents was asked, and this, together with the sale of brochures about the towers, became the principal source of income. Before the towers were opened, committee members had raised some money through garden parties and slide lectures. They had also tried, without success, to attract money from art foundations, and even from the 7-Up Company, pointing out that the Watts Towers were easily the most distinguished monument to 7-Up ever built.

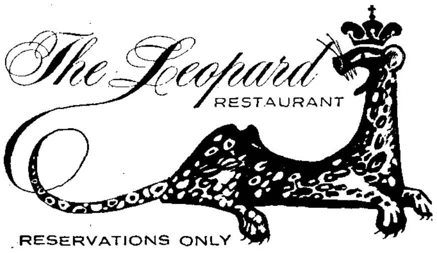
The committee also groped for a relationship with Sam Rodia, without ever becoming quite certain about what this relationship should be. When it was discovered during the controversy that Rodia was still alive, King and Cartwright immediately drove to Martinez to see him. “We actually had to chase him down the street to talk to him—running alongside holding this silly tape recorder,” King recalls. “Finally, I asked him why he didn’t want to talk about the towers, and he said, ‘If your mother dies and you loved her very much you don’t talk about her.’ That turned me off. I haven’t asked him anything about the towers since.”

Since that first visit, Rodia has become more willing to talk, but if there was ever any expectation that he would



Handsome, practical
English Steak Knives
Sharp-cutting blades of forged Sheffield steel, topped with stainless steel handles in the unique Queen Anne (bulb) shape. Dishwasher proof.
Set of eight $30.00
Mail orders add $1 handling charge
elegant gifts for Father's Day, graduation
for him
187 East 64 St. NYC
Butterfield 8-6335

ORE
OVERSEAS REAL ESTATE
Specialists
RENTALS · SALES IN EUROPE AND THE CARIBBEAN
OVERSEAS REAL ESTATE
155 E. 55th ST., NEW YORK, N. Y. 10022
(212) MU 8-5656
CORNELIUS E. O'CONNOR



NOON TO 2:30 · 6:30 TO 11:00
The Leopard
RESTAURANT
RESERVATIONS ONLY
253 EAST 50TH ST., PL 9-3735

The Family Circle, Inc.--a subsidiary of Cowles Magazines and Broadcasting, Inc.

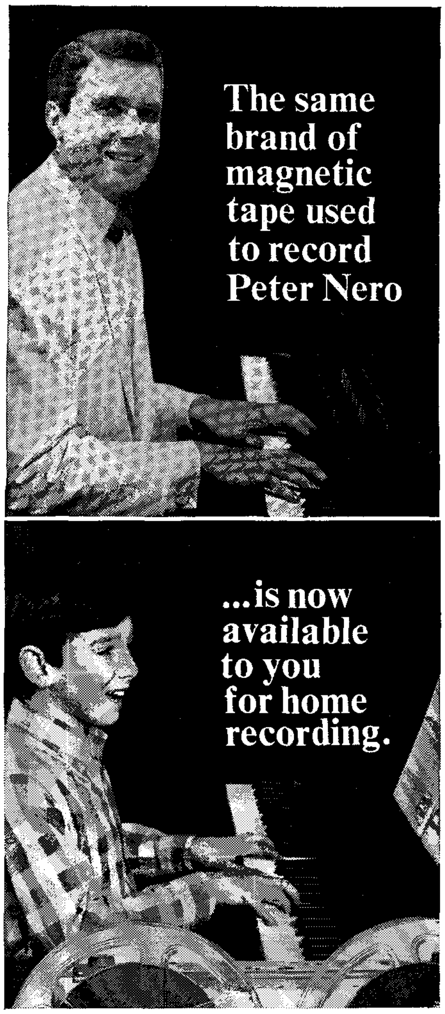
"I'm crazy about the love stories in Good Housekeeping. I like the articles on movie stars in Ladies' Home Journal. I often recite the nice poems in McCall's to my mother.

But Family Circle is the dullest magazine I ever saw."

Most women's magazines appeal to all kinds of people. Which doesn't surprise us. After all, they have something for everyone. Romantic fiction. Shocking exposés. Exciting mysteries. There's nothing like that in Family Circle. We don't have anything but women's service. We don't appeal to anyone but homemakers. (Family Circle is the homemaker's Wall Street Journal.) Yet millions and millions of women go out of their way to buy Family Circle month after month. Why? We could give you reasons. But if you really want an unbiased opinion, ask a cab driver.

Family Circle. A magazine only a homemaker could love.

Circulation guarantees to recite to your mother: McCall's 8,400,000; Family Circle 7,500,000; Ladies' Home Journal 6,500,000; Good Housekeeping 5,250,000.


The same brand of magnetic tape used to record Peter Nero
...is now available to you for home recording.

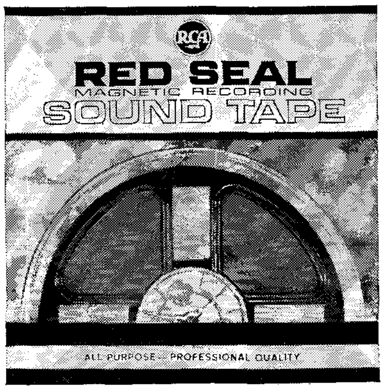
From popular music to the classics, the world's greatest artists are recorded on RCA Red Seal Sound Tape — the same fine brand of tape that's now available to you for home recordings.

Red Seal Sound Tape helps you get better results from your equipment — better frequency response, higher fidelity, superb sound quality with less distortion and surface noise.

Strong, durable and splice-free, Red Seal Sound Tape is made to precise tolerances and incorporates today's most advanced manufacturing techniques — including the use of a special lubricant to improve tape to head contact, minimize friction and wear. Available in all popular lengths and reel sizes, in acetate (all purpose and low-noise types), polyester or tensilized polyester base.

RCA's skill and experience with magnetic tape —including tape for electronic computers—means better home recordings.

Insist on the best — RCA Red Seal Sound Tape.



RCA Red Seal Sound Tape

The most trusted name in sound

end a lifetime of going against the grain by falling comfortably into the arms of his new admirers, it was quickly dismissed. Rodia had moved to Martinez because a brother-in-law of his and several nephews and nieces lived there. But he had never got along well with his brother-in-law, and he turned down his nephews' offers to move in with them, preferring to live alone in a rooming house. Of various committee members who made pilgrimages to Martinez, those who tried to help Rodia financially found him stubbornly independent, those who tried to interest him in the towers became accustomed to his casually changing the subject, and those who attempted to piece his life story together found him cheerfully contradictory. Whatever he said had to be picked out of a circular, heavily accented singsong conversation that would easily turn into a monologue—one that is sometimes compared to the mosaic of his towers—and would sometimes take on the tone of sad preaching common to old men who see the world going downhill. A number of the people who have visited Rodia have made tape recordings or written transcripts of their conversations with him, and most of these have found their way to a large closet in the apartment of Mrs. Steinitz. As the committee's archivist, Mrs. Steinitz publishes a yearly newsletter that includes a bibliography of whatever has been written about the towers, a summary of whatever new information has been unearthed about them or about Rodia, and, occasionally, news of committee members. Running through the tapes and transcripts are familiar Rodia heroes—especially inventors, such as Marconi, and explorers—and familiar Rodia complaints about high prices, about how family life has degenerated since the Second World War, and about a number of inconsistencies he has noticed in the country's political and economic structure. In Watts, Rodia once said, "I want to do something in the United States, because there are nice people in this country"—a comment that many people were happy to interpret as meaning that the towers were a monument to the United States. In Martinez, he has often said that he prefers Canada, among other places, to this country. "Canada never make any change," he has said. "The United States make a thousand changes." One of his complaints against the United States is that the changes are not carried out constitutionally—constitutional democracy being based, in Rodia's view, almost completely on

Shhh. This is a quiet vacation.

The informal life.
Charming cottages on beach or hillside.
The sporting life.
(We provide sloops, sailfish, pool and tennis court).
White secluded beaches. (So private you can almost forget your bikini).
People.
(Nice people. Fun people. Single or married. Want to be or just were).
A central hotel.
(Just a short stroll or surrey ride from your cottage). Superb service.
Great food. Music. Dancing.
A nightly change of pace from the lazy golden days.

Do you love all this? We're for you. Grapetree Bay. (What a beautiful name). Warning: the entire area is so magnificent you might go home a property owner. Many do.

Want a color brochure?

Get in touch.

G B
Grapetree Bay

John A. Burgess, General Manager
Grapetree Bay
Christiansted
St. Croix, Virgin Islands, U.S.A.

BEST MUSICAL 1965
N. Y. DRAMA CRITICS' CIRCLE AWARD

Zero Mostel
IN
Fiddler on the Roof
A New Hit Musical
IMPERIAL THEATRE
249 W. 45 St., N.Y.C. • Air-Cond.

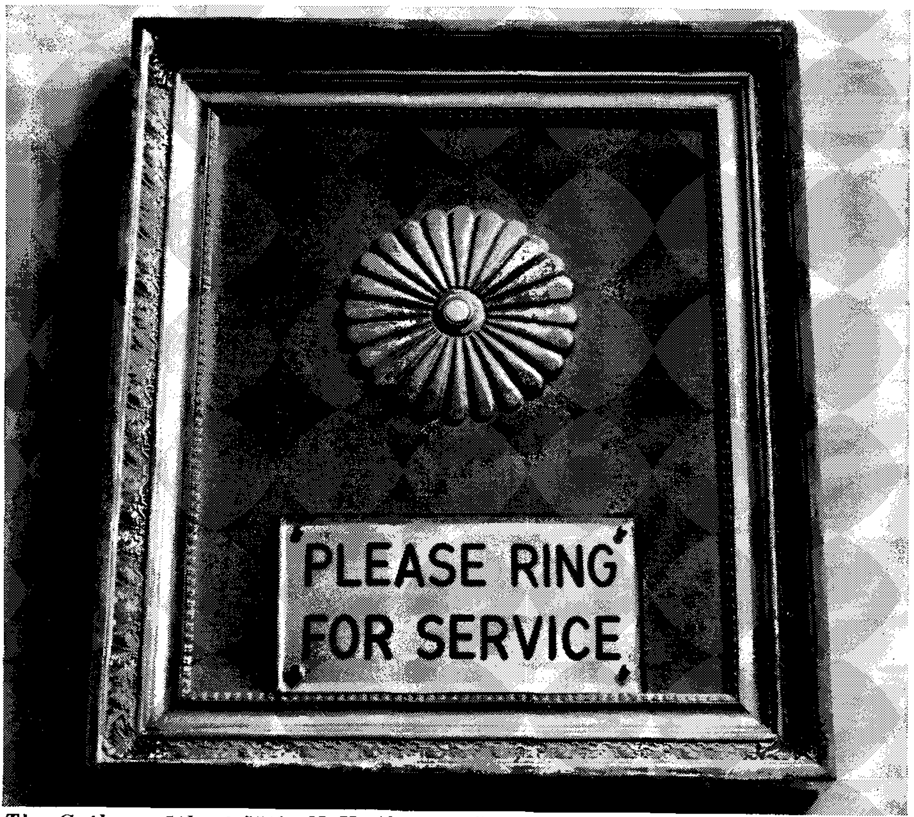
Gin and Vodka's new rival...
Gavilan Tequila!
Send for free recipes: Foreign Vintages, 630 5th Ave., N. Y. 20, N. Y. Sole U.S.A. Distributors. 90 proof.

the popular vote. To one interviewer he said, "In United States everything got to be volunteer. Any change, any move got to be by the vote. Income tax, he never made that with a vote. He put ten cents on a gallon of gasoline, he never made that with a vote. He put four cents on shoes and pants, he never made that with a vote. He make nine wars—nine wars in my time. No vote. I say, Thomas Jefferson, what he write Constitution for? If you don't make it for the vote, what Thomas Jefferson write Constitution for?"

Although Rodia is often impatient with other people's willingness to accept such contradictions docilely, he is unfailingly—often elaborately—courteous to his visitors. Women visitors have found that he always dusts off a chair before offering it to them, and transcripts of his conversations are dotted with interjections such as "my dear young lady" and "dear son," so that sometimes his answers to questions about returning to the towers have been "No, dear son, I no go no place anymore," or "Dear young lady, I am too old—I broke my heart there." In happier moods, he has often discussed the great men of history—though he has often lamented over how many of them died alone or in disgrace—and, being what Mrs. Steinitz calls "solidly half educated," he has often given them more credit than is due them. For instance, he has long held the notion that Galileo built the Leaning Tower of Pisa, and purposely constructed it at an angle to prove that it could be done.

Rodia has both admitted and denied practically all the theories about why he built the towers. One of the earliest printed accounts of the towers appears in a book of Los Angeles oddities called "Nuestro Pueblo: Los Angeles, City of Romance" and is entitled "Glass Towers and Demon Rum." It quotes Rodia as saying that the towers were something he turned to after he gave up drinking—a sort of therapeutic hobby. Rodia has often acknowledged the drinking story, but not to the exclusion of others. Some people have said that the towers were built to honor Christopher Columbus, who is certainly one of Rodia's heroes. There is, of course, the model ship—Rodia ordinarily calls it the Ship of Marco Polo, but if somebody asks whether that is its name, he is likely to call it the Ship of Columbus—and, besides, the whole complex looks something like a ship, the walls forming the point of a bow and the towers rising above the walls like masts. It has also been said that the three tallest towers are named Niña, Pinta, and

The Gotham Hotel, situated on the corner of Fifth Avenue and 55th Street is an elegant New York hotel with beautifully appointed rooms and suites, excellent restaurants and cocktail lounges, superb banquet rooms, meeting facilities and a bell in the lobby. If you feel like a drink while you're waiting (illustrated).



The Gotham, 5th at 55th, *N. Y. 19. Tel.: CI 7-2200. Frank C. Bromber, Executive Director. Reservations: Atlanta – 524-3486; Chicago – 664-5100; Detroit – 962-2700; Miami – 754-1667; Wash., D.C. – 338-6481; Toronto – 363-1648; or your travel agent.*

What's cool, unencumbered and equal to the impromptu invitation? Pembroke Squires' sleeveless suit. For Barberini. In the Cavatina twill of Galey and Lord. For nearest retailer write us at 1407 B'way, N.Y. 18.

Galey & Lord Burlington

PIPPERMINT
GET
CREME DE MENTHE

Can you marry into the Pippermint Get*Set?

We do not deny the possibility. But, be warned. Wealth, alone, is not all (though, in truth, Pippermint Get costs a pretty franc). Also essential is that innate good taste which compels one to refuse any creme de menthe but Pippermint Get. Europe's original creme de menthe... a favorite since 1796. The French buy more Pippermint Get than all other brands combined.

PIPPERMINT
GET
(*one says "Jet")
CREME de MENTHE
BOTTLED IN FRANCE, IMPORTED BY McKESSON & ROBBINS, INC., NEW YORK, N. Y. ©McK & R, 1965

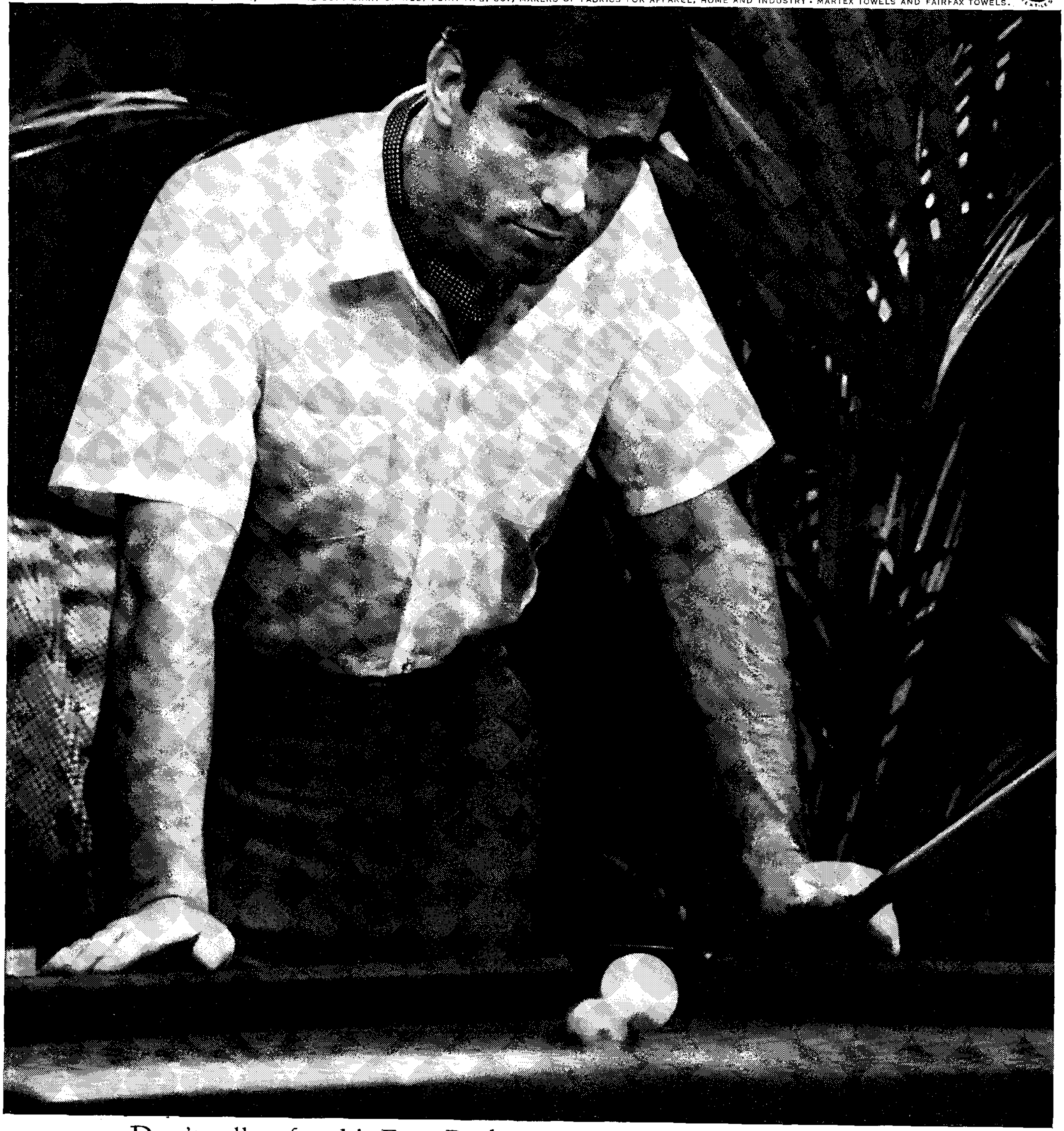
Santa María. Some of the people who live in Watts like to believe that the towers are a monument to Rodia's wife—it is occasionally said that she is buried under the tallest tower—and some of the people from outside who have become interested in the towers like to believe that Rodia built them to shut out the dreariness of Watts.

Efforts to reconstruct Rodia's life in Watts have been so impeded both by Rodia's style of conversation and by the existence of so many contradictory stories from people who claim to have known him that researchers have been tempted to conclude that fantasy towers might inspire people to fantasizing. Before Rodia was traced to Martinez, several different neighbors in Watts not only assured Cartwright and King that he was dead but also gave them the names of several different cemeteries in which he was buried. There are a few facts about Rodia that are fairly certain. He was born in a small town in the province of Avellino, near Naples; he emigrated to the United States at the age of fourteen or so to join an elder brother; he worked in various parts of the country, usually as a laborer; and, after his brother died in an accident, he made his way to northern California. According to his eldest nephew, Rodia was married in Martinez, had three children, and left the area after a bitter separation from his wife. (One of Rodia's children died at an early age; he has been estranged from the surviving two for years, and ordinarily does not admit their existence.) After living for a time in Long Beach and, probably, in Mexico, he settled in Watts, returning to Martinez only for visits. He lived alone, spending almost all his time at his regular job, in his cement garden, or, according to neighbors, at the movies. For a while it was believed that he spent a good deal of time reading his Encyclopædia Britannica, in order to learn about construction, but then it appeared that there was no useful practical information on construction in the edition he had, and also that he may not have been able to read English. Theories about just what Rodia was like during those years have had to be discarded regularly. "He's always ruining our idea of him," Farrell said not long ago, smiling. "We found some lady who had been head of the neighborhood social club, and she said that in the old days he was the most enthusiastic member—the guy who came an hour early to wax the floors. We had to fit this in with our idea of a recluse."

One fact that has been definitely established is that Rodia built other things besides the Watts Towers, and committee members have spent some time trying to collect what they permit themselves to call Rodiana. Goldstone, who was chairman of the committee for three years, managed to acquire a mosaic heart from a fireplace that Rodia built while he was on a construction job in the Las Feliz section of Los Angeles and part of a tower covered with seashells from the garden of a house in Malibu. Despite some energetic detective work, Goldstone missed what was apparently Rodia's largest work apart from the towers—two concrete-and-mosaic carrousels outside a house Rodia had occupied in Long Beach just before he moved to Watts. Goldstone arrived three months after the house and the carrousels had been demolished. The house went down easily, a neighbor told him, but it took a bulldozer three days to destroy the carrousels.

The creator of Rodiana has volunteered no information that could simplify Goldstone's search. However, in the past few years he has occasionally been kept on the subject of the towers for a few sentences, and on one visit that Farrell and Goldstone paid him in 1961, they somehow persuaded him to attend a slide lecture on the towers that they were giving at the University of California in Berkeley. Rodia sat through the lecture, waved to the crowd when he was introduced at its conclusion, and then, being in a talkative mood, chatted with students who surrounded him. Although his response to several questions was to bring up a theory of his that colleges were filled with rich men's sons who had been sent there so they could avoid the draft, he gave some fairly direct answers to questions about the towers. He demonstrated how he had bent the rods, and talked about some of the materials he had used. He even started to answer a question about his use of heart shapes—the only image that is constantly repeated in the towers, which are otherwise noteworthy for their lack of imagery—but he soon drifted away from the subject. Farrell's wife reported in the committee newsletter that at the end of the question period somebody came forward with a book containing pictures of buildings in Barcelona designed by Antonio Gaudí, and asked

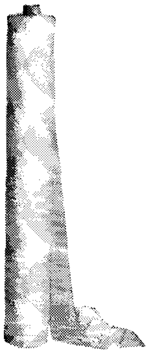
WELLINGTON SEARS, 111 W. 40TH ST., N.Y.C., MARKETING SUBSIDIARY OF WEST POINT MFG. CO., MAKERS OF FABRICS FOR APPAREL, HOME AND INDUSTRY • MARTEX TOWELS AND FAIRFAX TOWELS.



Don't call us for this Enro Pocketeer shirt. We only make the fabric.

But what a great fabric!
It's our forever white
Masterblend® of 65% Kodel®
polyester and 35%
combed cotton batiste.
This shirt is top form
when it's warm—and a superb
example of Enro's attention
to fine quality in "Shirtbuilding."
5.00 at fine stores everywhere.

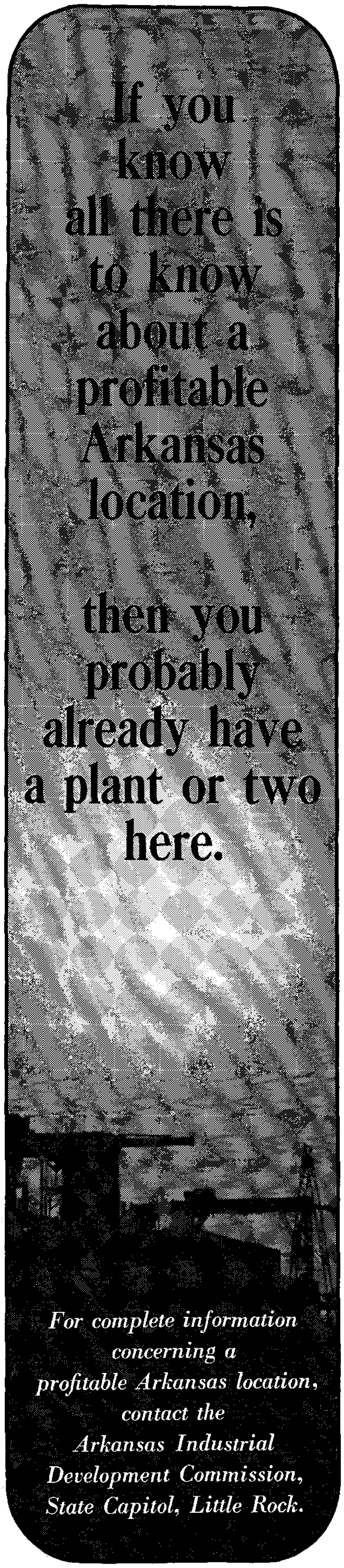
WELLINGTON SEARS



Rodia if he had ever seen them. "Sam looked closely and with interest," Mrs. Farrell wrote. "Then shook his head and said, 'No, I never see this.' Then he asked, his finger tapping the page, 'This man, he had helpers?' At the answering nod, he shut the book and said with obvious satisfaction, 'I never had no help at all.' "

HAVING just about given up the hope that Rodia will ever return to Watts, enthusiasts of the towers are accustomed to standing in as hosts. They proudly take important visitors on tours, and report in the next newsletter that, for example, the painter Sam Francis said he had never seen mosaics that surpassed Rodia's, or that Buckminster Fuller was astounded by the strength of Rodia's cement and by the fact that Rodia had started experimenting with reinforced concrete the year before he himself had. In the houses of people who have been deeply involved with the committee it is not unusual to see two or three pictures of the towers on the walls, and every committee member seems to have a favorite view of the towers and a favorite time of day to view them. (Early on a sunny morning after a rainy night is the most popular.) The committee has campaigned to have the Watts Towers mentioned in guidebooks and travel magazines. Ten thousand paying customers found their way to the towers last year, and most committee members believe that for every one who paid, two or three more peeked over the wall.

From the start, most of the committee members have agreed that what Rodia made could really be appreciated only within its environment and that the towers should not only be admired but also be used somehow to help Watts. Watts needs the help. In the 1960 census, the district had thirty-four thousand people, eighty-seven per cent of them Negro and almost all the rest Mexican-American; only eighty-four per cent of the employable males were employed, and the average family income was thirty-five hundred and eighty-four dollars, as opposed to a city-wide average of almost sixty-nine hundred dollars. Watts has so many children—or so few parents—that the median age of the community is sixteen (the city's is thirty-three). More than a third of the houses in Watts—by far the highest percentage in the city—have more than one person per room. Social workers who have spent a lot of time in Watts find the mood of the community dominated by listlessness, or, sometimes, despair.

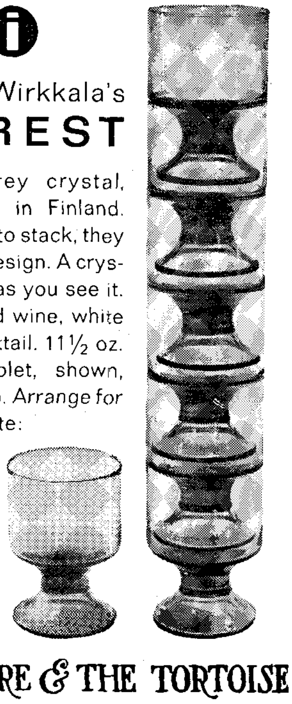


If you know all there is to know about a profitable Arkansas location,

then you probably already have a plant or two here.

For complete information concerning a profitable Arkansas location, contact the Arkansas Industrial Development Commission, State Capitol, Little Rock.

ARKANSAS



Tapio Wirkkala's
FOREST

Warm grey crystal, handmade in Finland. Designed to stack, they stack to design. A crystal forest as you see it. Water, red wine, white wine, cocktail. 11½ oz. water goblet, shown, $4.50 each. Arrange for some. Write:

THE HARE & THE TORTOISE
Midtown Plaza Terrace, Rochester, N. Y. 14604
Imported by Harvey L. Reid Co.,
8 W. 30th St., NYC

Sky Lodge and MOTEL

On the picturesque Arnold Trail, the exciting North Woods meets man-made luxury in a congenial, informal atmosphere. 30 comfortable rooms in main lodge and motel, each with bath. Swimming pool, golf, all resort activities. Excellent food, cocktails. 1750-ft. private airstrip adjoins. Write E. R. Landgraf, Moose River, Maine (2 m. N. of Jackman)

AAA EMMONS WALKER "Luxury in the Rough"

Read What A Famous Authority Says About America's Most Distinguished Steak House Restaurant

The New York Times rates Bruno's Pen and Pencil "Superior quality" . . . one of the pleasantest of New York's steak houses.

Bruno's
PEN and PENCIL
205 E. 45th St. • MU 2-8660 John C. Bruno

MONSIGNORE
61 EAST 55th STREET • EL 5-2070
LUNCH • COCKTAILS • DINNER • SUPPER
Strolling Violinists
Open Daily • Closed Sun. • Charge Clubs

One way that the towers could help became apparent long before they were opened to the public. During the controversy, artists from the rest of Los Angeles came to 107th Street on Sundays to sketch the towers, attracting neighborhood children, some of whom eventually tried their own sketches. In the summer of 1961, when the towers' operation got into the black, the committee started holding formal art classes, which met on a wooden deck that had been built where Rodia's house once stood, and the classes have been continued every summer since, with considerable success. They are taught by Lucille Krasne, an enthusiastic young art instructor from the Pasadena Art Museum, who, despite her fondness for the towers, encourages the students to try other subjects after the first two or three sessions. Like other committee members who have worked in Watts, Miss Krasne has always believed that the towers could provide the beginning of a sense of pride that might change the neighborhood. "I've seen that block, 107th Street, change just since I've been out there," she said after her third summer in Watts. "People seem to be taking more pride in the way their houses look. I think our role is really to bring them an awareness of what they have. If you tell people what they have often enough, they begin to believe it. The towers are a powerful symbol of something really exquisite happening in this neighborhood. How fortuitous can you get? Eventually, people *have* to say, 'If this little Italian was able to build something world-famous, can't we do something with our own family?' I think all this can give people a lot of hope."

The Watts Towers committee, which has not always maintained a membership as large or as energetic as it had during the demolition threat, has recognized the fact that some of the more ambitious projects that have been suggested for the towers are likely to remain beyond its means and beyond its capacities. Moreover, some of the members doubt whether, in the words of the treasurer, "it's right for a small, self-constituted committee to have control of something like the towers." Three years ago, the committee drew up a list of conditions under which it would turn the towers over to a properly constituted authority—presumably the city—the main condition being that the towers remain the nucleus of a cultural center in Watts. The matter has been discussed with the city—which, since the controversy, has declared the tow-

If you're crazy about Scotch, be glad Ballantine's 12 won't ever be a best-seller

12
The Fine Aged 'Scotch' Whisky
BOTTLED IN SCOTLAND
Ballantine's
TWELVE 12 YEARS OLD
FINEST BLENDED
SCOTCH WHISKY
100% SCOTCH WHISKIES
BLENDED AND BOTTLED BY
George Ballantine & Son Limited
DISTILLERS
Dumbarton & Elgin, Scotland.
IMPORTED BY "21" BRANDS INC NEW YORK, N.Y.
4/5 QUART 86 PROOF
PRODUCE OF SCOTLAND

...not at $9 a bottle!

At this price, Ballantine's 12-year-old isn't going to be a big crowd favorite. Which is your gain. The less we have to make, the more art we can put into every drop. *It's gentled in wood — the Ballantine's way—for 12 costly years.* This is why we must ask around $9 a bottle. And why Ballantine's 12 isn't best-selling ...just best-tasting.

Ballantine's 12, the most expensive-tasting Scotch.

BOTTLED IN SCOTLAND • BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY • 86 PROOF • IMPORTED BY "21" BRANDS, INC., N.Y.C.

It's amazing how many women love a Celebrity and don't even know it

Can't take a trip without a Celebrity travel tote. Adore their Celebrity boudoir and purse accessories. Probably you have a pet Celebrity, too, like this handy Air Flite case with fittings. Floral prints or solids, $12.* At cosmetic and notions counters in fine stores everywhere.

*plus tax

Celebrity Inc.
NEW YORK, N. Y.

80 PROOF
COINTREAU
LIQUEUR

The whole world loves it after dinner.

Intriguing on the rocks...

...essential in a Side Car.

Cointreau, the world's most renowned liqueur . . . for generations the crowning touch to a perfect dinner . . . the key to classic cocktails . . . always inviting over ice. Magically enhances the flavor of gourmet dishes, too!

80 PROOF. PRODUCED AND BOTTLED BY COINTREAU LTD., PENNINGTON, N. J.

ers a Cultural Heritage Monument—but plans have never gone much further than the discussion stage. In addition to the bureaucratic and political problems involved, there is among the tower enthusiasts a residue of bitterness for the city and its ways. Mrs. Steinitz, for one, believes that in the hands of the city the towers would become "a dead body," and King says, "I think that on moral grounds it doesn't deserve them, and on practical grounds it would ruin them."

Farrell is the committee member who has been most deeply dedicated to the idea that Rodia's towers could be used to shake Watts out of its torpor. Over the past three years, he and his architectural partner have met with Watts community leaders and with social workers to determine the neighborhood's needs, and have contributed a plan for a cultural center designed to meet them. According to the plan, the center would be called the Simon Rodia Community Arts Center at the Watts Towers, and it would eventually include a towers information center, a space for exhibitions, a teen-age social center, an outdoor amphitheatre, considerable parking space, and even a house for an artist-in-residence.

The enthusiasm for such an ambitious project is not unanimous. King, who has seen a good many changes since the day in 1959 when he and Cartwright bought "this great beautiful toy," and has had his reservations about most of them, says, "One thing about the towers that worries me is that it's easy to forget that they're fun, they're alive—especially when you get art experts talking about this unique work of art. Sure they're a work of art, but they're more than that. As soon as we got mixed up with the city, a lot of the spontaneity had to be lost. I found myself talking about art monuments. What the hell do I know about art monuments? They're a garden! I think the important thing is to make them live; I think it's more important to get the fountains working than to get a house for art classes. The towers are for people to have fun in, not to stand and look at after they've paid their fifty cents and say, 'He must have used concrete here or a pipe there.' The plan to develop them I'll fight till my dying day. I hate to think of saving them from the city just to suffocate them." King believes that suffocation would result inevitably from a large development program. "You could write a little fairy tale about it," he says. "Here are some lovely strange towers, and some bad

SKY CHEF

. . . the sign of good dining at airports from coast to coast . . . and good dining on leading airlines.

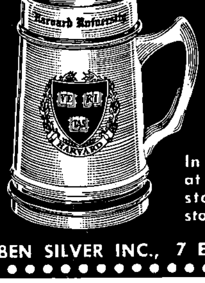
Enjoy SKY CHEF airport hospitality in these cities: Cleveland & Cincinnati, Ohio; Denver, Colo.; El Paso & Fort Worth, Texas; Knoxville & Nashville, Tenn.; New York (Kennedy Airport), Rochester & Syracuse, N.Y.; Oklahoma City & Tulsa, Okla.; Phoenix & Tucson, Ariz.; San Diego, Calif.

SKY CHEFS, INC.
360 Lexington Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017

Nantucket

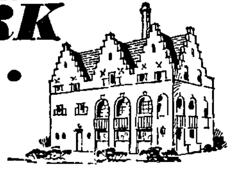
Bounteous island hospitality to gladden every visitor
JARED COFFIN HOUSE
WHITE ELEPHANT
HARBOR HOUSE
Reservations contact any AAA, Treadway Inn . . . or phone Nantucket 617-228-2400

A WELCOME GIFT FOR COLLEGE MEN AND WOMEN



Big 28 oz. ceramic mug with college crest in authentic color or 22kt. gold. A decorative conversation piece for den and dorm. Over 1,000 schools available. In the "College Shop" at fine clothing & dept. stores. $5.00. For the store nearest you write:
BEN SILVER INC., 7 East 20th St., N.Y.C.

KNIFE & FORK INN . . .
ATLANTIC CITY'S FINEST SEAFOOD
Est. 1912



people want to tear them down and other bad people are already wrecking them. And these nice people come along and save them from all the bad people. Then they fix them up. And pretty soon they put in a house for art classes, and then a teen-age theatre, and then maybe a radio station or something, and then a community center and an amphitheatre. And then, one day, they're about to put in a swimming pool or an addition to the community center, and one of the planners says to another one, 'What are those dilapidated old towers over there? Why not get rid of them to get some room?' So the nice people get their bulldozers and they tear the towers down."

Farrell recognizes this kind of danger, but believes that it can be avoided if the developing is done carefully. While his plan calls for the preservation of the original sidewalk and street next to the towers, he thinks some sacrifice of setting is justifiable. (The extreme position on the other side was taken by a professor at the University of Southern California who suggested a plan to preserve the neighborhood as it was in the twenties, when Rodia started building; the people on 107th Street would be allowed to remain in their houses as long as they agreed not to park new cars in the driveways or put television aerials on their roofs.)

Farrell also acknowledges that the development can succeed only if a large part of the impetus comes from the community itself. For a long time, efforts to organize backing in Watts were fruitless. Then, last February, the Watts Towers committee hired a part-time Director of Community Development. Salary for a full-time assistant was eventually provided by the Los Angeles Youth Opportunities Board—an agency that channels some of the Poverty Program money to Los Angeles projects and that has long expressed an interest in the towers. Contact with the people of Watts—at least with the young people of Watts—was finally established. Over Easter weekend, a crew of a hundred high-school students painted seven houses on 107th Street free of charge in a clean-up project that the committee sponsored with the help of the Student Committee for Improvement in Watts. At about the same time, the committee bought its own house on 107th Street, four doors from the towers. It has now applied for a federal grant to enable it to use the house this summer for a cultural program that would involve seven hundred and fifty young people in such

TO LIMA
AND BACK

$400 VALID FOR 90 DAYS | PER PERSON FROM NEW YORK TOURIST CLASS SERVICE

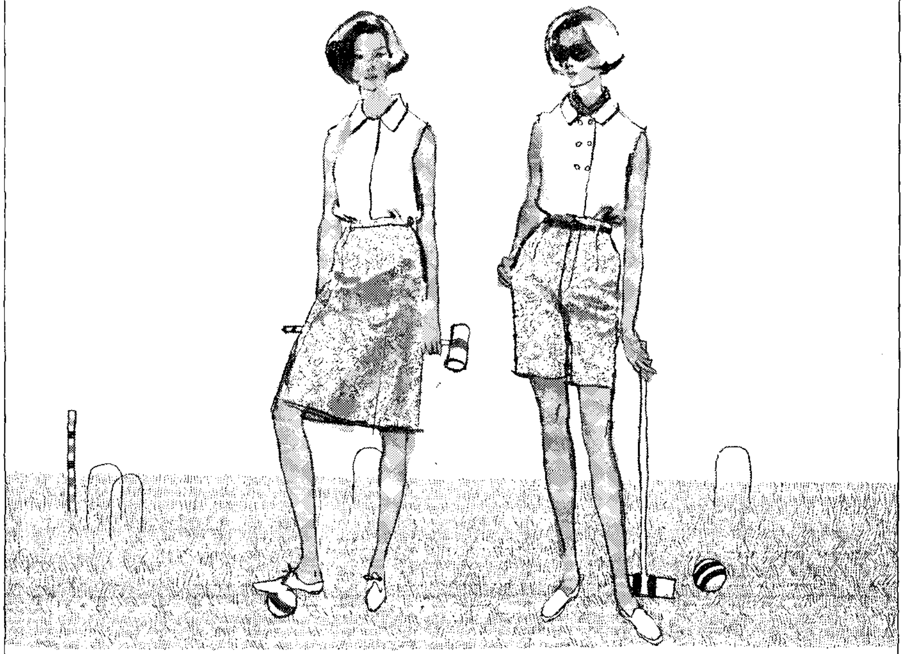
TO LIMA AND BACK, jet with the airline that knows South America best. 48 cities. 7 countries. LAN-JETS. Royal Blue Service. Low excursion fares. To Lima and back, jet with an expert. LAN-CHILE AIRLINES.

LAN-CHILE AIRLINES
THE AIRLINE THAT KNOWS SOUTH AMERICA BEST
NOW IN ITS 37TH YEAR

New York: 500 Fifth Avenue, (212) CH 4-2644 • **Miami:** 121 South East 2nd Avenue, (305) FR 7-4763 • **Chicago:** 18 South Michigan Avenue, (312) 332-7123 • **Los Angeles:** 510 West 6th Street, (213) MA 7-4293 • **Boston:** (617) HA 6-6744 • **Washington:** (202) CO 5-0400 • **Philadelphia:** (215) WA 3-0591

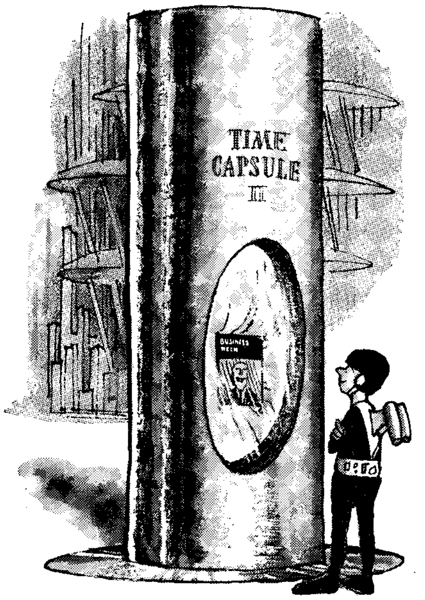
Before you go, see an expert. Your Travel Agent.

Ah women



Breezy flowering beauties in a washable combination of cotton and linen, completely lined. Six-gore flaired skirt or belt-loop Bermudas in predominantly pink, blue or yellow shades. Both in sizes 6-18; skirt at about $12.00. Bermudas at about $10.00. At select shops everywhere or write for name of nearest to Austin Hill Ltd., 318 North Front Street, Baltimore, Maryland or 1470 Broadway, New York. Ah!

MINDING OUR OWN BUSINESS
BACKSTAGE AT BUSINESS WEEK



Don't open before 6939 A.D.

In October, Westinghouse will be burying Time Capsule #2 at the 1965 New York World's Fair. And along with items like a Jayne Mansfield-type bikini, and the Beatles' recording of *A Hard Day's Night,* will be several articles from BUSINESS WEEK.

We're pleased that BUSINESS WEEK is considered representative of our contemporary society. We have only three small reservations about this honor:

1. We fully expect that BUSINESS WEEK will still be published in 6939 A.D., because we can't imagine a time when businessmen won't need our kind of business reporting.

2. We hope that the man who discovers the Time Capsule in 6939 A.D. will be a management executive, since BUSINESS WEEK is edited *only* for management men in business, industry, finance, and government.

3. Honest now, Westinghouse, couldn't you have called it the BUSINESS WEEK Capsule?

You advertise in
BUSINESS WEEK
when you want
to inform
management
A McGraw-Hill Magazine

BUSINESS WEEK

activities as jazz workshops and street theatres as well as in art classes.

"The plans are just paper if we expect to get everything at one stroke," Farrell says. "We can't expect some angel to come and present it to us. That might happen, but it's not very likely, and I think we have to work on the theory that maybe in ten or fifteen years, just acquiring land in a piecemeal way and maybe getting some help from the city, we might have something out here. We were able to get the house just from the income at the towers. I think the towers can work as a rallying point for Watts. Watts is hardly a place at all now—just part of the sprawl. Look at the symbolic value of having a resident artist there, for instance, if he's the right kind of man. There would be a guy actually working right there, reminding these people of what Sam did. I think part of the importance of what Sam did was to help us find answers to 'Who is an artist?' and 'What is an art form?' and 'What does an artist have to act like?' It used to be pretty strict, and I think what Sam has done is to broaden it out a little."

KEEP OFF GRASS

RODIA'S success in broadening the definition of an artist is indicated by a listing in the new edition of the Columbia Encyclopedia: "Rodilla, Simon (1879 —), American architect and sculptor." Yet it is difficult to see how his own life has differed from what it would have been if the towers had been forgotten or destroyed. In the past few months, Rodia has had two heart attacks, forcing him at last to accept the help of his relatives. He now lives in a convalescent home in Martinez, where he is often visited by his nephews and nieces and by Nick King. Before the first attack, Rodia continued to live in a rooming house in Martinez. He spent much of his time strolling around the streets or watching the trains at the station, and he was never famed as an American architect and sculptor. Some of the original committee members moved to the San Francisco area in the years following the controversy over the towers, but they made the drive to Martinez only rarely—usually with a visitor who had seen the towers and was interested in meeting Rodia. On one such visit, King and Mrs. Rogalin were accompanied not only by an out-of-town visitor but also by Bennie Bufano, an active, voluble sculptor in his sixties who does pieces almost as large as the Watts Towers. Bufano had met Rodia after the lecture in Berkeley and seemed to have made a great impression on him—not because Bufano was a sculptor, King thought, since Rodia was probably unaware of that, but, perhaps, because he spoke some Italian. Bufano looks something like Rodia—he is very small, and appears frail—and they have also been compared in outlook. Despite the presence of a huge piece of sculpture by Bufano at the San Francisco airport and the fact that Bufano was the city's cultural commissioner during the war, he has the reputation in San Francisco of being an old-time radical. It is often said that when the United States entered the First World War, he mailed his trigger finger to Woodrow Wilson—a story he does not vigorously deny. Bufano has an enormous admiration for Rodia. "Think of that little guy all by himself," he said on the drive to Martinez. "Not a penny from it, not a penny. We don't have those people anymore. After I saw the towers, I wrote a prayer about them. It's a miracle. A thing like that happens once in a million years. *He's* the one they should be inviting to the White House."

Mrs. Rogalin, a serious, soft-spoken lady, was wearing flat-heeled shoes and no lipstick—a precaution that female visitors to Martinez usually took, because Rodia does not like modern painted women. She had brought along a gift of some bits of fused glass, explaining that it was a form she had begun to work in after she discovered the towers, as an art student. "For us it was Sam's use of found objects that was so exciting," she said. "What attracted us was that Sam's work was really the forerunner of what people in this generation are doing, except that our work with the same materials is almost always negative—social commentary, satire—and he used the materials positively. He saw beauty in everything. He looked at the handle of a water faucet and he saw a rose."

Martinez is about half an hour's drive from San Francisco. It is a quiet, colorless town, but it stands among green hills and has the clean, open look of small towns in northern California, so it does not seem nearly as dreary as Watts. Rodia lived in an inexpensive room above a dentist's office. The façade of the office is a storefront, trimmed with new-looking flagstone. The floor above it, which is of white clapboard, has a long, very narrow hall—also of wood painted white—with doors on either side. Rodia's bed-

The Hammond A-100 console organ, Traditional styling in walnut, $2595. Other Hammond models from $995 in a wide selection of styles and finishes. All prices f.o.b. factory, subject to change without notice.

Simple enough for a child.
Authoritative enough for a concert organist.
This is the instrument you never outgrow.

WE'VE BUILT all kinds of ideas into the A-100 Hammond Organ that help you sound good from the start.

Pre-set controls let you create the sounds of woodwinds, brass and strings. With a flick of the hand, you bring into play Hammond's Harmonic Drawbars to give your music a marvelous variety. Fingertip controls let you change the character of your music as you play.

And Hammond's patented reverberation unit adds new brilliance and realism to your music.

Because of all we've built into this organ, we can promise to have you playing in an hour – *even if you've never played a note in your life.*

Yet, easy as this Hammond is to learn, it will never cease to challenge your ability to sound even better. Because there's more music potential in this instrument than even a professional could find time to explore fully.

Play it in an hour. Enjoy it all your life. See it now at your dealer's–the A-100–one of a wide range of Hammond Organs, $995 to $13,750.

HAMMOND ORGAN COMPANY
4200 WEST DIVERSEY AVENUE
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS 60639

Please send me complete information about the A-100 Hammond Organ. There is no cost or obligation.

NAME____________________

ADDRESS____________________

CITY__________ County STATE_____ Zip Code

Music's most glorious voice

HAMMOND ORGAN

Also makers of the Hammond Piano

NY 5-41R1

©1965 Hammond Organ Company

urban or
suburban...
swing along
with
Serbin

Say Hello To The "Dolly Skimmer"

. . . and you're all set for a cool, comfortable season! There's sunshine in every line of this sleeveless, figure-skimming dress. Serbin spices its simplicity with a ruffle-tiered hem. It's a copyrighted, hand-screened blossom print on cotton. Fully-lined. Predominantly pink, yellow, or turquoise. Sizes 8 to 18 .... **$20**

SLIGHTLY HIGHER ON WEST COAST

Serbin, Inc., 1280 S. W. First Street, Miami 35, Florida

room was near the far end of the hall, with a room that he used for a kitchen directly across from it. The kitchen was padlocked, and Bufano knocked on the bedroom door.

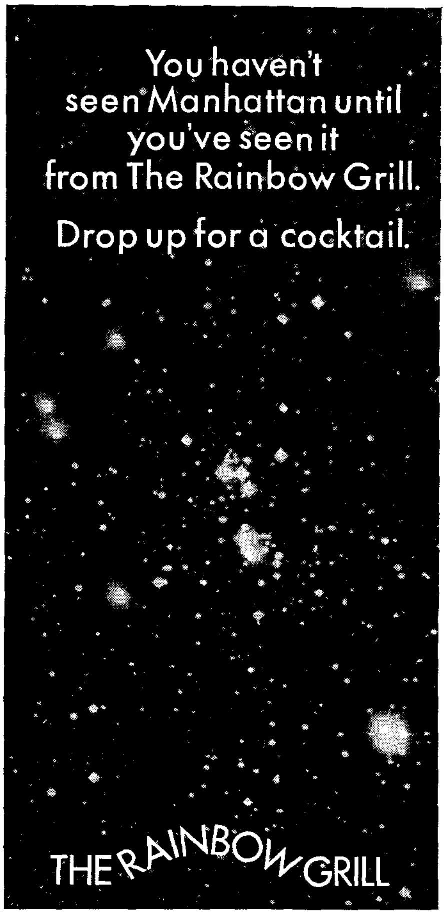
When Rodia finally opened it, Bufano smiled and said, "*Cómo está? Bene?*"

"*No bene*," said Rodia. The words were spoken not in a tone of complaint but as a simple truth and a convenient way to launch into some observations on the state of prices and the world. Before beginning to talk, Rodia ushered his visitors into the tiny room and, with the courtliness that so many visitors have commented on, tried to devise a way for everybody to sit down. There was hardly space for everybody to stand in Rodia's room. It contained a narrow bed, a wooden straight chair, and a wooden Canada Dry Ginger Ale case set upside down in one corner with an alarm clock on top of it. There was a cabinet for clothing in the opposite corner and a series of hooks on one wall that held a few coats and pairs of pants and two or three fedoras. Another hook, above the bed, held a fly swatter. There was a single window, which was partly covered by an old blanket, and which looked out on a flat gravel roof. The one other source of light was a naked bulb lowered from the ceiling on a line of sockets screwed together. A black-and-white photograph of three children stood on a shelf built into the wall above the bed; otherwise the room was bare of decoration.

Rodia, a diminutive old man with a sharp, prominent nose and bright brown eyes, sat on the edge of the bed. He was wearing a green flannel shirt and blue cotton trousers, both of which looked much too big for him. Like Bufano, he lost his appearance of frailty when he began to speak, gesticulating with his large, leathery hands. He looked a dozen years younger than his age, which most people believe is now about ninety and he estimates sometimes as ninety-one and sometimes as ninety-four. Speaking in his usual musical cadence and meandering style, he began to tell Bufano why things were not going well—starting with prices.

"Cement used to be twenty-four cents a sack, for a cloth sack," said Rodia, who, as a collector of seashells, had needed the sack as well as the cement. "Now it's a dollar eighty-four and a paper sack. How you gonna build anything?"

In a way, Rodia manages to talk about the towers without mentioning



65TH FLOOR, ROCKEFELLER CENTER
COCKTAILS FROM FOUR.
DINNER, SIX UNTIL ONE. DANCING. PL 7-9090.

DANISH MARY

(A Bloody Mary gone Danish)

3 oz.tomato juice
juice of 1/2 lime
Dash celery salt
1 1/4 oz. imported
Aalborg Akvavit
Stir with ice until cold.
Pour into 6 oz. glass
Enjoy!

Munson G. Shaw Co., N.Y. 86 Proof, 100% Grain Neutral Spirits

FREE GOLF 18-HOLE CHAMPIONSHIP COURSE
PLAY GOLF TO YOUR HEART'S CONTENT

PLUS: • Indoor and Outdoor Swimming Pools • TV in Every Room • Regulation Bowling • Tennis Courts & Racquets • Latest Hollywood Movies • Entertainment and Dancing

NEW, WORLD-FAMOUS 100 ACRE RESORT IN THE HEART OF THE PENNA. DUTCH AMISH LAND

ANY 3 DAYS, 2 NIGHTS INCLUDING WEEKENDS $29.75 WITH FIVE DELUXE MEALS
ANY 5 DAYS, 4 NIGHTS - $59 WITH 10 DELUXE MEALS
ANY 4 DAYS, 3 NIGHTS - $47.50 WITH 8 DELUXE MEALS

SEND FOR FREE BROCHURE & MENU
QUALITY COURTS
DOWNINGTOWN INN
BOX 11 DOWNINGTOWN, PA.
AREA CODE 215, AN 9-2000
ON U S RT 30 • EXIT 23 - PENNA TURNPIKE

18th CENTURY
URNS AND LAMPS
WARD and ROME
63 E. 57th St., N. Y. 22, N. Y.

them; at least, much of what he discusses can be related to his experiences with the towers. He is more likely to discuss the price of bread than the price of cement, but some of his complaints about modern women who fail to take care of their families—a constantly recurring subject—can lead directly to one possible reason for his having left Watts. "Los Angeles is in danger," he said that day. "Kids run round, break things, throw rocks. They watch me at night. When I go to the picture show, they come. When I come home, window broken, door broken. It's the same thing here."

Rodia spoke of his early life—working on the railroad, being a night watchman, repairing holes for the Telephone Company—and of his quarrels with the system. He finds a myriad injustices in the economic structure—which he divides into "millionaires, the media classes, and the poor people"—and his habit of interpreting words literally produces even more inconsistencies in politics. "This is not the United States," he said. "France got Paris; Germany got Berlin; England, London; Spain, Madrid; Portugal, Lisboa. This country, every state's a different capital, different law. One state give 'em the chair, other state give 'em gas, one give 'em life. How you call that United States? This is *not* United States—this is England. We no *talk* United States. You go to court for permit you talk United States? No. English." Moreover, Rodia said, the country actually belongs to the Indians.

On almost any subject, Rodia was able to find the accepted version unacceptable. "They said in the Bible that Jesus Christ is King of the Jews," he pointed out to Bufano. "They never said King of Madrid, Spain; King of Berlin, Germany; King of Lisboa, Portugal." His views on religion have always been strong, one way or another. Most critics have been surprised at the lack of religious symbolism in towers built by a man who was raised in Italy, though it has been said that Rodia once had a cross on top of the tallest tower but tore it down when a priest came by and voiced approval. "I have a cross on there once," Rodia acknowledged. "Not because I was a Catolic. I just wanted to see how it looked."

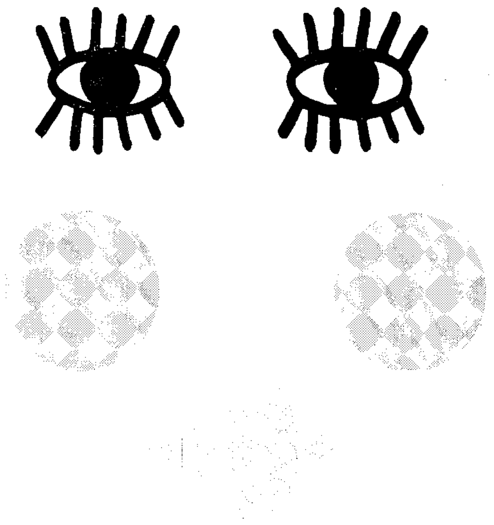
"You were a preacher once, weren't you, Sam?" Mrs. Rogalin asked.

"I been a preacher in a Protestant church, because they wanted me," Rodia said. "After I quit drinking. They have baptisms there. Half a block

Mead decided to make corrugated containers pretty. Now, with a process called Color-Corr™ we can print (in up to 6 colors) your national advertising, your baby pictures. And display them at the point of purchase. Not all good ideas come from Mead, but you'd be amazed how many do.

MEAD containers

Beauty Treatment. (You're next.)



Mead Containers, a division of The Mead Corporation, Dayton, Ohio

Beauty that
never shows its age

The "Welcome" is warmer, brighter when your home's entrance doors have locksets and hardware of stainless steel. Wide variety of designs to complement each type of architecture. Stainless steel stays satin-bright without polishing, without care. Solid metal. No coating to wear through, weather off, or peel.

Stainless Steel
BY REPUBLIC STEEL CORPORATION
Sales Offices and Representatives
in Principal Cities

(Only the ENDURO® Stainless Steel is produced by Republic Steel: The lockset manufacturer's name and address will be supplied on request to Republic Steel Corporation, Department NY-1559, 1441 Republic Bldg., Cleveland, Ohio 44101.)

For fine British woollens*—

Hunt & Winterbotham since 1532

4 Old Bond Street London

* SWATCHES *(for men and women)* gladly mailed on request. Simply state requirements: whether for suits, jackets or coats — also the colour and weight.

SAFARI BOOKINGS

NOW BEING ACCEPTED from $3,000

Custom Safaris to EAST AFRICA

(Sponsored by Uganda and Tanganyika Governments)

• ALL Details Arranged

• Includes JET Transportation

• SEND IMMEDIATELY for Brochures containing all information

JONAS BROS. OF SEATTLE

"PERFECTION IS OUR BUSINESS"

Dept. NY, 1507 12th Avenue
Seattle, Wash. 98102 • EA 9-1600

Please send brochures with full information on custom Safaris in select game areas. Also include additional details on photographic expeditions and custom Shikars.

Name____________________

Firm____________________

Address____________________

City________State______Zip Code______

from me they had a Pentecostal church. That's no Catolic or Methodista church. That's a hallelujah church, dear young lady. They used to have one church. Now have fifty churches, and every one say mine best."

As Rodia spoke, he glanced alertly from one of his visitors to another. Occasionally, he nodded when Bufano added a remark, and he listened politely to questions, even when they turned to the towers.

He told of starting the towers after he had stopped drinking; of using waterproof cement; of setting the foundation for the large towers fourteen inches deep, because "your feet hold your body and if your feet diseased you can't walk;" and of the necessity of building his own scaffolding.

"How did you build the circles of the scaffolding so perfect, Sam?" Mrs. Rogalin asked.

"Lady, how did Galileo make the Tower of Pisa?" Rodia asked in reply. "He make the earth stand still. He build the tower and he said, 'Look! No fall down.' I been reading that."

"But your towers don't lean," Mrs. Rogalin said.

"It looks falling down on one side; from other sides it looks leaning. Depends on where you look," Rodia explained of his own towers. King and Bufano agreed that the towers were out of alignment and that it is quite possible that the second-tallest one was purposely constructed to lean within its scaffolding.

"I work at night," Rodia went on. "I no go to no picture shows, don't do no drinking. Work Christmas, New Year's. That's spare time, dear lady. I had to work to earn a living and pay taxes. I had a patio. The house was an old barn. I plastered outside and made a porch. Then I started a fish pond, the ship in the corner. When it was Saturday and holidays, I walk from the towers to San Pedro sometime. I had a cement bag in my hand. I'd bend down, put in sack. Then they used to bring me things sometimes. The railroad gave me rails, but they had rust. I had to burn them up to get the rust off."

Rodia has always maintained that his building-permit problems were solved by a building permit he got from Sacramento, the state capital. The state ordinarily has no direct jurisdiction over building permits, and opinion is about evenly divided on whether Rodia actually went to Sacramento, and perhaps got some kind of assurance from a clerk who was tired of being badgered, or whether he simply used the story to

The Navy Dinghy

COOL AND BRACING, THIS "OFF-DUTY" SHIRT OF LIGHTWEIGHT COTTON NAVY BATISTE OXFORD. SOFTLY FLARED BUTTON-DOWN COLLAR. PULLOVER FRONT. ALSO MAIZE, OXFORD BLUE OR WHITE. 14½-16½. SHORT SLEEVES. $6.50

PLEASE ADD 50c PER PACKAGE FOR POSTAGE

at

Paul Stuart

18 EAST 45TH STREET, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10017

Luxury in the New York manner

Regally spacious guest rooms and suites . . . heart of Rockefeller Center area . . . adjacent to everything of interest in New York. Meeting, banquet rooms. *Two notable restaurants*

Hotel Dorset

Just off Fifth Avenue

30 West 54th Street

A Bing & Bing hotel

LOW JUNE RATES

Nothing so rare as a week or weekend in June in the Adirondacks. 1500 romantic woodland acres, 60 acre private lake, water skiing, boating, fishing, 11 top pro tennis courts, dancing, folk dancing, chef cuisine. A modern resort for adults, owned and managed by the Slutsky family.

CRYSTAL LAKE LODGE

Chestertown, New York

Phones: 3830 N.Y.C. DE 2-4578

MORE THAN A RESTAURANT...

Reuben's 6 E. 58 ST. PL 9-5650

A meeting, and eating landmark for celebrities since 1918.

"We ship Cheese Cakes all over the World"

put off city inspectors and gradually came to believe it himself. "The policeman has to make a trouble," Rodia explained. "If he no make trouble, the court say, 'Don't need him.' They lay him off. They *got* to make trouble. When they make trouble, I got a permit from Sacramento. Los Angeles no want to give me a permit. I went to Sacramento and they say, 'What you looking for?' 'I'm looking for the head man.' They say, 'All right, we open at nine-thirty. Sit down.' The head man was an old man with a long beard. There were seventy-five men. They say to me, 'Why you go eighteen feet high and no have permit?' Seventy-five men, all have big mustaches and beards. I talked to him and he caught me here"—Rodia grabbed himself by the back of the neck—"and he said, 'You go ahead do your work. In a week, you're going to get a letter and the same day the city is going to get a letter and the county will get a letter the same day.' That letter told them leave me alone. So I went back."

"Then what happened?" Mrs. Rogalin asked.

"You see what happened, lady," Rodia said, smiling.

Why Rodia went to so much trouble to build the towers was explained in terms of their being an invention. "How you comb your hair with no comb?" he asked Mrs. Rogalin. "How you shave with no steel? Somebody invention steel. Look, Ma'am, somebody invention radio. Now you got millions people listen to radio. Marconi, he invention picture show, television; they talk like on radio. There you are, Ma'am. That's an invention. You see lots of towers. That's a new style tower."

When Mrs. Rogalin discussed the details of the towers that she was particularly fond of, Rodia's face brightened and he nodded, like somebody acknowledging an old friend's reminiscence of a past good time shared. But he showed no interest in Bufano's suggestion that he might like to visit them again. "Dear son, it's too late," he said, shaking his head sadly. "There's nothing anymore. Maybe tonight I go to bed and stay in bed dead for four days. Nobody comes to look."

Before the group left, Mrs. Rogalin gave Rodia the fused glass. It was dangling from a string, and she tied it on the window frame so that the colors in the glass caught the light.

"Thank you, dear young lady," Rodia said. "You understand a lot."

"Thank you, Sam. You understand

This is what you get for being good:

A vacation with John Gary in the Persian Room from June 2 through June 26. His voice was made for basking in. You'll come home warm and toasted and cozy inside.

Also for soaking up: the snappy tunes and slow dreamies for all of you out there in danceland.

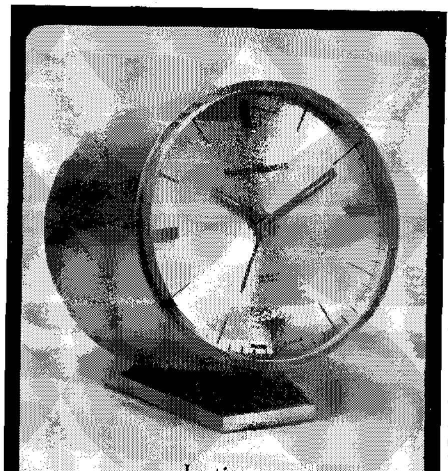
Get beautiful. Get packing. Get reservations.

Get to a phone and get PL 9-3000.

THE PLAZA

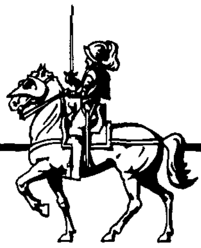
HOTEL CORPORATION OF AMERICA

WHEN YOU
DINE ITALIAN • WINE ITALIAN
RUFFINO
RUFFINO
ITALY'S PRIZE CHIANTI
© Schieffelin & Co., N.Y.



In time
for Father's Day—
Precision time every day...
Handsome eight day alarm in
sleek brass with luminous hands
and hours. By Swiza Sheffield.
25.00 plus 10% federal tax
2¾″ diameter x 3″ wide x 3½″ high
Mail orders to Dallas. Add 35¢ mailing
Gift wrap 75¢

Neiman-Marcus
Dallas • Houston • Fort Worth



MAGNIFICO!

High above the Caribbean on Puerto Rico's spectacular east coast. Luxurious guest rooms and villas, gay wining and dining rooms, fresh-water pool, sandy beach reached by the only aerial tramway in Puerto Rico. All water sports. All everything.

¡Ole! Call today — your travel agent or write Box 422 N, Fajardo, Puerto Rico.

EL CONQUISTADOR
Las Croabas,
Fajardo, Puerto Rico

PETER'S BACKYARD RESTAURANT
STEAKS • CHOPS
SEAFOOD
Charcoal Broiled
before your eyes.
Open Every Day
DINNER • SUPPER
Daily 4 pm - Midnite
Sun & Hol from 2 pm
64 W. 10th St., N. Y. C.
GR 3-4476

a lot, too," she replied, and she walked out of the room hurriedly.

Rodia accompanied his visitors to the street—pointing out the inferior, splitting wood in the hall to Bufano on the way down, and continuing a lecture on high prices and bad quality—but when they reached the car, he refused an invitation to join them for coffee. Speaking to Bufano in Italian for the first time, he explained that he was ashamed of his appearance, and pointed to slits in his canvas shoes. Mrs. Rogalin's eyes filled with tears as Rodia walked down the street alone.

King and Mrs. Rogalin made some inquiries at the dentist's office—the committee had tried to arrange to have Rodia's teeth attended to, but, as King had suspected, he had refused to come back after the first appointment—and then the group went to see some Rodia sculpture at the home of Samuel Calicura, Rodia's brother-in-law. (He had married Rodia's sister, who died in 1944, and he has since remarried.) Calicura lived only two blocks away, in a rambling, comfortable-looking two-story house. There was a garden at the side, and some of the flowers were climbing up three miniature towers that had been built by Rodia. Calicura turned out to be a large, blustery man of seventy-nine with a heavy Italian accent but an easy command of American idiom. Rodia's name had hardly been mentioned before Calicura began to attack him, changing the subject only to relate his own struggle to make a respectable life in the United States. Calicura and his wife had lived briefly with Rodia when they first came to California, and Rodia had lived briefly with Calicura when he first returned to Martinez, but the two men no longer spoke to each other.

"He's no damn good," Calicura said. "He's been anarchist all his life. He used to sing anti-church songs with that drunken gang of his and make his sister cry. He would have stabbed me in the gut, that man, right in the street."

"When was that?" King asked.

"Just four or five years ago," Calicura said. "Right here. How you going to talk to a man like that?"

Calicura had never seen the towers. "Sure, they might be good work," he said of them. "But what good are they? What use for him? What did he get out of them?"

"He made them for everybody," Bufano said.

Calicura shrugged.

After talking some more about his early days in California, he took the

Everyone in Washington agrees...

...that the Manger Hay-Adams is *the* place to stay. We face the White House. The atmosphere is quietly elegant—the service, exquisite. (We even shine shoes you leave outside your door!) You'll find huge bath towels, individual terry robes, and other luxurious extras with each beautiful room and bath. Be our guest!

Manger Hotels & Motor Inns
HOTEL
Manger Hay-Adams
(facing the White House)
16th at H Street N.W. • Washington, D.C.

ISLAND TESTED
Royall Lyme
Sun Tan Lotion
Blended to gentle the tropical sun. This lotion is compounded from a secret formula for yachtsmen and sun lovers in the Islands. Contains insect repellant for extra comfort.
4 oz. $2.00
plus tax.
ROYALL LYME LTD.
232 MADISON AVE., NEW YORK 16

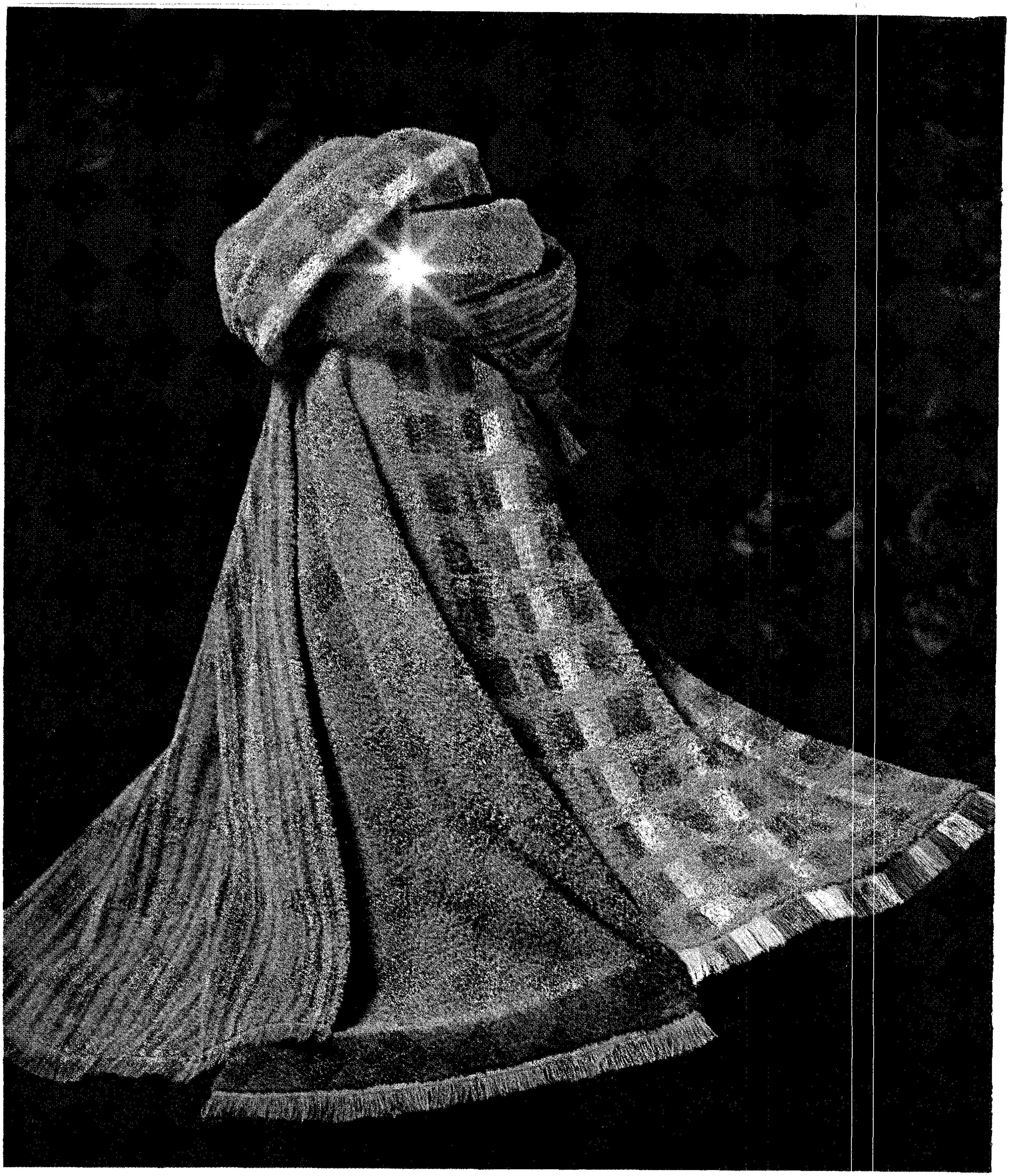
POLO SHIRTS
Alexander Shields
NEW YORK 10022
484 PARK AVE. AT 58th ST.

Chateau Madrid
Presents
LOS CHAVALES de ESPANA
Shows 9 & 12 • Also 2 A.M. Sats.
42 W. 58 • PL 3-3773

You'll like gin twice as much as you used to.

For two good reasons: First, our Quinine Water is less bitter, so it flatters the flavor of gin; second, our Bitter Lemon is made from just the juicy hearts of plump lemons. Both make delicious, thirst-quenching drinks—and Canada Dry makes them both. We like gin too.

QUINAC CANADA DRY QUINAC
CANADA DRY
QUININE WATER
MIXER
BITTER CANADA DRY LEMON
CANADA DRY
SPARKLING
BITTER LEMON
THE LEMON



DUNDEE TURNS THE BATH INTO A PERSIAN PALACE! WEAVES NEW TOWEL MAGIC WITH THE RICH COLORS OF A PERSIAN MARKET PLACE. AND EVERY INCH OF THIS LUSH, PLUSH TERRY IS SOFT AS A FLOWING VEIL. FEAST YOUR EYES ON THE MUTED GLOW OF KHAI, THE STORIED STRIPES OF ALADDIN AND THE MARVEL OF MARVELS—CALIPH! TO SEE ALL FIVE FABLED COLOR COMBINATIONS—FROM THE NEW ARABIAN NIGHTS COLLECTION—IS TO WANT THEM ALL! AVAILABLE AT LORD AND TAYLOR, 424 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK CITY.

DUNDEE

TOWEL MAKERS SINCE 1888 • DUNDEE MILLS, INC. • SHOWROOMS: 1075 6TH AVE., NEW YORK, N. Y. 10018 • MILLS: GRIFFIN, GA.

visitors to see his garden. Flowers grew everywhere, and in the back yard there was a neatly furnished arbor, decorated with religious paintings and magazine drawings of cowboys.

"Nobody give me anything," Calicura said. "I get everything with sweat. We raised seventeen children. People are supposed to reduplicate, like flowers. I'm a Catholic, I go to church. Not every Sunday—I'm not gonna lie—but when I don't go I give my wife an extra four bits for the collection. I got a clear conscience. See this garden? Sam don't have a garden. Sam don't even have tobacco. He lives like a dog. He's not a Catholic. I see him on Sunday walking around the church, but he don't go in. He's not religious."

Bufano had been growing increasingly angry during this speech, and now he poked Calicura in the chest and said, "You know something? Sam is more religious than you are."

"You think Sam's religious, go talk to Sam," Calicura said. "You can get off my property. What do I care?"

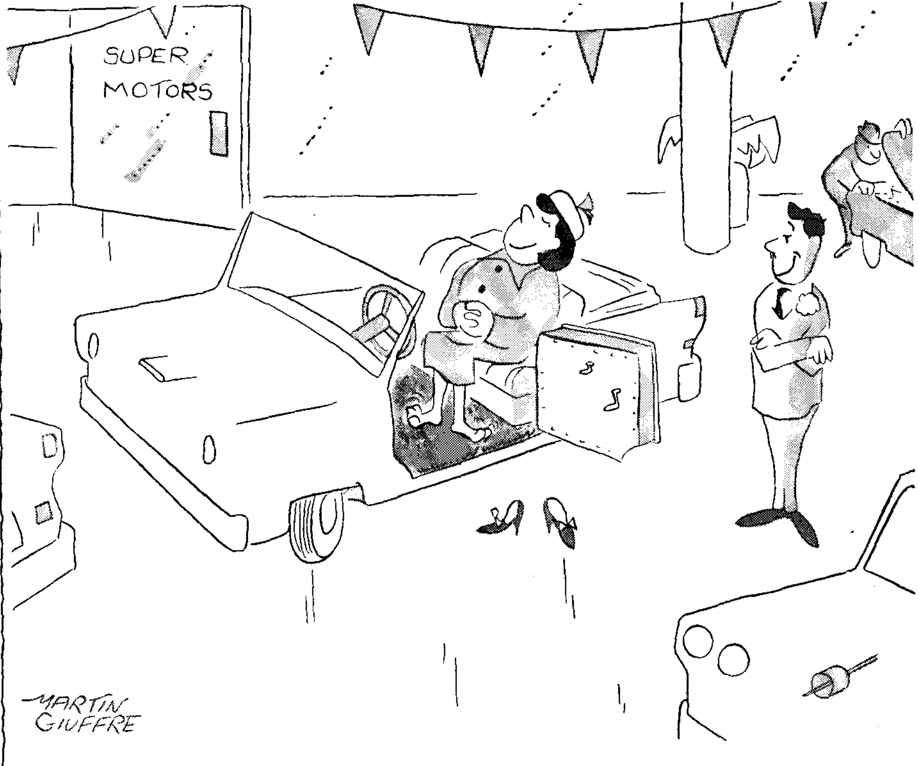
The group got back in the car and started for San Francisco.

"Can you imagine that?" King was saying. "Sam *had* to be in his eighties five years ago, and he was going to take that guy on right on the street."

DISCUSSING Rodia with King and Farrell later, Mrs. Rogalin maintained that the committee could surely find some way to make him more comfortable, even though such attempts as offering him commissions to do other work or to repair the towers had invariably failed. The money earned by the towers belonged to Rodia morally, if not legally, Mrs. Rogalin reasoned, although the only interest he had ever taken in the financial aspect of the towers was to register disgust at the fact that the state made ten cents in taxes on every gallon of gasoline used by people driving out to Watts to see them. King, on the other hand, felt that Rodia should be permitted to decide for himself how he wanted to live and whether or not he wanted help.

"We haven't always been able to understand Sam," said Farrell, who seems to understand him better than most people do. "Once, we asked him about material. We wanted to give him some material, in case he wanted to start working again. We thought he'd like that. He said, 'Don't you understand? It's the end; there's nothing there.' He's a very direct man. He came up here to die, and once you realize that, the idea of giving him

(*Advertisement*)



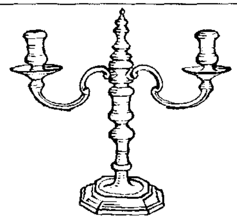
A title on the door...rates a Bigelow on the floor

P.S. Are you a driving man, moving up in the race for fame? Fast way to impress clients and associates is by "trading in" that old bare floor for a beautiful, brand-new Bigelow Carpet. Special designs, colors and textures available. Write for our colorful free brochure on commercial carpets to Bigelow-Sanford, Inc., Dept. A, 140 Madison Avenue, New York 16, N. Y. *People who know...buy* BIGELOW.

Turtle Doves,©
limit 500, 12" high
on walnut base $350.
at the finest stores.
Collector's
catalogue $1.
Cybis
CYBIS PORCELAIN ART,
TRENTON 8, N.J.

On Exhibit - World's Fair - Pavilion American Interiors

English Silver
"George II" 3 Light Cbra

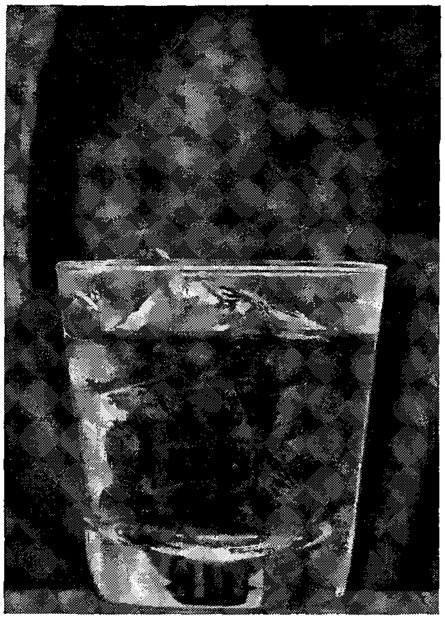


ENSKO
INC.
682 LEXINGTON AVE., N.Y.

Beautiful... Madly beautiful

Chinese Evening Dress

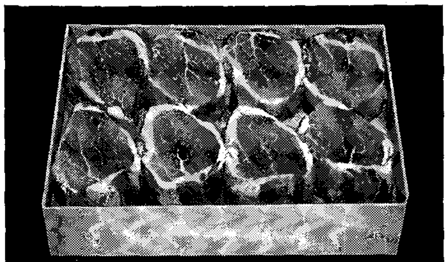
To dine in
To dance in
Fabulous Fabrics in Fabulously lovely prints.
Predominate colors
Tropical blues
SHocking Pinks
Lime greens
wheat golds
• SILKY COTTON, $ 29.95
• SMOOTH ARNEL $ 35.00
• DACRON. LOOKING LIKE CHINESE SILK $ 39.95
all SIZES 8-18
write · come · call 753-0515
Penthouse Gallery
485 MADISON AVE. N.Y.C.



Savor the pleasures of dining out, Japanese style, and the refreshingly different taste of **the classic whisky from Japan.**

SUNTORY

86.8 proof. A blend of rare selected whiskies distilled and bottled near Kyoto in Japan.
Suntory Importers, Ltd., Philadelphia, Pa.



Better than making friends with the butcher...

is ordering from Pfaelzer. Because Prime Pfaelzer filet mignons aren't sold in any market. They're the steaks served in America's finest clubs and restaurants. Each one is aged for flavor and fork-tender. Now, you can have them at home or send them as a gift... shipped quick frozen, packed in dry ice, gift-boxed, and with a personalized card. Perfect arrival guaranteed.

box of 16. 6 oz. each, 1¼" thick $34
Railway Express Prepaid

Write for free catalog listing over 100 gift items.

pfaelzer BROTHERS
(pronounced Felzer)
Dept. YF5 • Chicago 32, Ill. • YArds 7-7100 ©P.B.1964

Maharas
39th Yr.
in Cleveland for superb
Boston Strip Steak
and "That" Salad
Convenient to Motels and Hotels

pastels, or something, seems irrelevant. We once talked to one of his nephews who works in a grocery store, and he said, 'You people come up here and go back, and you think we don't care about him. Somebody gave him a record-player. You know, the next day he gave that record-player to my children. They already had a record-player.' I had to blush. I had given him the record-player, because he used to have one in Watts to listen to Caruso and we thought he might enjoy doing it again. He barely gets by on Social Security, I think. We wanted his nephew to cheat him on prices—charge him less—and send us the bill for the difference. He just laughed at us. He said Sam's much too sharp for that, and, of course, he is."

"I think that Sam at least feels the value of his own work more now," Mrs. Rogalin said. "He at least sees what it means to us. Anybody who is isolated needs any little verifying thing. That's what we've given Sam if we've given him anything—a little verification."

Farrell agreed that artists could be helped only in a limited way. "I think it comes down to a question of what the artist's responsibilities are and what society's responsibilities are to him," Farrell said. "One of the rules of the artist is that he takes chances, wastes his time, does things that might be absurd, so he can nudge society. The responsibility of the rest of us is to let him do this. What he does may be kooky, but let's see in a few years. We really can't help him much; all we can do is get rid of some of the things that bug him, because his real problems are inside him. The worst thing you can do is tear down what he did."

—CALVIN TRILLIN

•

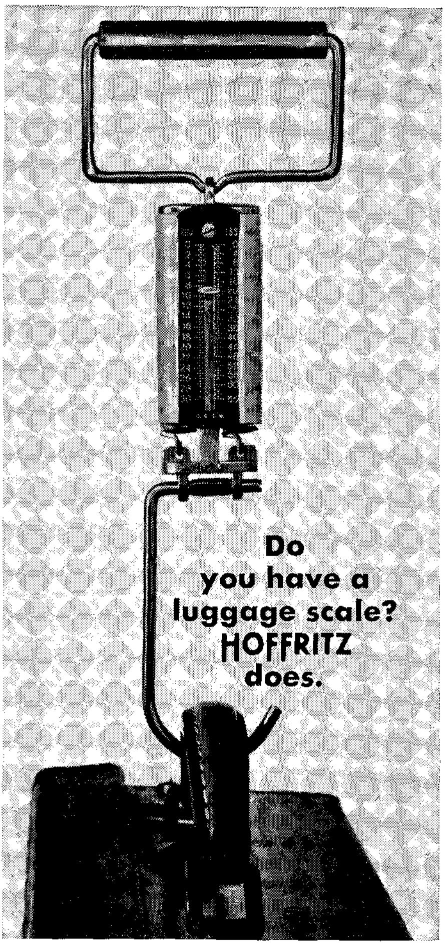
On some of your trips this summer in Pennsylvania, you will travel through much of this former widespread Indian country, and, if you hike the trails in woods and forests, you will be trodding the paths of the Indians and in many cases, the paths of your ancestors, if you are a descendant of a long line of Pennsylvanians. Think on these things as you trod, and your enjoyment will be greater.—*Easton (Pa.) Northampton County Motorist.*

Watch out for Indians. They can trod without making a sound.

•

Russia and Poland told about
Staten Island ferry. Page 45
—*Index of the Times.*

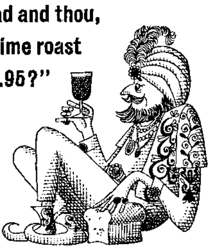
We hope they were sitting down when they heard.



LEATHER CASED. WEIGHS IN POUNDS AND KILOS: SEND 6.50 PLUS 35¢ POSTAGE TO 49 E. 34 ST. OR POP IN ANY HOFFRITZ.

"...a loaf of bread and thou, you delectable prime roast beef,* for just $3.95?"

Ah, Paradise!



THE MERMAID ROOM

*It goes swimmingly with the Caesar salad, baked potato and hot, luscious popover . . . all at a new low price. Hot tempos by the Irving Fields Trio. Dancing nightly. No Cover. No minimum.

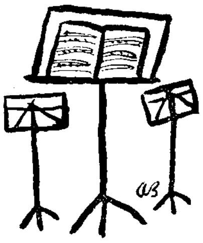
Park Sheraton Hotel
55th ST. and 7th AVE., NEWYORK

"Haute Cuisine" *Holiday Mag.*
Le Bijou
168 West 4th St.
Greenwich Village, N. Y.
CH 2-9338
Dinner by Candlelight
Cocktails • Superb Wines

delightful
Frenchy's
wonderful food
1827 e. north ave. • milwaukee • wis

MUSICAL EVENTS

Hallelujah!

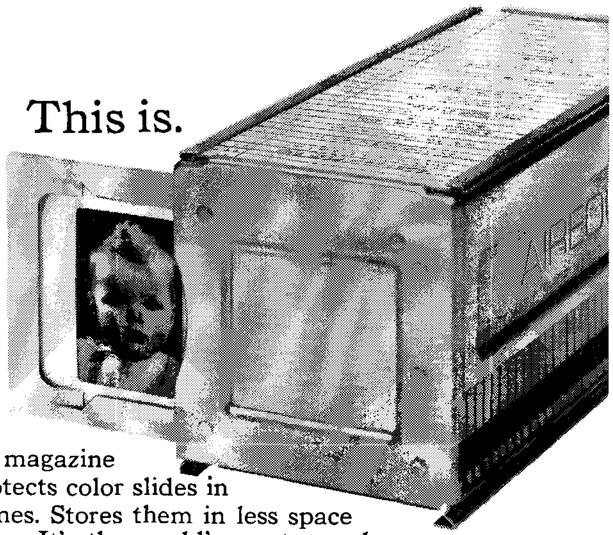


THE Philharmonic's Bruckner cycle finished with a bang in Philharmonic Hall last week, the bang in question being the tremendous ending of the Fifth Symphony, which William Steinberg approached on Thursday night, and doubtless in subsequent concerts throughout the weekend, with a rare sense of climax. It is difficult to believe nowadays that as recently as fifteen years ago the late Olin Downes, of the *Times*—in other respects an eminently just and penetrating critic—was denouncing Bruckner, and Mahler as well, holding them to be mediocre and tiresome composers. I suppose that the battle for Bruckner has finally been won (the battle for Mahler was won a few years ago), though it won't hurt to keep up a little fire against a few remaining pockets of resistance. Those of us who have fought the battle for decades—and who include Louis Biancolli of the *World-Telegram*, Miles Kastendieck of the *Journal-American*, and Harriett Johnson of the *Post*, as well as the indomitable propagandists of the Bruckner Society—can congratulate ourselves. As for the *Times* and *Tribune*, they do not deserve much credit. The Philharmonic's cycle has ignored at least two fine works—the Second Symphony and the little Symphony No. 0 in D Minor—and has left out the Fourth and Seventh Symphonies because they are already popular and often played. But I shall not complain. It has been a fine season for Bruckner, and audiences at the concerts I have attended have all applauded his symphonies with what amounted to frenzy.

The Fifth Symphony seems to be a specialty with Mr. Steinberg. He brought it here with the Pittsburgh Symphony several years ago. It then remained unplayed locally until Eugene Ormandy did it, earlier this very season, with the Philadelphia Orchestra. Mr. Ormandy's interpretation of it was polished, warm in tone, and beautifully organized. But it did not compare with what Mr. Steinberg gave us the other night. The Fifth is perhaps the knottiest of all the Bruckner symphonies. Its first movement, in particular, involves contrasts that ap-

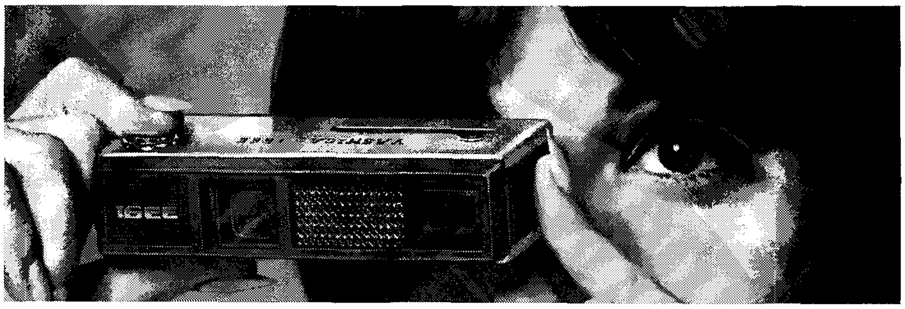
EKTACHROME
EKTACHROME

This is no way to treat a baby.



The Airequipt Metal Magazine is the only magazine that permanently protects color slides in individual metal frames. Stores them in less space than any other system. It's the world's most popular way to handle slides and safeguard them against wear, tear and fingerprints. Fits the wide variety of Airequipt projectors. And treats baby right. AIREQUIPT

Airequipt Inc. New Rochelle New York



It goes with you...everywhere!

Why carry a heavy camera when the fully automatic Yashica 16EE fits pocket or purse, takes brilliant slides and prints. Full range of drop-in black & white, color film with mailing bag for processing. 16EE under $65. Case extra. For full details, write:

YASHICA INC., 50-17 QUEENS BOULEVARD, WOODSIDE, NEW YORK 11377 DEPT. Y

YASHICA®

VIRTUTE NON VERBIS

Internationally Famous
Restaurant
with a tradition
of Elegance

HOTEL Shelburne
BOARDWALK, ATLANTIC CITY
N.Y.C. DIRECT PHONE REctor 2-6586
2½ hours from N.Y.C., via
Garden State Pkway., exit 40

JULES PODELL
PRESENTS

JOHNNY MATHIS
RONNIE MARTIN
COPACABANA

FULL COURSE DINNERS from $5.00 | SERVED 6:30 P.M.-9:30 P.M.
2 SHOWS NIGHTLY 8 & 12
3 SHOWS FRI. & SAT. 8, 11:30 & 2
10 E. 60 • PL 8-0900

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Eminence
String-Shirt

Made in France by EMINENCE . . . this cool new outer shirt has been added to the EMINENCE line of quality undergarments for men.

This unique open mesh construction of 100% cotton, acts as a body insulator against heat.

Outer shirt colors: white, black, beige, wine . . . $11.00, Briefs $2.50, Athletic shirts $2.95, Tee shirts $3.50, in S-M-L-XL-XXL.

BERGDORF GOODMAN CO. ...... New York

For other fine stores throughout the country, write Sole U.S. distributor—
GEDEON HELLER, Inc., 745 5th Ave., N.Y. 22

SUBSCRIPTION
ORDER FORM

THE NEW YORKER
25 WEST 43RD STREET
NEW YORK, N.Y. 10036

Please enter my subscription to The New Yorker, payment for which is enclosed.

☐ ONE YEAR—$8

☐ TWO YEARS—$13.50

(Extra postage outside U.S. and its possessions: Canada, Latin America and Spain—$1.00 per year; Other foreign—$3.00 per year.)

NAME

ADDRESS

(Please include ZIP code)

pear almost irreconcilable, its second can be boring except in the most capable hands, and its finale demands a grand apocalyptic reading that gets beyond the mere notes and gives the impression that a powerful phalanx of angels is engaged in a triumph over all the evil in the universe. Bruckner, like Johann Sebastian Bach, was a great religious composer. The time when program notes described him as a sort of pious half-wit is, thank God, over, and now he can be seen as what he was—a great Catholic mystic, writing music of power and tenderness, reassuring believer and unbeliever alike with a vision of the world and the afterlife permeated by mercy, serenity, and grandeur. Mr. Steinberg's interpretation of the work was incisive, strong, and cumulative. The finale, to which he added the peals of three extra trumpets and three extra trombones, was more impressive than it has been in any other performance I have heard. Some have called it the greatest finale ever written, and I must confess that when it is properly performed, I prefer it to the finale of Beethoven's Ninth.

BERLIOZ's comic opera "Beatrice and Benedict," based on Shakespeare's "Much Ado About Nothing," has had a curiously checkered career for so charming a work. It was first performed in Baden-Baden under the composer's baton in 1862 and was repeated a year later in Weimar. Paris got up enough steam to present it at the Odéon (not the Opéra or the Opéra-Comique) in 1890, and has since, apparently, not heard it at all. In 1960, Thomas Scherman gave a concert performance of it here with the Little Orchestra Society, and the Washington (D.C.) Opera Society gave it its first American staging a year ago. Last Friday evening, I made my way uptown to the Manhattan School of Music to hear and see its first New York staging—its first, too, in America in the original French. It was a rare opportunity to encounter this little opera, and I found the production, by a student cast except for one or two oldsters in elderly roles, remarkably adept. One of the most amusing elements in the work is the presence of a character Berlioz himself added—a mincing, vain, pompous music master (generally thought to be a caricature of Berlioz's onetime teacher Luigi Cherubini) who conducts a chorus and miniature orchestra during the more festive scenes of Shakespeare's play—and he was done with high humor the other night. As is the custom in the French *opéra-co-*

Don't ape
the crowd...
make yours
Chenango

New AFTER SHAVE COLOGNE
and aerosol DEODORANT FOR MEN.
Originated by FRANCES DENNEY.
Available at fine stores.

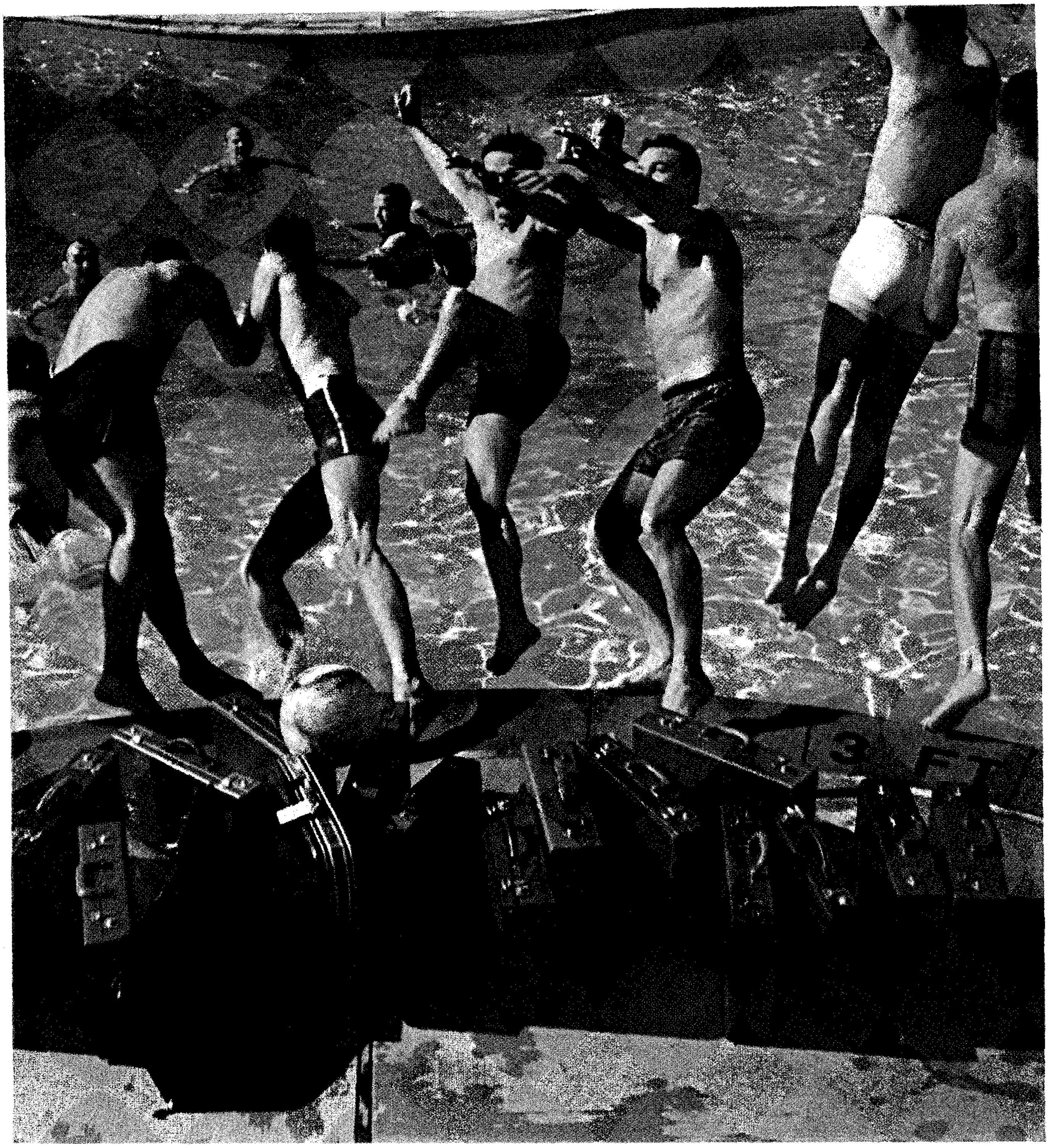
CONTINUOUS DANCING
NIGHTLY (EXC. MON.)
MATINEES THURSDAY
AND SATURDAY 1:30
SUNDAY FROM 3:30
MODEST ADMISSION
CHARGE
NO EXTRAS!
NO TICKETS!
NO HOSTESSES!

THE
WORLD'S
MOST
BEAUTIFUL
BALLROOM
RESTAURANT
•
BAR

ROSELAND DANCE CITY
52nd STREET WEST of BROADWAY

CUISINE PAR EXCELLENCE
The Three Fountains
GASLIGHT SQUARE, SAINT LOUIS

Convenient for theatregoers
Luncheon • Dinner
Specialties:
Soupe à l'oignon
Moules Mariniere
Rock Cornish Game Hen
A LA FOURCHETTE
CLOSED SUNDAY
342 W. 46th St. CI 5-9744



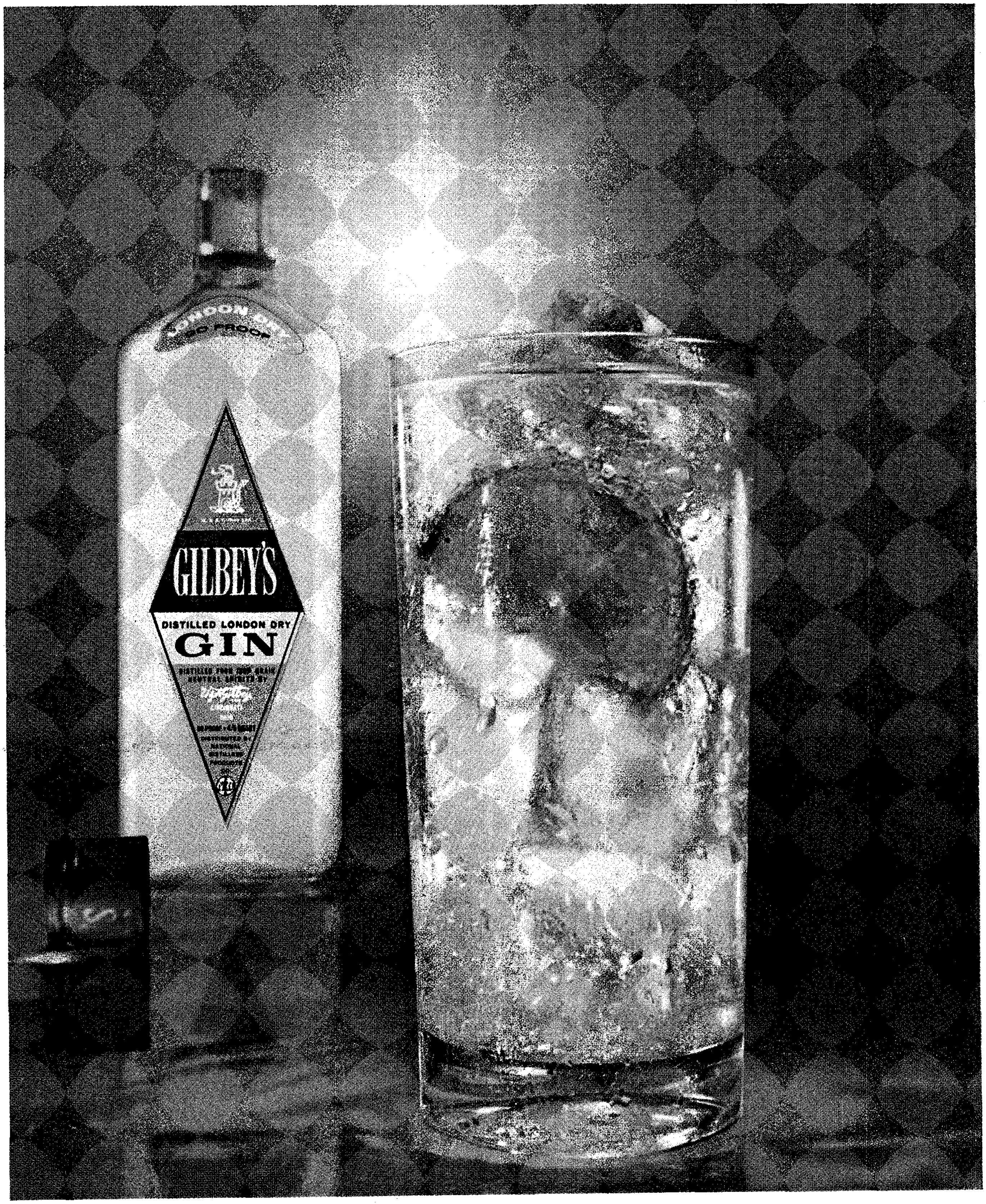
The meeting will now come to order.

All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy—particularly at a business conference. That's why so many blue-chip companies and other groups make it a habit to convene at Marriott Motor Hotels. They've discovered the wondrous benefits of sparkling pools, gourmet restaurants, luxurious rooms and fast, impeccable service. They've made the most of banquet facilities for as many as 2500, numerous conference rooms built for listening and inspiring, exhibit space and all sorts of needed meeting equipment. Why not ask us for a list of recent conferees? Then, ask them. They'll make a good case (attaché type) forThe Marriott.

This is living... this is **Marriott** MOTOR HOTELS

Washington, D. C. • Dallas, Texas • Philadelphia, Pa. • Atlanta, Ga. (Fall '65) • Saddle Brook, N. J. ('66)
Write: National Sales Office, Marriott Twin Bridges Motor Hotel, Washington, D. C. 20001 or call 202/628-4200

PRODUCT OF U.S.A. • DISTILLED LONDON DRY GIN • 90 PROOF • 100% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS • W. & A. GILBEY, LTD. • DISTR. BY NATIONAL DISTILLERS PRODUCTS COMPANY, N.Y.C.


LONDON DRY
90 PROOF
GILBEY'S
DISTILLED LONDON DRY
GIN

End of a perfect day—Gilbey's Gin 'n Tonic

Born in London in 1857, this great London Dry Gin is called for in four corners of the globe. Preferred, because its crisp character makes tall drinks brisker, martinis snappier, all gin drinks livelier. Try Gilbey's Gin. Today, more than ever, "The world agrees on 'Gilbey's, please'!"

GILBEY'S
GIN

Crisp, London Dry GILBEY'S GIN

mique, lines of spoken dialogue interspersed the arias and concerted numbers, which are written with the simple sincerity that characterizes Berlioz at his finest. There is a duet in the first act and a trio in the second—both for female voices—that are worthy of a composer of the stature of Mozart. The Manhattan Orchestra, which in a smaller city would rank with the leading symphonic ensemble, played the difficult score admirably; the Manhattan Concert Chorale sang the choruses well; Emerson Buckley conducted with special insight; and Beeb Salzer contributed a pleasant set (*chinoiserie* motifs on transparent screens) that served efficiently for both indoor and outdoor scenes. After thinking it over, I came to the conclusion that the neglect of "Beatrice and Benedict" must be due to its drama, which, though by Shakespeare himself, is somewhat innocent, fails to move in any very exciting manner, and tends to fall into tableaux.

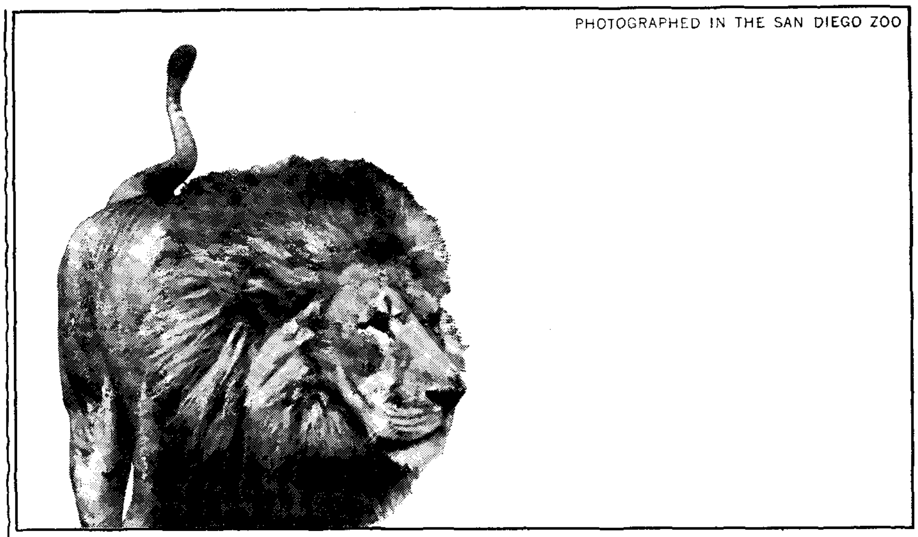
I SHOULD disqualify myself as a critic where the Moiseyev Ballet is concerned. I prefer white-collar to proletarian dance. But I should report that the Moiseyev opened its spirited run at the Metropolitan Opera House on Tuesday night of last week with the customary display of muscles and fearsome energy. There are some old numbers and some new ones. Among the former are the act called "Partisans," in which a band of Cossacks glide uncannily over the stage, and the one-man wrestling match, which I find as entertaining as any circus act. Among the latter is something called "Sanchakou," borrowed, I'm told, from the Peking Opera, in which Lev Golovanov, Vassily Savin, and Yuri Zamiatnin perform prodigies of tumbling while acting out a highly amusing pantomime about a Chinese general, his bodyguard, and an innkeeper lost in the dark and mistaking each other's identity. The folk dancing was slightly corny, perhaps, but thoroughly up to Moiseyev standards, and most people will probably find it delightful.

—WINTHROP SARGEANT

•

Naming 11 new Superior Court judges is a big political task for the two parties. The two parties probably will divide up the new appointments on the basis of the Democrats taking the breakage. In other words, if there are 11 new Superior Court judges, the Democrats will get five and the Republicans four.—*Hartford Courant.*

Fair enough!



San Diego, California, now has a population of 1,147,497 not including our nine lions. (we only count people)

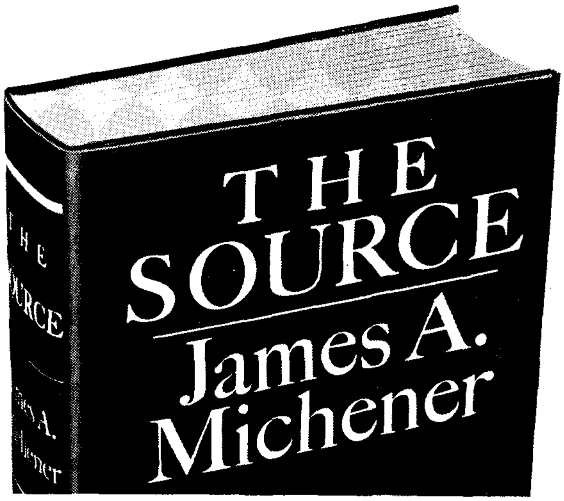
Even without the lions, San Diego is the #2 City Newspaper Market in the 11 Western States.*

*ABC City Zone Population of Daily Newspaper Cities

The San Diego Union | EVENING TRIBUNE

"THE RING OF TRUTH" Copley Newspapers

Represented nationally by Nelson Roberts & Associates, Inc.



And now the author of HAWAII brings to life the unsurpassed drama of the Holy Land from earliest times to modern Israel

$7.95, now at your bookstore

RANDOM HOUSE

ZIP CODE: 10022

Doesn't say much, does it? But the code that will interest you is our code of personal service. It goes with our decor, hospitality, sensible rates. Free Parking for transient guests. Family Plan.

THE Sheraton Gladstone

114 E. 52nd St., New York 10022
Telephone (212) PL 3-4300
Under the same Direction as the adjacent Sheraton-East
HAROLD P. BOCK, V.P. & GEN. MGR.

SHADES OF SUMMER

Imported linen in contrast colors: navy-emerald, black-coffee, beige-coffee raspberry-pink
Sizes 8-20
$29.95
add $1.00 for postage

Janet Sloane
136 E. Putnam Ave.
Greenwich, Conn.

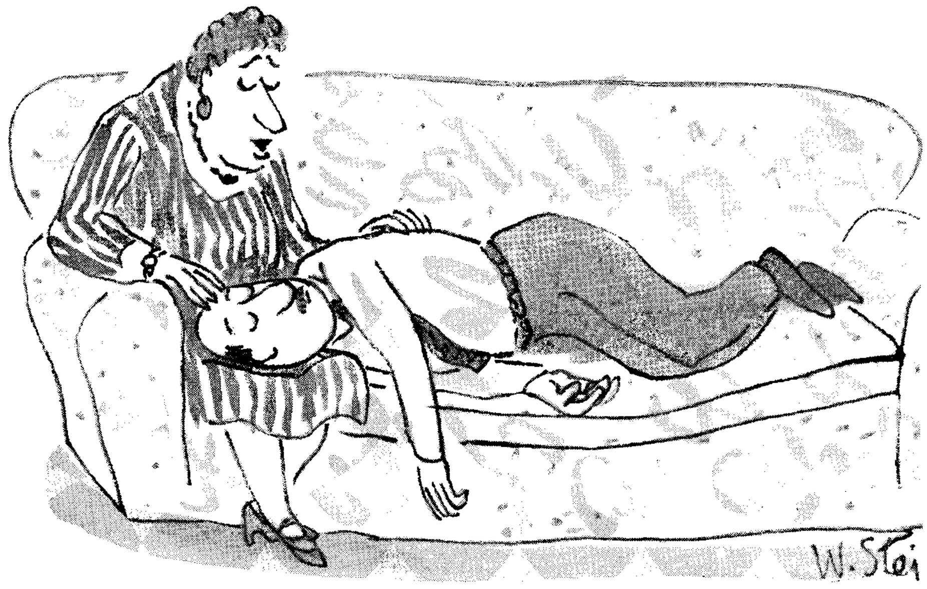
BOOKS

Arabian Nights' Tale

THE Tigris and Euphrates meet in southern Iraq to form a marshland of six thousand square miles that teems with wildlife, much of it troublesome (biting insects) or dangerous (wild boar). The temperature ranges from too hot in summer to too cold in winter, and the wetness varies from damp to soggy to sopping to liquid through the annual cycle of seasons. The degree of squishiness is unpredictable; some years are flood years and others are, though only by the local marshy standards, drought years. Wilfred Thesiger, an Englishman who was born in Abyssinia and attended Eton and Oxford, and who therefore or nevertheless likes uncomfortable places, spent most of the seven years between 1951 and 1958 roaming the marshes and calling on the tribes who live there. He has recorded his experiences in a dazzling book, "The Marsh Arabs" (Dutton). The literary triumph is not the marshes' or the Arabs' but Thesiger's alone; out of unpromising materials that are of little practical importance to most of his readers he has made a magical book.

There is no suitable English word for Thesiger's profession. "Traveller" and "adventurer" also mean "salesman" and "cad." "Tourist" suggests the carefreeness with which Thesiger moved around, and "explorer" suggests the care with which he avoids tourist resorts. Yet all four words jointly describe the career of a man who has voluntarily spent most of his life in wild countries among "traditional" peoples—with Sudanese and Bedouins before the Marsh Arabs—to whom he attributes a number of virtues, among them "self-reliance" and "contentment." His earlier experience with and sympathy for such peoples, plus one referral—to Falih, the heir to a sheikdom and the administrator of one of the largest tribes—got Thesiger off to a good start when he entered the marshes. Besides sponsorship, Falih provided transport; he gave Thesiger a large, handsome canoe. And, once launched, in this double sense, Thesiger never found any of the Marsh Arabs too busy to see him. They seem not to do anything that cannot be interrupted. If Thesiger tied up at a settlement around mealtime, he was invited to eat. If he arrived when a shoot was planned, he was greeted as another gun. Thesiger observes, "You can usually get on terms with people by helping them to kill something," and he yearned to get on terms with the marsh dwellers just as summer people in New England long for the smiles of flinty-faced Yankees. Thesiger, to be sure, had several social assets, first of all his crew of four young Arab boatmen, who helped him make his way when he arrived in a new community. But by far his greatest appeal was his skill as an amateur doctor. His medical-supply bag was considerably more extensive than a family first-aid kit; it included antibiotics and surgical instruments. There were no doctors in the marshes, but there were plenty of sick people, and the visiting Englishman became, willy-nilly, a travelling health service. Before long, his reputation as a healer began to precede him and guarantee him a succession of warm welcomes. It may have assured his survival, too, for the Marsh Arabs, who fed and lodged Thesiger, are not hospitable to all strangers (they killed a couple of customs inspectors in the years Thesiger was with them) or even to other marsh dwellers (when a member of one tribe crosses the territory of another tribe, he usually keeps his gun at the ready).

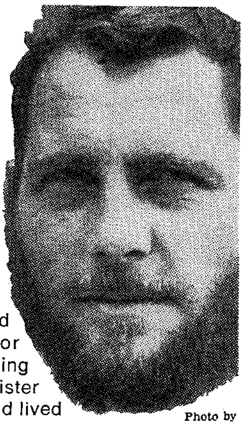
So Thesiger, praising the marshes, occasionally sounds like a man claiming that Five Points is lovely, really, when you get to know it. Happily, among his literary gifts is the ability to impart information concisely without inflating facts by pumping them full of emotive words. He never insists that things are thrilling or horrible; instead, he finds more precise words for an object or a quality. We are lucky, as well, that a man with his liking and feeling for rough country was able to travel through the assortment of marsh scenery—through open water and through mazy waterways hidden among tall reedbeds, through dike-protected rice-growing borderlands and through lakes that served as water-buffalo ranches—for he may be the last outland reporter to see it; it has been off limits to visitors (or to Western visitors, anyhow) since the left-wing revolution of 1958, and the Iraqi government, Thesiger says, plans to drain some of the marshland. (He may take these plans a little too seriously, considering the size and cost of the project and the distractedness of the authorities.) As reporter or chronicler, Thesiger disclaims any special scientific expertness. He is an able, all-around outdoorsman but no biologist. He was mainly interested in the people of the marshes, yet he is no social scientist. His work, therefore, may not be a great addition to knowledge, but it demonstrates how informative literary skill can be. Thesiger can describe complicated, unfamiliar objects and processes—that is, the whole technology of the marsh dwellers—so clearly that one does not really need his good photographs to know what things (magnificent reed combination guest-and-court-houses, splendid marsh canoes) look like. My admiration for these marsh products points up how easy it is for the peoples of the world to admire each other's material achievements without in the least admiring (or even under-



"My poor, tired breadwinner."

THE GARRICK YEAR
MARGARET DRABBLE
"A witty, beguiling novel . . . written with extraordinary art. If you have a list, and on it appear such names as Elizabeth Bowen and Muriel Spark, add to it the name of Margaret Drabble." — N. Y. Times
"Miss Drabble's writing has a smooth finish, and her portrait of Emma is to the life." — The New Yorker
At bookstores everywhere, $3.95
MORROW

Two women — one of them jealous enough to attempt murder — but which one?
the Jealous one
By CELIA FREMLIN author of The Hours Before Dawn
The menace is as chillingly pervasive as the setting is cozily suburban in this new Fremlin suspense novel
$3.50
LIPPINCOTT

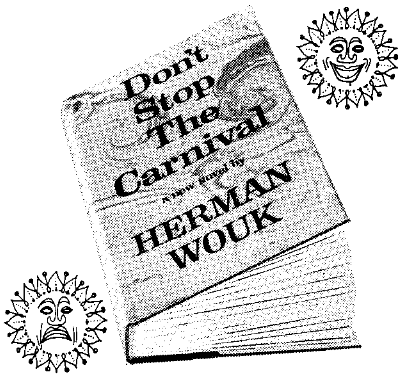


Robert Shaw
THE FLAG
The distinguished actor and author writes a compelling novel of a minister who preached and lived a revolutionary concept of faith.
Photo by Leo Vala
"Magnificent"—*London Daily Telegraph*
$4.95 HARCOURT, BRACE & WORLD

standing) each other's nonmaterial values. This tendency, I suppose, makes for a sort of comedy the world around: on one continent, pagans are delightedly driving cars; on another, Christians who despise the design of automobiles are delightedly adding idols to their art collections. We may think that this mishmash interchange is a result of the recent spread of the West's restless technical civilization, but the Marsh Arabs, according to Thesiger's account, have been living quite happily in a half-and-half mishmash style—their own marsh techniques and the Bedouin desert values—for three hundred years. The marshes, he tells us, have been inhabited as far back as the fifth millennium B.C., and the archeological remains of prehistoric marsh peoples suggest that they had already arrived at most of the present-day methods of the Marsh Arabs for providing food, shelter, and transportation. Only a few novelties, such as firearms, have been added. Some of the products the Marsh Arabs are still making—coracles of woven reed—were long ago produced by marsh dwellers elsewhere, including the pre-Roman Britons. Cultural anthropologists teach us to expect such cultural correlations as nomads with sky gods and farmers with fertility cults. I don't know what these anthropologists think that marsh dwellers worship or what the social organization of the prehistoric marsh men was, but Thesiger's Marsh Arabs are good Moslems who have adopted all the values of desert Bedouins; they prefer chastity to fertility and, though they work hard, they admire combativeness more than steady industry. The marsh people did not inherit these values from Bedouin ancestors, for among their forebears are all sorts of people who over the centuries have taken refuge in the reeds from—among others—Bedouins. Thesiger calls attention to the discrepancy between this ancestry and these values. He does not comment on the discrepancy between cactus-and-camel values and reed-and-water-buffalo technology. This second incongruity—if it is one, outside of the textbooks—is to me the more interesting. It is just the kind of workaday confusion—the assemblage of disparate objects, means, and beliefs—that we technologically advanced and advancing people are managing to make do with.

But Thesiger, it happens, cares little for technological advance: "I loathed cars, aeroplanes, wireless, and television, in fact most of our civilization's manifestations in the past fifty years." He admires only primitive hand skills:

Come on in!



Join the Carnival parade of readers making*
HERMAN WOUK'S DON'T STOP THE CARNIVAL
America's favorite bestseller!
"Far and away the best book Mr. Wouk has written since The Caine Mutiny." — Baltimore Sun. A Book-of-the-Month Club Selection. Third printing at all booksellers now. $4.95
DOUBLEDAY
*225,000 copies sold as of May 1, including Book-of-the-Month Club.

ALICE WINTER
MORROW HONOR AWARD
Winner of the First
MORROW HONOR BOOK AWARD*
THE VELVET BUBBLE
A beautifully done portrait of a girl under a compulsion she does not understand, and what she makes of her world.
ROBERT M. COATES: "I found it one of the most sensitive and perceptive books I've read in years, and—for a first novel especially — a remarkably sure and confidently handled piece of writing."
At bookstores everywhere, $3.95
*Given for a work of particular excellence, to an author appearing for the first time on the Morrow list.
MORROW

Something to Consider

Dr. Johnson's Dictionary defines *budget* as "a bag, such as may be easily carried," the word having come originally from the Latin *bulga*, meaning a leather bag.

Anyone who has ever tried to operate on a family budget may think of a budget as a bag holding the year's income, but for many people, perhaps most people, a budget is anything but easy to carry or cope with. There just never seem to be as many dollars as there are places where those dollars are needed.

And yet a surprising number of people of less than luxurious means manage – miraculously, it seems – to set aside money to invest. According to the New York Stock Exchange, in 1962 the average shareholder had an annual household income of $8,600. That hardly makes him rich as Croesus. But it does prove that it's not necessary to be wealthy to own common stock. An estimated 17 million Americans own stock now, and many more – including you, perhaps – could probably do so with a little planning.

We can't help you accumulate the money to start, but we can tell you the *who, why, what, where, how,* and *when* of investing by sending you a copy of our booklet called *"How to Invest in Stocks and Bonds."* It's brief, it's clear, it's free. Simply ask if you'd like to have a copy.

Joseph C. Quinn

MEMBERS N. Y. STOCK EXCHANGE AND OTHER PRINCIPAL STOCK AND COMMODITY EXCHANGES

MERRILL LYNCH, PIERCE, FENNER & SMITH INC
70 PINE STREET, NEW YORK 5, NEW YORK

the truly amazing ability of the people of a village of the Suaid tribe, who are wandering herdsmen deep in the marshes, to strike their entire reed-house hamlet, load it on boats, move it to a new site, and reassemble it within a day. He has no patience with the equally amazing methods involved in building suburbs; he attacks the middle-class suburbs that were appearing in Iraq in his time, both because they were a mass of "jerry-built bungalows in execrable taste" and because they seemed to him to portend the Europeanization of Iraq and the ultimate disappearance of the ways of life of Bedouins and Marsh Arabs. Thesiger is a Tory by temperament, sometimes stunningly, as when he reproves "the discontent resulting from education," and sometimes more persuasively, as when he describes the disasters and dislocations that economic development may bring to tribal peoples. His objurgations make one feel that the fate of most Marsh Arabs who emigrate to the cities is like the pitiful lot of nineteenth-century rural Englishmen who moved or were pushed into the Manchester slums. Thesiger considers it equally distressing, on the other hand, when a Marsh Arab makes good in the extra-marsh world, for then he loses interest in tribal life and lives happily ever after with inside plumbing and a varied diet and an automobile—amenities that Thesiger thinks are wicked or naughty or undignified. It is possible to be irritated by a man who knows better than others what is good for them; I wish Thesiger had omitted his occasional little homilies on the desirability of natives' staying on the reservation.

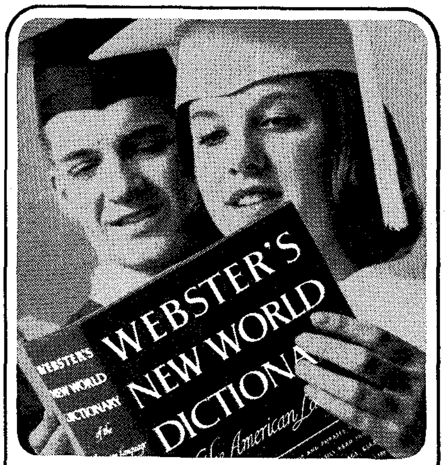
Still, a man who writes a book as excellent as this can please himself. And its goodness is so captivating! It is as engaging as a story, although Thesiger's experience had no particular narrative form (no quest, no quarrel) to shape it, and it moves along like the motion it often records—the slow progress of a canoe, which allows the eye and the mind to take in the whole horizon. His anticipations propel it from sentence to sentence and page to page. His delights—with fresh air, dirty people, water-buffalo milk—beguile us because they are so filled with pleasure. What gift is more charming than a share in somebody's happiness?

—NAOMI BLIVEN

•

7:00—PARENTS AND DR. SPOOK. Fear in children.—*TV program, Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

One of those self-perpetuating programs.



Give them the whole wide WORLD of words

Webster's New WORLD Dictionary, *College Edition,* gives you 1760 pages of "total-information" about words.
It is easy to read, easy to understand... recommended and used in colleges and universities throughout United States and Canada.
$5.95 plain, $6.95 thumb-indexed, *at bookstores everywhere.*

There's a WORLD of difference in Webster dictionaries

THE WORLD PUBLISHING COMPANY
Cleveland, Ohio 44102

WHO LIES HERE?

ELLIS PETERS

Another hit by the prize-winning *Ellis Peters,* set on the Cornish coast and involving two mysteries, one contemporary, the other 200 years old. At bookstores everywhere, $3.95

MORROW

WINDJAMMER CRUISE

CAPE COD and Southern NEW ENGLAND
Aboard the NEW TOPSAIL SCHOONER
SHENANDOAH
$150 per week
For illustrated folder, write
THE COASTWISE PACKET CO.
DEPT. 24, VINEYARD HAVEN, MASS.

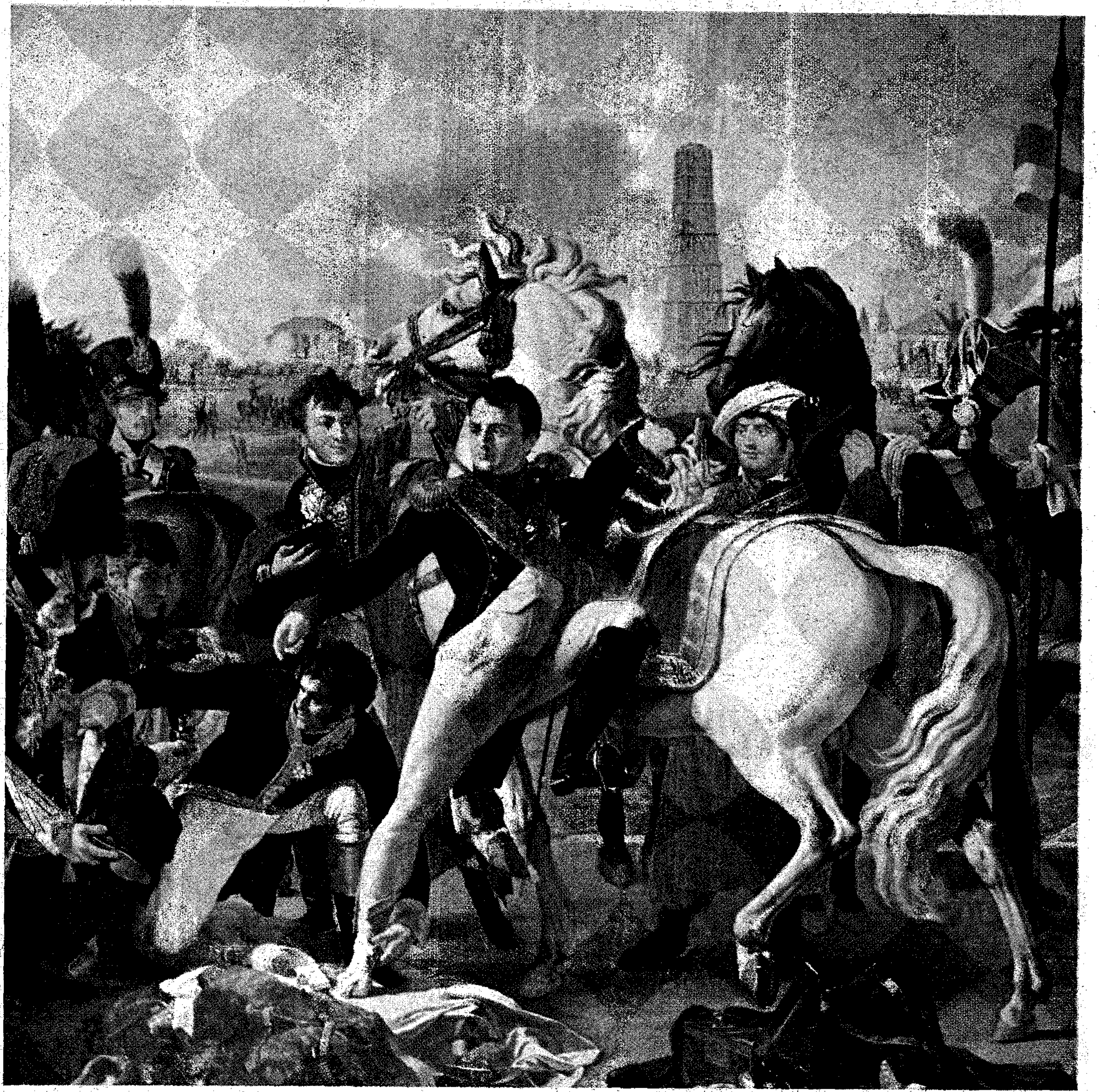
FANNY'S
WORLD FAMOUS RESTAURANT
Spaghetti • Southern Fried Chicken • Prime Steaks and Fanny's salad dressing.
Hours 5 to 10 pm daily (OPEN EVERY DAY)
Sunday 12 noon to 10 pm
Phone GR 5-8686
1601 Simpson St.
Evanston, Ill.

Now a Chevrolet even more luxurious than the Impala . . .

THE CAPRICE CUSTOM SEDAN BY CHEVROLET. If it cost six thousand dollars, it would come as no surprise. But this is a Chevrolet with the look of hand-rubbed walnut on every door; with upholstery that shimmers like satin; with palatial-thick carpeting; with a noticeably quieter, smoother ride; with every intention of making other cars near its price look dowdy by comparison. An Impala luxury option, now at your Chevrolet dealer's.

Chevrolet Division of General Motors, Detroit, Michigan

Caprice
CHEVROLET



Napoléon blessé devant Ratisbonne. Détail de la peinture par C. Gautherot. (Musée de Versailles.)

On reconnaissance before taking Regensburg (Ratisbonne), April 25, 1809, Napoleon was hit by a ricochet bullet. As soon as his boot had been slit open and a dressing applied, Napoleon, though in severe pain, joked about his wound, asked for a little help in remounting and rode into the city. His self-control saved his troops from panic on the betrayal of their belief that he could never be wounded.

COURVOISIER

COGNAC

The wisdom of famous men lives after them—thus, Napoleon's choice of Courvoisier Cognac enlivens *your* pleasure in its matchless flavour and bouquet. You will recognize in it *un air de grandeur* that sets it apart as *The Brandy of Napoleon*. And this will tell you why Courvoisier has for centuries been chosen by kings and statesmen, by all who can command the finest.

80 Proof
COURVOISIER
*The Brandy of Napoleon

*Courvoisier Cognac—and Courvoisier only—bears this registered phrase on every bottle. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

IMPORTED BY W. A. TAYLOR & COMPANY, NEW YORK, N.Y. SOLE DISTRIBUTORS FOR THE U.S.A.